

CORNELL STUDIES IN ENGLISH

VI

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EDITED BY

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BEN JONSON

Prefixed to *The Workes of Benjamin Jonson*, 1640, and *Ben: Jonson's Execration against Vulcan*, 1640. From an early state of the engraving in the library of Mr. Beverly Chew, and here reproduced by permission.

THE JONSON ALLUSION-BOOK

A COLLECTION OF ALLUSIONS TO
BEN JONSON FROM 1597 TO 1700

BY

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PREFACE

This volume proposes to do for Jonson what *The Shakespeare Allusion-Book* does for Shakespeare. While primarily intended to set forth the materials, within the limits specified, relating to Jonson's career as a man of letters, and to disclose the estimates of his genius as expressed by his contemporaries and immediate successors, it will also incidentally supply information on a variety of subjects connected with the literature of the time. For example, it will be of service as a partial allusion-book to many poets of the Elizabethan and Jacobean ages; and it will be of no little value as a body of seventeenth-century dramatic criticism.

The editors are not vain enough to suppose that they have been able to collect all the important references to Jonson; for only by the co-operation of many scholars, with labor extending over a long period of years, could a work of this nature be made even approximately complete. In his Preface to *The Shakespeare Allusion-Book*, the editor states: "These volumes were not made in a day. Thirty years have passed in their compilation, and the thousands of books from which their contents have been drawn stretch over three hundred years. Many willing hands, too, have lent assistance. Antiquarians, scholars, and friendly readers have all most kindly helped." Yet, in spite of the prolonged and painstaking effort of so many collaborators, several supplements to the volumes have appeared, and numerous allusions to Shakespeare remain still ungathered. The editors of *The Jonson Allusion-Book* have worked without assistance of any kind, and they can only hope that they have made a fair beginning.

A few biographical documents have been included when these relate to the poet's literary career; doubtful allusions, unless

supported by reasonable evidence, have been excluded; and mere indications of Jonson's influence upon others, in the form of imitation or quotation, have, as a rule, been omitted. Moreover, in the period following the Restoration the editors have had to exercise a certain discretion in condensing allusions and passing over those possessing little or no significance. Most of these, however, have been collected, and, if the opportunity offers, may later be published by way of a supplement. Perhaps it should be added that the numerous jingling rhymes printed by W. R. Chetwood in his *Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Ben Jonson*, 1756, have been entirely ignored; Chetwood cites no authority for them, and they seem to be crude fabrications of his own Muse.

Mr. Bradley originally undertook the task of gathering these allusions in the preparation of a doctoral dissertation at Cornell University, and to him belongs the major credit of collecting and transcribing the passages. Later Mr. Adams became associated with him in the labor, and assumed specifically the responsibility of editing the material for the reader.

It has not always been easy to fix the dates of the passages quoted, or to identify the authors; and in dealing with such a mass of detail, it has doubtless been impossible to escape errors. For all such defects the editors crave the indulgence of scholars.

THE JONSON ALLUSION-BOOK

The Privy Council, 1597.

A letter to Richard Topclyfe, Thomas Fowler, and Richard Skevington, esquires, Doctour Fletcher and Mr. Wilbraham.

Uppon informacion given us of a lewd plaie [*The Isle of Dogs*] that was plaied in one of the plaiehouscs on the Bancke Side, contanyngc very seditious and sclanderous matter, wee caused some of the players [Robert Shaw, Gabriel Spencer, and Ben Jonson] to be apprehended and comytted to pryson, whereof one of them [Ben Jonson] was not only an actor but a maker of parte of the said plaie. For as moche as yt ys thought meete that the rest of the players or actors in that matter shalbe apprehended to receave soche punyshment as their leude and mutynous behavior doth deserve, these shalbe therefore to require you to examine those of the plaiers that are comytted, whose names are knowne to you, Mr. Topclyfe, what ys become of the rest of their fellows that either had their partes in the devysinge of that sedytious matter or that were actors or plaiers in the same, what copies they have given forth of the said playe and to whome, and soche other pointes as you shall thincke meete to be demaunded of them, wherein you shall require them to deale trulie as they will looke to receave anie favour. Wee prairie you also to peruse soch papers as were fownde in Nash his lodgings, which Ferrys, a Messenger of the Chamber, shall delyver unto you, and to certyfie us th'examynacions you take.

[*Acts of the Privy Council 1597*, New Series, ed. J. R. Dasent, 1890 —, xxvii, 338. The letter was written in the latter half of July, and relates to the performance of *The Isle of Dogs* by the Pembroke's Company at the Swan. For a full discussion of this episode see Joseph Q. Adams, *Shakespearean Playhouses*, pp. 170-75; 154-55.]

Philip Henslowe, 1597.

R of Bengemenes Johnsones

Share as followeth 1597

R. the 28 of July 1597 iiij^s ix^d

lent unto Bengemen Johnson player the 28 of July
 1597 in Redey mony the some of fower poundes to
 be payd yt agayne when so ever ether I or any for
 me shall demande yt I saye. } ⁱⁱⁱj^u

wittnes E Alleyn & John Synger

[*Henslowe's Diary*, ed. W. W. Greg, 1904, pp. 47, 200. The meaning of the first passage is not clear; the second passage suggests the interpretation that when Jonson was in trouble over *The Isle of Dogs* he applied to Henslowe for aid.]

The Privy Council, 1597.

A warrant to the keeper of the Marshalsea to release Gabriell Spencer and Robert Shaa, stage-players, out of prison, who were of lat comitted to his custodie. The like warrant for the releasing of Benjamine Johnson.

[*Acts of the Privy Council 1597*, New Series, ed. J. R. Dasent, 1904, xxviii, 33.]

The Northumberland Manuscripts, about 1597-8.

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* * * *

Rychard the second

Rychard the third

Asmund and Cornelia

Hle of Doges frmn^t [fragment] by Thomas Nashe & inferior plaier[s].

[*Northumberland Manuscripts: Collotype Facsimile and Type Transcript of an Elizabethan Manuscript preserved at Alnwick Castle, Northumberland*, ed. F. J. Burgoyne, 1904.]

Philip Henslowe, 1597-98.

lent unto Bengemen Johnsons the [2] 3 of desembr
 1597 upon a Bocke w^{ch} he was to writte for us
 befor crysmas next after the date herof w^{ch} he
 showed the plotte unto the company J saye
 lente in Redy money unto hime the some of. . . . } ^{xx}s

lent unto Bengemen Johnson the 3 of desembr
 1597 upon a boocke w^{ch} he showed the plotte unto
 the company w^{ch} he promysed to dd unto the
 company at cryssmas next the some of. } ^{xx}s

lent Bengemyne Johnson the 5 of Jenewary 1597 }
J Redy mony the some of } v^s

lent unto the company the 18 of aguste 1598 to
bye a Boocke called hoot anger sone cowld of
m^r porter m^r cheattell & bengemen Johnson in
fulle payment the some of } vj^{li}

Lent unto Robart shawe & Jewbey the 23 of
Octobr 1598 to lend unto m^r Chapmane one his
playe boocke & ij ectes of a tragedie of bengemens
plotte the some of } iij^{li}

[*Henslowe's Diary*, ed. W. W. Greg, 1904, pp. 70, 82, 200, 93, 98.]

Francis Meres, 1598.

. . . So these are our best for Tragedie, The Lorde Buckhurst, Doctor Leg of Cambridge, Doctor Edes of Oxford, Master Edward Ferris, the author of the *Mirror for Magistrates*, Marlow, Peele, Watson, Kid, Shakespeare, Drayton, Chapman, Decker, and Benjamin Iohnson.

[*Palladis Tamia*, 1598.]

Middlesex Sessions' Rolls, 1598.

22 September, 40 Elizabeth.—True Bill against Benjamin Johnson, late of London, yoman, for killing Gabriel Spencer in the fields of Shorediche.

* * * *

*Cogn' Indictament petit librum legit vt Cl'icus sign' cum l'r'a T
Et delr juxta formam statut', &c.*

Middss:—Juratores pro D'na Regina p'ntant q^d Benjaminus Johnson nup' de London yoman vicesimo secundo die Septembris Anno regni d'n'e n'r'e Elizabethe Dei gra' Anglie Franc' et Hib' nie Regine fidei defensor', &c., quadragesimo vi & armis, &c. In et sup' quendam Gabrielem Spencer in pace Dei & d'c'e d'n'e Regine apud Shordiche in Com' Midd' pred' in Campis ib'm existen insultu' fecit Et eund'm Gabrielem cum quodam gladio de ferro et calibe vocat' a Rapiour precii iiii. quem in manu sua dextra adtunc & ibi'm h'uit et tenuit extract' felonice ac voluntar'

percussit & pupugit Dans eidem Gabrieli Spencer adtunc & ib'm
 cu' gladio pred' in et sup' dextern' latus ip'ius Gabrielis unam
 plagam mortalem p'funditat' sex pollic' & latitud' unius pollicis
 de qua quidem plaga mortali id'm Gabriel Spencer apud Shordiche
 pred' in pred'c'o Com' Midd' in Campis pred'c'is adtunc & ib'm
 instant' obiit Et sic Jur' pred'c'i dicunt sup' Sacr'm suu' q^d
 p'fat' Benjaminus Johnson pred'c'm Gabrielem Spencer apud
 Shorediche pred'in pred'c'o Com' Midd' & in Campis predic'is
 [die & anno] predic'is felonice et voluntar' interfecit & occidit
 contra pacem D'c'e D'n'e Regine, &c.

Translation:

*He confesses the indictment, asks for the book, reads like a clerk,
 is marked with the letter T, and is delivered according to the
 statute, &c.*

Middlesex:—The jurors for the Lady the Queen present, that
 Benjamin Johnson, late of London, yeoman, on the 22nd day of
 September, in the fortieth year of the reign of our Lady Elizabeth,
 by God's grace Queen of England, France, and Ireland, Defender
 of the Faith, &c., with force and arms, &c., made an attack
 against and upon a certain Gabriel Spencer, being in God's and
 the said Lady the Queen's peace, at Shordiche in the aforesaid
 county of Middlesex, in the Fields there, and with a certain
 sword of iron and steel called a Rapiour, of the price of three
 shillings, which he then and there had and held drawn in his
 right hand, feloniously and wilfully beat and struck the same
 Gabriel, giving then and there to the same Gabriel Spencer with
 the aforesaid sword a mortal wound of the depth of six inches
 and of the breadth of one inch, in and upon the right side of the
 same Gabriel, of which mortal blow the same Gabriel Spencer
 at Shordiche aforesaid, in the aforesaid county, in the aforesaid
 Fields, then and there died instantly. And thus the aforesaid
 jurors say upon their oath, that the aforesaid Benjamin Johnson,
 at Shordiche aforesaid, in the aforesaid county of Middlesex,
 and in the aforesaid Fields, in the year and day aforesaid,
 feloniously and wilfully killed and slew the aforesaid Gabriel
 Spencer, against the peace of the said Lady the Queen, &c.

[*Middlesex Sessions' Rolls*, ed. J. C. Jeaffreson, 1886-92, i, 249, xxxviii.]

Philip Henslowe, 1598.*Letter to Edward Alleyn, September 26, 1598.*

. . . J will teall you some [news] but yt is for me harde &
 heavey sence you weare wth me J haue loste one of my company
 w^{ch} hurteth me greatly that is gabrell for he is slayen in hogesden
 [Hoxton] fylldes by the hands of benge[men] Jonson bricklayer
 therfore J wold fayne haue alittell of you^r counsell yf J cowlde
 . . . you^r assured frend

to my power

Phillippe Henlowe

*[Henslowe Papers, ed. W. W. Greg, 1907, p. 47.]***Thomas Nashe, 1599.**

The straunge turning of the Ile of Dogs frō a commedie to a
 tragedie two summers past, with the troublesome stir which
 hapned aboute it, is a generall rumour that hath filled all England.
 [In a marginal gloss Nashe says:] I hauing begun but the induc-
 tion and first act of it, the other foure acts without my consent,
 or the least guesse of my drift, or scope, by the players were
 supplied, which bred both their trouble and mine to.

*[Lenten Stuffle, 1599; The Works of Thomas Nashe, ed. R. B. McKerrow,
 1905, iii, 153-54. For Jonson's share in The Isle of Dogs see the
 entries under the year 1597.]*

Philip Henslowe, 1599.

Lent unto w^m Borne alles birde the 10 of aguste 1599 }
 to Lend unto bengemyne Johnstone & thomas }
 deckers in earneste of ther boock w^{ch} they [are] a } xxxxs^s
 writtenge called pagge of p[le]m^{oth} the some }

Lent unto Thomas downton the 3 of Sep^{t^mbr} 1599 }
 to lend unto Thomas deckers Bengemen Johnson }
 hary chettell & other Jentellman in earneste of a } xxxxs^s
 playe calle Robart the second kinge of scottes }
 tragedie the some of }

Lent unto w^m Borne the 27 of Setmbr 1599 to lend }
 unto Bengemen Johnstone in earneste of a Booke } xx^s
 called the scottes tragedie the some of }

[Henslowe's Diary, ed. W. W. Greg, 1904, i, 110, 111, 112.]

John Weever, 1599.

Ad Io: Marston, & Ben: Iohnson.

Marston, thy Muse enharbours *Horace* vaine,
Then some *Augustus* give thee *Horace* merit,
And thine embuskin'd *Iohnson* doth retaine
So rich a stile, and wondrous gallant spirit;
That if to praise your Muses I desired,
My Muse would muse. Such wittes must be admired.

[*Epigrammes in the Oldest Cut and Newest Fashion*, ed. R. B. McKerrow,
1911, p. 96.]

The Stationers' Registers, 1600.

8 Aprilis

William holme

Entred for his copie under the handes of master Harsnet.
and master Wyndet warden. *A Comicall Satyre of*
euery man out of his humour vj^d

4. Augusti

| | |
|---|----------------|
| <i>As you like yt</i> / a booke | } to be staied |
| <i>Henry the ffift</i> / a booke | |
| <i>Euery man in his humour</i> / a booke | |
| <i>The commedie of 'muche A doo about nothing'</i> / a booke | |

14. Augusti

Master Burby

Walter Burre

Entred for yeir [*their*] copie under the handes of master
Pasvill [*i.e.* Pasfeild] and ye Wardens. a booke
called *Euery man in his humour* vj^d

[*Arber's Transcript*, iii, 159, 37, 169.]

Title-pages, 1600.

The Comicall Satyre of Every Man out of his Humor. As it
was first composed by the Author B. I. Containing more than
hath been publicly Spoken or Acted. With the severall
Character of every Person. [With an oblong printer's ornament
of two winged satyr-like figures supporting a vase.] London,
Printed for William Holme . . . 1600.

[Second edition, with same wording, but with Peter Short's device, and different signatures and setting of type.] London, Printed for William Holme . . . 1600.

[Third edition, with same wording.] London, Printed for Nicholas Linge, 1600.

John Bodenham, 1600.

To the Reader.

. . . Now that euery one may be fully satisfied concerning this Garden, that no man doth assume to him-selfe the praise thereof, or can arrogate to his owne deseruing those things which haue been deriued from so many rare and ingenious spirits; I haue set down both how, whence, and where these flowres had their first springing, till thus they were drawne together into the *Muses Garden*, that euery ground may challenge his owne, each plant his particular, and no one be iniured in the iustice of his merit . . . out of . . .

Thomas, Earle of Surrey.

The Lord Marquesse of Winchester.

Mary, Countesse of Pembroke.

Sir Philip Sidney.

From Poems and workes of these noble personages, extant.

Edward, Earle of Oxenford.

Ferdinando, Earle of Derby.

Sir Walter Raleigh.

Sir Edward Dyer.

Fulke Greuile, Esquier.

Sir John Harrington.

From diuers essayes of their Poetrie; some extant among other Honourable personages writings; some from priuate labours and translations.

Edmund Spencer.

Henry Constable, Esquier.

Samuell Daniell.

Thomas Lodge, Doctor of Physicke.

Thomas Watson.

Michael Drayton.
John Dauies.
Thomas Hudson.
Henrie Locke, Esquier.
John Marstone.
Christopher Marlowe.
Beniamin Johnson.
William Shakspeare.
Thomas Churchyard, Esquier.
Thomas Nash.
Thomas Kidde.
George Peele.
Robert Greene.
Josuah Syluester.
Nicholas Breton.
Geruase Markham.
Thomas Storer.
Robert Wilmot.
Christopher Middleton.
Richard Barnefield.

These being Moderne and extant Poets, that have liu'd together; from many of their extant workes, and some kept in priuat.

Thomas Norton Esquier.
George Gascoigne Esquier.
Frauncis Kindlemarsh, Esquier.
Thomas Atchlow.
George Whetstones.

These being deceased. . . .

[*Belvedere, or The Garden of the Muses*, reprinted in The Spenser Society's Publications, 1875. The volume consists of a collection of brief extracts from the English poets mentioned above. Four passages are quoted from Jonson's *The Case is Altered*.]

Robert Allot, 1600.

[In his *England's Parnassus, or The Choicest Flowers of our Modern Poets*, Allot quotes: *Every Man in his Humour*, II. i, 223, and V, i, 265; *Every Man out of his Humour*, Induction, ll. 181,

230. I, i, 343, I, i, 405, II, ii, 80, III, ii, 113, IV, iv, 188; *The Forest*, Epode XI; *Underwoods*, Ode to the Earl of Desmond. The following passages attributed to Jonson remain untraced:

Those that in blood such violent pleasure have,
Seldome descend but bleeding to their grave. (P. 159.)

Warres greatest woes, and miseries increase,
Floues frō the surfets which we take in peace. (P. 171.)

Gold is a sutor, never tooke repulse,
It carries Palme with it, (where e're it goes)
Respect, and observation; it uncovers
The knottie heads of the most surly Groomes,
Enforcing yron doores to yeeld it way,
Were they as strong ram'd up as *Aetna* gates.
It bends the hams of Gossip Vigilance,
And makes her supple feete, as swift as winde.
It thawes the frostiest, and most stiffe disdaine:
Muffles the clearnesse of Election,
Straines fancie unto foule Apostacie.
And strikes the quickest-sighted Iudgement blinde.
Then why should we dispaire? dispaire? Away:
Where Gold's the Motive, women have no Nay. (P. 192.)]

John Marston, 1600-01.

Phi[lomuse]. . . . Believe it, Doricus, his spirit
'Is higher blooded than to quake and pant
At the report of Scoff's artillery.
Shall he be crest-fall'n, if some looser brain,
In flux of wit uncivilly befild
His slight composures? Shall his bosom faint,
If drunken Censure belch out sour breath
From Hatred's surfeit on his labour's front?
Nay, say some half a dozen rancorous breasts
Should plant themselves on purpose to discharge
Imposthum'd malice on his latest scene,
Shall his resolve be struck through with the blirt

Of a goose-breath? What imperfect-born,
 What short-liv'd meteor, what cold-hearted snow
 Would melt in dolour, cloud his muddled eyes,
 Sink down his jaws, if that some juiceless husk,
 Some boundless ignorance, should on sudden shoot
 His gross-knobb'd burbolt with—"That's not so good;
 Mew, blirt, ha, ha, light chaffy stuff!"

Why, gentle spirits, what loose-waving vane,
 What anything, would thus be screw'd about
 With each slight touch of odd phantasmatas?
 No, let the feeble palsey'd lamer joints
 Lean on opinion's crutches; let the—

Dor[icus]. Nay, nay, nay.

Heaven's my hope, I cannot smooth this strain;
 Wit's death, I cannot. What a leprous humour
 Breaks from rank swelling of these bubbling wits?
 Now out upon 't, I wonder what tight brain,
 Wrung in this custom to maintain contempt
 'Gainst common censure; to give stiff counter-buffs,
 To crack rude scorn even on the very face
 Of better audience. Slight, is't not odious?
 Why, hark you, honest, honest Philomuse
 (You that endeavour to endear our thoughts
 To the composer's spirit), hold this firm:
 Music and poetry were first approved
 By common sense; and that which pleasèd most,
 Held most allowèd pass: know, rules of art
 Were shaped to pleasure, not pleasure to your rules;
 Think you, if that his scenes took stamp in mint
 Of three or four deem'd most judicious,
 It must enforce the world to current them,
 That you must spit defiance on dislike?
 Now, as I love the light, were I to pass
 Through public verdict, I should fear my form,
 Lest ought I offer'd were unsquared or warp'd.
 The more we know, the more we want:
 What Bayard bolder than the ignorant?

Believe me, Philomuse, i' faith thou must,
The best, best seal of wit is wit's distrust.

[The Induction to *What You Will*. It is generally supposed that in this passage Marston rebukes Jonson for his arrogant scorn of public criticism.]

John Marston, 1600-01.

Sim[plicius Faber]. Monsieur Laverdure, do you see that gentleman? He goes but in black satin, as you see, but, by Helicon! he hath a cloth of tissue wit. He breaks a jest; ha, he'll rail against the courts till the gallants—O God! he is very nectar; if you but sip of his love, you were immortal. . . . (P. 345.)

* * * *

Lampatho. I'll stand as confident as Hercules,
And, with a frightless resolution,
Rip up and lance our time's impieties . . .
Let me unbrace my breasts, strip up my sleeves,
Stand like an executioner to vice . . .
For I'll make greatness quake. I'll tan the hide
Of thick-skinn'd Hugeness . . .
This is the strain that chokes the theatres;
That makes them crack with full-stuff'd audience;
This is your humour only in request,
Forsooth to rail. (P. 376.)

* * * *

Jaco. They say there's revels and a play at court.

Lav. A play to-night?

Qua. Ay, 'tis this gallant's wit.

Jaco. Is't good? Is't good?

Lam. I fear 'twill hardly hit. (P. 403.)

[*What You Will*; the page references are to *The Works of John Marston*, ed. A. H. Bullen, 1887, vol. ii. Throughout the play Marston satirizes Jonson in the person of Lampatho. The above passages are cited merely by way of illustration. The last refers to Jonson's *Cynthia's Revels*.]

The Stationers' Registers, 1601.

23 Maij

Walter Burre

Entred for his Copey under the handes of master
Pasfeyld and master warden whyte A booke called
Narcissus the fountaine of self-love. xvj^h

21 Decembris.

Mathewe Lownes

Entred for his copie under the handes of master Pas-
feild and the Wardens. A booke called *Poetaster or
his arraignment*. xvj^h
[Arber's *Transcript*, iii. 185, 190.]

Title-pages, 1601.

Every Man in his Humour. As it hath beene sundry times
publikely acted by the right honorable the Lord Chamberlaine
his servants. Written by Ben. Iohnson. Imprinted at London
for Walter Burre. . . . 1601.

The Fountaine of Selfe-love. Or Cynthias Revels. As it
hath beene sundry times privately acted in the Black-Friers by
the Children of her Maiesties Chappell. Written by Ben:
Iohnson. . . . Imprinted at London for Walter Burre. . . .
1601.

Charles Fitzgeoffrey, 1601.*Ad Benjaminum Jonsonium.*

In jus te voco, JONSONI venito:
Adsum, qui plagii et male rapinae
Te ad Phœbi peragam reum tribunal,
Assidente choro novem dearum.
Quadam dramata scilicet diserta,
Nuper quæ Elysii roseti in umbrâ,
Fæstivissimus omnium poeta,
Plautus composuit, diisque tandem
Stellato exhibuit poli in theatro,
Movendo superis leves cachinnos,
Et risos tetrico Jovi ciendo,

Axe plausibus intonante utroque;
 Hæc tu dramata scilicet diserta,
 Clepsisti superis negotiosis,
 Quæ tu nunc tua venditare pergis:
 In jus te voco, Jonsoni venito.
 En pro te pater ipse, Rexque Phœbus
 Assurgit modò, Jonsoni, palamque
 Testatur, tua serio fuisse
 Illa dramata, teque condidisse
 Sese non modò conscio, at juvante:
 Unde ergò sibi Plantus illa tandem
 Nactus exhibuit, Jovi Deisque?
 Maia Filius, et Nepos Atlantis,
 Pennatus celeres pedes, at ungues
 Viscatus, volucer puer, vaferque,
 Furto condere quidlibet jocosus,
 Ut quondam facibus suis Amorem
 Per ludos viduavit, et pharetrâ,
 Sic nuper (siquidem solet frequenter
 Tecum ludere, plaudere, et jocari)
 Neglectas tibi clepsit has papyrus
 Secumque ad superos abire jussit:
 Jam victus taceo pudore, vincis
 Phæbo Judice, JONSONI, et Patrono.

[Charles Fitzgeoffrey, *Affaniac: sive Epigrammatum*, 1601.]

Love's Martyr, 1601.

Hereafter Follow Diverse Poeticall Essaies on the former
 Subject; viz: the *Turtle* and *Phœnix*. *Done by the best and*
chiefest of our moderne writers, with their names subscribed to
their particular workes: never before extant. And (now first)
 consecrated by them all generally, *to the love and merite of the*
true-noble Knight, Sir Iohn Salisburie. Dignum laude virum
Musa vetat mori. [Printer's device.] MDCL.

[The above is the title of a small collection of verse appended to Robert
 Chester's *Love's Martyr*, celebrating Chester's patron, Sir John
 Salisbury. Jonson contributes a poem, as do also Shakespeare,
 Chapman, Marston, and "Ignoto."]

Philip Henslowe, 1601.

Lent unto m^r alleyn the 25 of septmbr
 1601 to lend unto Bengemen Johnson upon
 his writtinge of his adicians in geronymo
 the some of } xxxx^s

[*Henslowe's Diary*, ed. W. W. Greg, 1904, i, 149. The entry relates to additions to Thomas Kyd's *The Spanish Tragedy*.]

Thomas Dekker, 1601.

To the World.

. . . I care not much if I make description (before thy *Universality*) of that terrible *Poetomachia* lately commenc'd betweene *Horace the second* [*i.e.* Jonson] and a band of leane-witted *Poetasters* [Marston, Dekker, and others]. They have bin at high wordes, and so high, that the ground could not serve them, but (for want of *chopins*) have stalk't upon Stages.

Horace hal'd his *Poetasters* to the barre [in his play, *Poetaster*], the *Poetasters* untruss'd *Horace* [in *Satiromastix, or The Untrussing of the Humorous Poet*]: how worthily cyther, or how wrongfully, (*World*) leave it to the jurie. *Horace* (questionles) made himselfe beleeve, that his *Burgonian wit* might desperately challenge all commers, and that none durst take up the foyles against him. It's likely, if he had not so beleiv'd, he had not bin so deceiv'd, for hee was answer'd at his owne weapon; and if before *Apollo* himselfe (who is *Coronator Poetarum*) an *inquisition* should be taken touching this lamentable merry murdering of Innocent Poetry, all Mount *Helicon* to *Bun-hill*, it would be found on the *Poetasters* side *se defendendo*. Notwithstanding, the Doctors thinke otherwise. I meete one and he runnes full butt at me with his satires hornes, for that in untrussing *Horace* I did onely whip his fortunes and condition of life, where the more noble *reprehension* had bin of his *mindes deformitie*, whose greatnes, if his *criticall lynx* had with as narrow eyes observ'd in himselfe, as it did little spots upon others, without all disputation, *Horace* would not have left *Horace* out of *Every man in's Humour*. His fortunes? why, does not he taxe that onely in others? Read his *Arraignement* and see. A second cat-a-mountaine mewes

and calles me barren, because my braines could bring foorth no other *stigmaticke* than *Tucca*, whome *Horace* had put to making, and begot to my hand; but I wonder what language *Tucca* would have spoke, if honest Capten *Hannam* had bin borne without a tongue? Ist not as lawfull then for mee to imitate *Horace*, as *Horace Hannam*? Besides, if I had made an opposition of any other new-minted fellow, (of what test so ever) hee had bin out-fac'd and out-weyed by a settled former approbation; neyther was it much improper to set the same dog upon *Horace*, whom *Horace* had set to worrie others.

I could heere (eeven with the feather of my pen) wipe off other ridiculous imputations, but my best way to answer them, is to laugh at them: onely thus much I protest (and sweare by the divinest part of true Poesie) that (howsoever the limmes of my naked lines may bee, and I know have bin, tortur'd on the racke) they are free from conspiring the least disgrace to any man, but onely to our new *Horace*; neyther should this ghost of *Tucca* have walkt up and downe Poules Church-yard, but that hee was raiz'd up (in print) by newe *exorcismes*. *World*, if thy *Hugenes* will beleive this, doe; if not, I care not, for I dedicate my booke, not to thy *Greatnes*, but to the *Greatnes of thy scorne*, defying which, let that mad dog *Detraction* bite till his teeth bee worne to the stumps. *Envy* feede thy snakes so fat with poyson till they burst. *World*, let all thy adders shoote out their *Hidra-headed-forked* stinges. *Ha, Ha, Nauci*; if none will take my part, (as I desire none) yet I thanke thee (thou true *Venusian Horace*) for these good wordes thou giv'st me: *Populus me sibylat at mihi plando*. *World* farewell.

* * * *

Horrace [i.e. Jonson] sitting in a study behinde a curtaine, a candle by him burning, bookes lying confusedly: to himselfe.

Horace. To thee whose fore-head swels with roses,

Whose most haunted bower
Gives life & sent to every flower,
Whose most adored name incloses
Things abstruse, deep, and divine,
Whose yellow tresses shine,

Bright as Eoan fire.
 O me, thy priest, inspire!
 For I to thee and thine immortall name,
 In—in—in golden tunes,
 For I to thee and thine immortall name—
 In—sacred raptures flowing, flowing, swimming, swimming,
 In sacred raptures swimming,
 Immortal name, game, dame, tame, lame, lame, lame,
 Pux, hath, shame, proclaime, oh—
 In sacred raptures flowing, will proclaime, not—
 O me, thy priest, inspyre!
 For I to thee and thine immortall name,
 In flowing numbers filld with spright and flame,
 Good, good! in flowing numbers filld with spright & flame. . . .
 (I, ii, 1-20.)

* * * *

Asin[ius]. . . . As God judge me, ningle, for thy wit thou
 mayst answer any Justice of peace in England I warrant; thou
 writ'st in a most goodly big hand too—I like that—& readst as
 leageably as some that have bin sav'd by their neck-verse.
 (I, ii, 137-42.)

* * * *

Ilor. A pox upon him! By the white & soft hand of Minerva,
 Ile make him [Captain Tucca] the most ridiculous—dam me if I
 bring not's humor ath stage! &—scurvy, lympling tongu'd
 captaine, poor greasie buffe jerkin, hang him! Tis out of his
 element to traduce me: I am too well ranckt, Asinius, to bee
 stab'd with his dudgion wit: sirra, Ile compose an epigram upon
 him, shall goe thus—

Asin. Nay, I ha more news: ther's Crispinus & his jorneyman
 poet, Demetrius Fannius, too, they sweare they'll bring your life
 & death upon'th stage like a bricklayer in a play. (I, ii, 161-173.)

* * * *

Cris. Doe we not see fooles laugh at heaven, and mocke
 The Makers workmanship? Be not you griev'd,
 If that which you molde faire, upright, and smooth,
 Be skrewed awry, made crooked, lame and vile,

By racking coments, and calumnious tongues;
 So to be bit, it ranckles not, for innocence
 May with a feather brush off the foulest wrongs.
 But when your dastard wit will strike at men
 In corners, and in riddles folde the vices
 Of your best friends, you must not take to heart,
 If they take off all gilding from their pilles,
 And onely offer you the bitter coare.

Hor. Crispinus!

Cris. Say that you have not sworne unto your paper,
 To blot her white cheekes with the dregs and bottome
 Of your friends private vices: say you sweare
 Your love and your aleageance to bright vertue
 Makes you descend so low as to put on
 The office of an executioner,
 Onely to strike off the swolne head of sinne,
 Where ere you finde it standing:
 Say you sweare,
 And make damnation parcell of your oath,
 That when your lashing jestes make all men bleed,
 Yet you whip none. Court, citty, country, friends,
 Foes, all must smart alike; yet court, nor citty,
 Nor foe, nor friend, dare winch at you. (I, ii, 259-84.)

* * * *

Tucca. . . . Why doe you walk heere in this gorgeous gallery
 of gallant inventions, with that whooreson, poore lyme & hayre-
 rascall? why—

Cris. O peace, good Tucca, we are all sworne friends.

Tuc. Sworne? That Judas yonder that walkes in rug, will
 dub you Knights ath Poste, if you serve under his band of oaths:
 the copper-fact rascal wil for a good supper out sweare twelve
 dozen of ground juryes.

Blunt. A pox ont, not done yet, and bin about it three dayes?

Hor. By Jesu, within this houre—save you, Captayne Tucca.

Tuc. Dam thee, thou thin bearded hermaphrodite, dam thee,
 Ile save my selfe for one, I warrant thee. Is this thy tub,
 Diogines? (I, ii, 330-46.)

* * * *

Tuc. Out, bench-whistler, out, ile not take thy word for a dagger pye: you browne-bread-mouth stinker, Ile teach thee to turne me into Bankes his horse, and to tell gentlemen I am a jugler, and can shew trickes.

Hor. Captaine Tucca, but halfe a word in your eare.

Tuc. No, you starv'd rascall, thou't bite off mine eares then: you must have three or foure suites of names, when like a lowsie, pediculous vermin th'ast but one suite to thy backe: you must be call'd Asper, and Criticus, and Horace, thy tytle's longer a reading then the stile a the big Turkes—Asper, Criticus, Quintus Horatius Flaccus. (I, ii, 366–80.)

* * * *

Blunt. Nay prethee, deare Tucca, come, you shall shake—

Tuc. Not hands with great Hunkes there, not hands, but Ile shake the gull-groper out of his tan'd skinne.

Cris. & Dem. For our sake, Captaine, nay, prethee, holde.

Tuc. Thou wrongst heere a good, honest rascall, Crispinus, and a poore varlet, Demetrius Fannius, (bretheren in thine owne trade of poetry); thou sayst Crispinus sattin dublet is reavel'd out heere, and that this penurious sneaker is out at elboes. Goe two, my good full-mouth'd ban-dog, Ile ha thee friends with both.

Hor. With all my heart, captaine Tucca, and with you too, Ile laye my handes under your feete, to keepe them from aking.

Omnes. Can you have any more?

Tuc. . . . Ile have thee in league first with these two rowly powlies: . . . Crispinus shall give thee an olde cast sattin suite, and Demetrius shall write thee a scene or two, in one of thy strong garlicke comedies; and thou shalt take the guilt of conscience for't, and sweare tis thine owne, olde lad, tis thine owne: thou never yet fels't into the hands of sattin, didst?

Hor. Never, Captaine, I thanke God.

Tuc. Goe too, thou shalt now, King Gorboduck, thou shalt, because Ile ha thee damn'd, Ile ha thee all in sattin, Asper, Criticus, Quintus Horatius Flaccus; Crispinus shall doo't, thou shalt doo't, heyre apparant of Helicon, thou shalt doo't. (I, ii, 385–420.)

* * * *

Tuc. . . . I know th'art an honest, low minded pigmey, for I ha seene thy shoulders lapt in a plaiers old cast cloake, like a slie knave as thou art; and when thou ranst mad for the death of Horatio, thou borrowedst a gowne of Roscius the stager, (that honest Nicodemus) and sentst it home lowsie, didst not? *Responde*, didst not? . . . What, wut end? wut hang thy selfe now? has he not writ finis yet, Jacke? What, will he bee fifteene weekes about this cockatrices egge too? has hee not cackeld yet? not laide yet?

Blunt. Not yet, hee sweares hee will within this houre.

Tuc. His wittes are somewhat hard bound: the puncke, his muse, has sore labour ere the whoore be delivered: the poore saffron-cheeke sun-burnt gipsie wantes phisicke; give the hungrie-face pudding-pye-eater ten pilles, ten shillings, my faire Angelica, they'l make his muse as yare as a tumbler.

Blunt. He shall not want for money, if heele write.

Tuc. . . . Ile dam up's oven-mouth for rayling at's. (I, ii, 433-65.)

* * * *

King. Horace? What's he, Sir Vaughan?

Sir Vaughan. As hard-favourd a fellow as your majestie has seene in a sommers day; he does pen, an't please your grace, toyes that will not please your grace; tis a poet—we call them bardes in our countrie—singes ballads and rymes, and I was mightie sealous that his inke, which is blacke and full of gall, had brought my name to your majestie, and so lifted up your hye and princely collar.

King. I neither know that Horace, nor mine anger. (II, i, 150-60.)

* * * *

Hor. Well, away, deare Asinius, deliver this letter to the young gallant, Druso, he that fell so strongly in love with mee yesternight.

Asin. . . . But hast writ all this since, ningle? I know thou hast a good running head and thou listest.

Hor. . . . Why, you rooke, I have a set of letters readie starcht to my hands, which to any fresh suited gallant that but

newlie enters his name into my rowle, I send the next morning, ere his ten a clocke dreame has rize from him, onelie with claping my hand to 't, that my novice shall start, ho, and his haire stand an end, when hee sees the sodaine flash of my writing. What, you prettie, diminutive roague, we must have false fiers to amaze these spangle babies, these true heires of Ma[ster] Justice Shallow. . . . heere be epigrams upon Tucce, divulge these among the gallants. . . . (II, ii, 26-49.)

* * * *

Sir Quint[ilian]. What gentleman is this in the mandilian, a soldyer?

Sir Vaughan. No, tho he has a very bad face for a souldier, yet he has as desperate a wit as ever any scholler went to cuffles for; tis a sentleman poet; he has made rimes called thalaminums, for M. Pride-groome. . . .

Sir Quint. Is this he? Welcome, sir, your name? Pray you walke not so statelie, but be acquainted with me boldlie; your name, sir?

Hor. Quintus Horacius Flaccus. (III, i, 69-79.)

* * * *

Sir Vaughan. . . . I will indite the ladies & Miniver caps to a dinner of plumbes, and I shall desire you, M. Horace, to speake or raile; you can raile, I hope in God a mighty.

Hor. You meane to speake bitterlie.

Sir Vaughan. Right, to spitte bitterly upon baldnes, or the thinnes of haire. (III, i, 116-22.)

* * * *

Tuc[ca]. . . . Thou hast been at Parris garden hast not?

Hor. Yes, Captaine, I ha plaide Zulziman there.

Sir Vaughan. Then, M. Horace, you plaide the part of an honest man.

Tuc. Death of Hercules, he could never play that part well in 's life, no Fulkes you could not: thou call'st Demetrius journey-man poet, but thou putst up a supplication to be a poore journey-man player, and hadst beene still so, but that thou couldst not set a good face upon 't: thou hast forgot how thou amblest (in leather pilch) by a play-wagon, in the high way, and took'st mad

Jeronimoes part, to get service among the mimickes: and, when the Stagerites banisht thee into the Ile of Dogs, thou turn'dst ban-dog (villanous Guy) & ever since bitest, therefore I aske if th'ast been at Parris-garden, because thou hast such a good mouth; thou baitst well, read, *lege*, save thy selfe and read. (IV, i, 151-70.)

* * * *

Boy. Capten, Capten, Horace stands sneaking heere.

Tuc. I smelt the foule-fisted mortar-treader: come, my most damnable fastidious rascal, I have a suite to both of you.

Asin. O holde, most pittifull Captaine, holde.

Hor. Holde, Capten, tis knowne that Horace is valliant, & a man of the sword.

Tuc. A gentleman or an honest cittizen shall not sit in your pennie-bench theaters, with his squirrell by his side cracking nuttes, nor sneake into a taverne with his mermaid, but he shall be satyr'd, and epigram'd upon, and his humour must run upo'th stage: you'll ha *Every Gentleman in 's humour*, and *Every Gentleman out on 's humour*: wee that are heades of legions and bandes, and feare none but these same shoulder-clappers, shall feare you, you serpentine rascall.

Hor. Honour'd Capten—

Tuc. Art not famous enough yet, my mad Horastratus, for killing a player, but thou must eate men alive? thy friends? Sirra wilde-man, thy patrons? thou Anthropophagite, thy Mecænasses? (IV, ii, 65-87.)

* * * *

Tuc. . . . Tis thy fashion to flirt inke in everie mans face, and then to craule into his bosome, and damne thy selfe to wip't off agen, yet to give out abroad, that hee was glad to come to composition with thee: I know, Monsieur Machiavell, tis one a thy rules; My long-heel'd troglodite, I could make thine eares burne now, by dropping into them all those hot oathes, to which thy selfe gav'st voluntarie fire, (whē thou wast the man in the moone) that thou wouldst never squib out any new salt-peter jestes against honest Tucca, nor those maligotasters, his poet-asters; I could Cinocephalus, but I will not, yet thou knowst

thou hast broke those oathes in print, my excellent infernall.
 . . . Thou 'lt shoote thy quilles at mee when my terrible backe 's
 turn'd for all this, wilt not porcupine? and bring me & my
 Heliconistes into thy dialogues to make us talke madlie, wut not
 Lucian? (IV, ii, 101-31.)

* * * *

Dicache. That same Horace, me thinkes, has the most ungodly face, by my fan; it lookes, for all the world, like a rotten russet apple when tis bruiz'd: its better then a spoonefull of sinamon water next my heart, for me to heare him speake; hee soundes it so i' th' nose, and talkes and randes for all the world like the poore fellow under Ludgate: oh fye upon him!

Min[iver]. By my troth, sweet ladies, it's cake and pudding to me to see his face make faces when hee reades his songs and sonnets.

Ilor. Ile face some of you for this when you shall not budge.

Tuc. Its the stinckingst dung-farmer—foh upon him!

Sir Vaughan. Foh? oundes, you make him urse than old herring: foh? by Sesu, I thinke he's as tidy and as tall a poet as ever drew out a long verse.

Tuc. The best verse that ever I knew him hacke out was his white neck-verse. Noble Ap Rees, thou wouldst scorne to laye thy lippes to his commendations, and thou smeldst him out as I doe: hee calles thee the burning Knight of the Salamander. . . .

Cris. Come, Tucca, come, no more; the man's wel knowne, thou needst not paint him: whom does he not wrong?

Tuc. Mary, himselfe, the uglie Pope Boniface pardons himselfe, and therefore my judgement is that presently he bee had from hence to his place of execution, and there bee stab'd, stab'd, stab'd. (IV, iii, 100-54.)

* * * *

Tuc. . . . Feele my weapon. . . . As blunt as the top of Poules; tis not like thy alooe, cicatrine tongue, bitter; no tis no stabber, but like thy goodly and glorious nose, blunt, blunt, blunt: dost roare bulchin? dost roare? th'ast a good rouncivall voice to cry lanthorne & candlelight.

Sir Vaughan. Two urds, Horace, about your eares: how

chance it passes that you bid God boygh to an honest trade of building symneys and laying downe bricke, for a worse handicraftnes, to make nothing but railes; your muse leanes upon nothing but filthy rotten railes, such as stand on Poules head, how chance? (IV, iii, 181-98.)

* * * *

Tuc. . . . Dost stampe? thou thinkst th'ast mortar under thy feete, dost? (IV, iii, 211-12.)

* * * *

Hor. Why would you make me thus the ball of scorne?

Tuc. Ile tell thee why, because th'ast entred actions of assault and battery against a companie of honourable and worshipfull fathers of the law: you wrangling rascall, law is one of the pillars ath land, and if thou beest bound too 't (as I hope thou shalt bee) thou't proove a skip-jacke, thou't be whipt. Ile tell thee why, because thy sputtering chappes yelp that arrogance, and impudence, and ignoraunce are the essential parts of a courtier. . . . Ile tell thee why, because thou cryest p'trooh at worshipfull cittizens, and cal'st them flat-caps, cuckolds, and bankrupts, and modest and vertuous wives punckes & cockatrices. Ile tell thee why, because th'ast arraigned two poets against all lawe and conscience; and not content with that, hast turn'd them amongst a company of horrible blacke fryers. . . . Thou art the true arraign'd poet, and shouldst have been hang'd, but for one of these part-takers, these charitable copper-lac'd Christians, that fetcht thee out of purgatory (players I meane) theaterians, pouch-mouth, stage-walkers; for this, poet, for this, thou must lye with these foure wenches, in that blancket, for this—

Hor. What could I doe, out of a just revenge,
But bring them to the stage? they envy me
Because I holde more worthy company.

Dem. Good Horace, no; my cheekes doe blush for thine,
As often as thou speakst so. Where one true
And nobly-vertuous spirit, for thy best part
Loves thee, I wish one ten, even from my heart.
I make account I put up as deepe share

In any good mans love, which thy worth earnes,
 As thou thy selfe. We envy not to see
 Thy friends with bayes to crowne thy poesie.
 No, heere the gall lyes, we that know what stuffe
 Thy verie heart is made of, know the stalke
 On which thy learning growes, and can give life
 To thy (once dying) basenes, yet must we
 Dance antickes on your paper.

Hor. Fannius—

Cris. This makes us angry, but not envious.
 No, were thy warpt soule put in a new molde,
 Ide weare thee as a jewel set in golde.

Sir Vaughan. And jewels, Master Horace, must be hang'd
 you know. . . .

Tuc. Ist not better be out at elbowes, then to bee a bond-
 slave, and to goe all in parchment as thou dost?

Hor. Parchment, Captaine? tis Perpetuana I assure you.

Tuc. My perpetuall pantaloone, true, but tis waxt over;
 th'art made out of wax; thou must answere for this one day;
 thy muse is a hagler, and weares cloathes upon best-be-trust:
 th'art great in some bodies books for this, thou knowst where;
 thou wouldst bee out at elbowes, and out at heeles too, but that
 thou layest about thee with a bill for this, a bill—

Hor. I confesse, Capten, I followed this suite hard. . . .

Sir Vaughan. . . . I have put upon my heade a fine device
 to make you laugh; tis not your fooles cap, Master Horace,
 which you cover'd your poetasters in, but a fine tricke, ha, ha,
 is jumbling in my braine. . . . To conclude, tis after this
 manners, because Ma. Horace is ambition, and does conspire to
 bee more hye and tall as God a mightie made him, wee'll carry
 his terrible person to court, and there before his Masestie dub,
 or what you call it, dip his muse in some licour, and christen
 him, or dye him into collours of a poet. (IV, iii, 225-323.)

* * * *

Cris. My Leige, to wed a comicall event
 To presupposed tragicke argument,
 Vouchsafe to exercise your eyes, and see
 A humorous dreadfull poet take degree.

King. Dreadfull, in his proportion, or his pen?

Cris. In both, he calles himselfe the whip of men. . . .

Demetrius,

Call in that selfe-creating Horace, bring

Him and his shaddow forth. . . .

Enter Tucca, his boy after him with two pictures under his cloake, and a wreath of nettles: Horace and Bubo pul'd in by th' hornes bound both like Satyres, . . .

Tuc. So, tug, tug, pull the mad bull in by'th hornes: so, baite one at that stake, my place-mouth yelpers, and one at that stake, Gurnets-head. . . .

Sir Vaughan. Goe too, I pray, Captaine Tucca, give us all leave to doe our busines before the King.

Tuc. With all my heart, shi, shi, shi shake that Beare-whelp when thou wut.

Sir Vaughan. Horace and Bubo, pray send an answere into his Masesties eares, why you goe thus in Ovids Morter-Morphesis and strange fashions of apparrell. . . .

Hor. I did it to retyre me from the world,
And turne my Muse into a Timonist,
Loathing the general leprozie of sinne,
Which like a plague runs through the soules of men:
I did it but to—

Tuc. But to bite every Motley-head vice by'th nose; you did it, ningle, to play the bug-beare satyre, & make a campe royall of fashion-mongers quake at your paper bullets: you nastie tortois, you and your itchy poetry breake out like Christ-mas, but once a yeare, and then you keepe a Revelling, & Araigning, & a scratching of mens faces, as tho you were Tyber, the long-tail'd Prince of Rattes, doe you? . . .

Cris. Under controule of my dreade Sovereaigne,
We are thy Judges; thou that didst Arraigne,
Art now prepar'd for condemnation?
Should I but bid thy muse stand to the barre,
Thy selfe against her wouldst give evidence,
For flat rebellion gainst the sacred lawes
Of divine Poesie: heerein most she mist,

*Thy pride and scorne made her turne Saterist,
And not her love to vertue (as thou preachest).*

Or, should we minister strong pilles to thee,
What lumpes of hard and indigested stuffe,
Of bitter satirisme, of arrogance,
Of selfe-love, of detraction, of a blacke
And stinking insolence, should we fetch up?
But none of these; we give thee what's more fit:
With stinging nettles crowne his stinging wit.

Tuc. Wel said, my poetically huckster, now he's in thy handling, rate him, doe, rate him well.

Hor. O I beseech your Majesty, rather then thus to be netled, Ile ha my satyres coate pull'd over mine eares, and bee turn'd out a the nine muses service. . . .

Sir Vaughan. Flea off this hairie skin, M. Horace, so, so, so, untrusse, untrusse.

Tuc. His poetical wreath, my dapper puncke-fetcher.

Hor. Ooh—

Tuc. Nay your oohs, nor your *Callinoes* cannot serve your turne: your tongue you know is full of blisters with rayling, your face full of pockey-holes and pimples with your fierie inventions, and therefore to preserve your head from aking, this biggin is yours.—

Sir Vaughan. Nay, by Sesu, you shall bee a poet, though not lawrefyed, yet nettlefyed, so.

Tuc. Sirra stincker, thou'rt but untruss'd now: I owe thee a whipping still, and Ile pay it: . . . it shall not bee the *Whipping a' th Satyre*, nor the Whipping of the blinde-Beare, but of a counterfeit Jugler, that steales the name of Horace.

King. How? counterfeit? does hee usurpe that name?

Sir Vaughan. Yes indeede, ant please your Grace, he does sup up that abhominable name.

Tuc. Hee does, O King Cambises, hee does: thou hast no part of Horace in thee but 's name and his damnable vices: thou hast such a terrible mouth, that thy beard's afraide to peepe out: but, looke heere, you staring Leviathan, heere's the sweete visage of Horace; looke, perboyld-face, looke: Horace

had a trim long-beard, and a reasonable good face for a poet, (as faces goe now-a-dayes): Horace did not skruie and wriggle himselfe into great mens famyliarity, (inpudentlic) as thou doost: nor weare the badge of gentlemens company, as thou doost thy taffetie sleeves, tactkt too onely with some pointes of profit: no, Horace had not his face punctt full of oylet-holes, like the cover of a warming-pan: Horace lov'd poets well, and gave coxcombes to none but fooles, but thou lov'st none, neither wisemen nor fooles, but thy selfe: Horace was a goodly corpulent gentleman, and not so leane a hollow-cheekt scrag as thou art: no, heere's thee copy of thy countenance, by this will I learne to make a number of villanous faces more, and to looke scurvily upon'th world, as thou dost.

Cris. Sir Vaughan will you minister their oath? . . .

Sir Vaughan. Now, Master Horace, you must be a more horrible swearer, for your oath must be (like your wittes) of many collours, and, like a brokers booke, of many parcels.

Tuc. Read, read th'inventory of his oath. . . .

Sir Vaughan. *Inprimis*, you shall sweare by Phœbus and the halfe a score muses lacking one, not to sweare to hang your selfe, if you thought any man, ooman or silde, could write playes and rimes, as well-favour'd ones as your selfe. . . . You shall sweare not to bumbast out a new play, with the olde lynings of jestes, stolne from the Temples Revels. . . . Moreover, you shall not sit in a gallery, when your comedies and enterludes have entred their actions, and there make vile and bad faces at everie lyne, to make sentlemen have an eye to you, and to make players afraide to take your part. . . . Besides, you must for-sweare to venter on the stage, when your play is ended, and to exchange curtezies and complements with gallants in the lordes roomes, to make all the house rise up in armes, and to cry that's Horace, that's he, that's he, that's he, that pennes and purges humours and diseases. . . . Secondly, when you bid all your friends to the marriage of a poore couple, that is to say, your *Wits and necessities*, *alias dictus*, to the rifling of your *Muse*, *alias*, your *Muses up-sitting*, *alias*, a *Poets Whitson-Ale*, you shall sweare that within three dayes after, you shall not abroad, in booke-

binders shops, brag that your Vize-royes or Tributorie Kings, have done homage to you, or paide quarterage. . . . Moreover and *Inprimis*, when a knight or sentlemen of urship, does give you his passe-port, to travaile in and out to his company, and gives you money for Gods sake, I trust in Sesu, you will sweare (tooth and nayle) not to make scalde and wry-mouth jestes upon his knight-hood, will you not?

Hor. I never did it, by Parnassus.

Tuc. Wut sweare by Parnassus, and lye too, Doctor Doddipol?

Sir Vaughan. Thirdly, and last of all, saving one, when your playes are misse-likt at court, you shall not crye mew like a pusse-cat, and say you are glad you write out the courtiers element.

Tuc. Let the element alone, tis out a thy reach.

Sir Vaughan. In brieflynnes, when you sup in tavernes amongst your betters, you shall sweare not to dippe your manners in too much sawce, nor at table to fling epigrams, embleames, or play-speeches about you (lyke hayle-stones) to keepe you out of the terrible daunger of the shot, upon payne to sit at the upper end of the table, a'th left hand of Carlo Buffon. Sweare all this, by Apollo and the eight or nine muses.

Hor. By Apollo, Helicon, the muses (who march three and three in a rancke) and by all that belongs to Pernassus, I sweare all this. . . .

King. . . . He whose pen
Drawes both corrupt and cleare bloud from all men,
Careles what veine he prickes, let him not rave
When his owne sides are strucke. Blowes blowes doe crave.
(V, ii. 112-403.)

* * * *

EPILOGUS.

Tucca. . . . I recant, beare witnes all you gentle-folkes (that walke i'th galleries) I recant the opinions which I helde of courtiers, ladies, & cittizens, when once (in an assembly of friers) I railde upon them. That hereticall libertine Horace,

taught me so to mouth it. Besides, twas when stiffe Tucca was a boy: twas not Tucca that railde and roar'd then, but the Devill & his angels. . . . Are you adviz'd what you doe when you hisse? you blowe away Horaces revenge, but if you set your hands and scales to this, Horace will write against it, and you may have more sport. He shall not loose his labour, he shall not turne his blanke verses into waste paper. No, my poetasters will not laugh at him, but will untrusse him agen, and agen, and agen.

[*Satiromastix, or The Untrussing of the Humorous Poet.* This play, the climax of the Poetomachia, or war between Jonson and Marston and Dekker, was written in reply to Jonson's *Poetaster*, in which he represented himself as Horace. The passages quoted above are designed merely as illustrations; one should read the play in its entirety. The line numbers refer to the edition by Josiah H. Penniman, Belles-Lettres Series, 1913.]

W. I., 1601.

TO THE VAYNE-GLORIOVS,

the Satyrist, Epigrammatist, and Humorist.

. . . Now by your leave, *Monsieur Humorist* [i. e. Jonson], you that talke of mens humours and dispositions . . . I consider of you, as of a younger brother: you wanted this same *muleis nimum*, and *nulli satis*, coyne (a goodyere of it) and therefore *opus & usus* put you to such a pinch, that you made sale of your Humours to the Theater, and there plaid Pee boh with the people in your humour, then out of your humour. I do not blame you for this: for though you were guilty of many other things, yet I dare say, you were altogether without guilt at that time, notwithstanding I suppose you would have written for love, and not for money: but I see you are one of those that if a man can finde in his purse to give them presently, they can finde in their hearts to love him everlastingly; for now-adaies *Aes in presenti perfectum format amorem*. But it makes the lesse matter, because I know but few but are corivals with you in the love of silver. . . .

* * * *

It seemes your brother *Satyre*, and ye twayne,
Plotted three wayes to put the Divell downe;
One should outrayle him by invective vaine,

One all to flout him like a countrey clowne;
 And one in action, on a stage out-face,
 And play upon him to his great disgrace.

You *Humorist*, if it be true I heare,
 An action thus against the Divell brought,¹
 Sending your humours to each Theater,
 To serve the writ that ye had gotten out.
 That Mad-cap² yet superiour praise doth win,
 Who, out of hope, even casts his cap at sin.

¹*Against the booke of Humours.*

²*Pasquils Mad-cap.*

[*The Whipping of the Satyre.* Imprinted at London, for John Flasket, 1601. The pamphlet is directed against John Marston, Nicholas Breton, and Ben Jonson. The passages cited above are merely illustrative; the entire volume should be consulted. Dr. F. E. Fiske is now preparing a reprint of this and other related pamphlets. A reply to *The Whipping of the Satyre* was issued in 1601 by an anonymous writer, entitled *The Whipper of the Satire, his Penance in a White Sheet*, but this work, mainly a defense of Marston, contains no clear allusion to Jonson.]

Nicholas Breton, 1601.

Maye it please you to understand, that it was my happe of late, passing through Paules Church yarde, to looke upon certaine pieces of Poetrye, where I found (that it greeues me to speake of) one writer so strangely inueigh against another, that many shallow wits stode and laught at their follies. Now, findinge their labours so toucht with ill tearms, as befitted not the learned to lay open; I thought good, having little to doe, to write unto all such writers, as take pleasure to see their wits plaie with the world, that they will henceforth, before they fall to worke, haue in minde this good prouerbe: *Play with me; but hurt me not: and iest with me; but disgrace me not;* Least that the world this iest do kindly smother, Why should one foole be angry with an other? . . .

* * * *

Tis strange to see the humors of these daies:
 How first the Satyre bites at imperfectiōs:
 The Epigrammist in his quips displaies
 A wicked course in shadowes of corrections:
 The Humorist hee strictly makes collections
 Of loth'd behaiours both in youthe and age:
 And makes them plaie their parts upon a stage.

An other Madcappe in a merry fit,
 For lacke of witte did cast his cappe at sinne:
 And for his labour was well tould of it,
 For too much playing on that merry pinne:
 For that all fishes are not of one finne:
 And they that are of cholerick complexions,
 Loue not too plain to reade their imperfections.

Now comes another with a new founde vaine:
 And onely falls to reprehensions:
 Who in a kind of scoffing chiding straine,
 Bringes out I knowe not what in his inuentions:
 But I will ghesse the best of his intencions:
 Hee would that all were well, and so would I:
 Fooles shuld not too much shew their foolery.

And would to God it had ben so in deed,
 The Satyres teeth had neuer bitten so:
 The Epigrammist had not had a seede
 Of wicked weedes, among his herbes to sowe.
 Nor one mans humor did not others showe,
 Nor Madcap had not showen his madness such,
 And that the whipper had not ierkt so much.

* * * *

No, poets, no: I write to yee in loue,
 Let not the world haue cause to laugh at us:
 Let us our mindes from such ill meanes remoue,
 As makes good spirits for to fall out thus:
 Let us our causes with more care discusse:
 Not bite, nor claw, nor scoffe, nor check, nor chide:
 But eche mend one, and ware the fall of pride.

* * * *

But, if you could, you should doe better much,
 To bend your studie to a better end,
 And neither one nor other seeme to tuch:
 But in such sorte, as may beseeme a friend:
 And doe no more your spirits idly spend
 With ierking, biting, skoffing and such humors
 As fill the world too full of wicked rumors.

* * * *

Let all good wits, if any good there be;
 Leaue trussing, and untrussing of their points,
 And heare thus much (although not learne) of me;
 The spirits, that the Oyle of Grace annoyntes,
 Will keepe their senses in those sacred ioynts,
 That each true-learned, Christian-harted brother
 Will be unwilling to offend another.

[*No Whippinge, Nor Trippinge: But a Kinde Friendly Snippinge*, ed.
 Charles Edmonds, in the *Isham Reprints*, 1895.]

Anonymous, 1601.

Beniamin Iohnson.

Iud[icio]. The wittiest fellow of a Bricklayer in England.

Ing[enioso]. A meere Emphyrick, one that getts what he hath
 by obseruation, and makes onely nature priuy to what he indites,
 so slow an Inuentor that he were better betake himselfe to his
 old trade of Bricklaying, a bould whorson, as confident now in
 making a booke, as he was in times past in laying of a brick.
 (P. 87.)

* * * *

Kemp. Few of the university pen plaies well, they smell too
 much of that writer *Ouid*, and that writer *Metamorphosis*, and
 talke too much of *Proserpina* & *Iuppiter*. Why heres our
 fellow *Shakespeare* puts them all downe, I and *Ben Ionson* too.
 O that *Ben Ionson* is a pestilent fellow, he brought up *Horace*
 giuing the Poets a pill, but our fellow *Shakespeare* hath giuen
 him a purge that made him beray his credit. (P. 138.)

[*The Returne from Pernassus*, Part II, ed. W. D. Macray, 1886. The
 play, though probably written in 1601, was apparently not acted
 until 1602. It was printed in 1606.]

Title-page, 1602.

Poetaster or The Arraignment: As it hath beene sundry times privately acted in the Blacke Friers, by the children of her Maiesties Chappell. Composed, by Ben. Iohnson. . . . London, printed for M[athew] L[ownes], . . . 1602.

Philip Henslowe, 1602.

Lent unto bengemy Johnstone at the
 a poyntment of E Alleyn & w^m birde
 the 22 of June 1602 in earneste of a } x^{li}
 Boocke called Richard crockbacke & for
 new adicyons for Jeronymo the some of }

[*Henslowe's Diary*, ed. W. W. Greg, 1904, p. 168. This is the second payment to Jonson for additions to *The Spanish Tragedy*.]

Anonymous, 1602.

Pha[ntastes]. . . . That fellow in the bays, methinks I should have known him; O, 'tis Comedus, 'tis so; but he has become nowadays something humorous, and too-too satirical up and down, like his great grandfather Aristophanes.

[*Lingua*, 1607; Hazlitt's ed. of Dodsley's *Old English Plays*, 1874, ix, 416. The passage quoted seems to be directed at Jonson, whose satirical comedies offended many contemporary writers.]

John Manningham, 1603.

12 Feb. 1602.

Ben Johnson, the poet, nowe lives upon one Townesend, and scornes the world. (*Tho: Overbury*.)

[*Diary of John Manningham*, ed. J. C. Bruce, Camden Society, 1868, p. 130.]

William Camden, 1603.

These may suffice for some Poeticall descriptions of our ancient Poets; if I would come to our time, what a world could I present to you out of *Sir Philipp Sidney*, *Ed. Spencer*, *Samuel Daniel*, *Hugo Holland*, *Ben. Johnson*, *Th. Campion*, *Mich. Drayton*, *George Chapman*, *Iohn Marston*, *William Shakespeare*, and other most pregnant witts of these our times, whom succeeding ages may justly admire.

[*Remaines concerning Britaine*, 1605. Poems, p. 8.]

John Donne, 1603.*To Ben Jonson, 9 Novembris, 1603.*

If great men wrong me, I will spare myself;
 If mean I will spare them. I know the pelf
 Which is ill-got the owner doth upbraid;
 It may corrupt a judge, make me afraid,
 And a jury; but 'twill revenge in this,
 That, though himself be judge, he guilty is.
 What care I though of weakness men tax me?
 I had rather sufferer than doer be.
 That I did trust it was my nature's praise,
 For breach of word I knew but as a phrase.
 That judgment is, that surely can comprise
 The world in precepts, most happy and most wise.
 What though? Though less, yet some of both have we,
 Who have learn'd it by use and misery.
 Poor I, whom every petty cross doth trouble,
 Who apprehend each hurt that's done me, double,
 Am of this, though it should sink me, careless;
 It would but force me to a stricter goodness.
 They have great gain of me, who gain do win,
 If such gain be not loss, from every sin.
 The standing of great men's lives would afford
 A pretty sum, if God would sell His word.
 He cannot; they can theirs, and break them too;
 How unlike they are that they're liken'd to.
 Yet I conclude, they are amidst my evils;
 If good, like Gods; the naught are so like devils.

*[Poems of John Donne, ed. 1635.]***Henry Chettle, 1603.**

Death now hath seiz'd her in his icy arms,
 That sometime was the sun of our delight;
 And, pitiless of any after harms,
 Hath veil'd her glory in the cloud of night:
 Nor doth one poet seek her name to raise,
 That living, hourly, striv'd to sing her praise.

He that so well could sing the fatal strife
 Between the royal Roses, white and read,
 That prais'd so oft Eliza in her life,
 His muse seems now to die, as she is dead:
 Thou sweetest song-man of all English swains,
 Awake for shame! honour ensues thy pains.

But thou alone deserv'dst not to be blam'd:
 He that sung forty years her life and birth,
 And is by English Albions so much fam'd,
 For sweet mixt lays of majesty and mirth,
 Doth of her loss take now but little keep;
 Or else I guess he cannot sing, but weep.

Neither doth Coryn, full of worth and wit,
 That finish'd dead Musæus' gracious song,
 With grace as great, and words, and verse as fit,
 Chide meagre death for doing virtue wrong:
 He doth not seek with songs to deck her hearse,
 Nor make her name live in his lively verse.

Nor does our English Horace, whose steel pen
 Can draw characters which will never die,
 Tell her bright glories unto list'ning men,
 Of her he seems to have no memory:
 His muse another path desires to tread,
 True satyrs scourge the living, leave the dead.

[*England's Mourning Garment; worn here by plain Shepherds, in Memory of their sacred Mistress, Elizabeth; Queen of Virtue, while she lived; and Theme of Sorrow, being dead.* 1603; reprinted in *The Harleian Miscellany*, 1809, iii, 534. In the last stanza Chettle alludes to Jonson. During the course of the poem he has occasion to refer to many contemporary poets.]

Anonymous, 1603.

You Poets all, brave *Shakspeare*, *Johnson*, *Greene*,
 Bestow your time to write for Englands Queene.
 Lament, lament, lament you English Peeres,
 Lament your losse possest so many yeeres.

Returne your songs and Sonnets and your sayes:
To set foorth sweete *Elizabeth*[a]'s praise.

[A *mourneful Dittie, entituled Elizabeth's losse, together with a welcome for King James*. In the Heber Collection of Ballads and Broad-sides.]

I. C., about 1604.

Who'e're will go unto the presse may see,
The hated Fathers of vilde balladrie:
One sings in his base note the River Thames
Shal sound the famous memory of noble king Iames;
Another sayes that he will, to his death,
Sing the renowned worthinesse of sweet Elizabeth,
So runnes their verse in such disordered straine,
And with them dare great majesty prophane,
Some dare to this; some other humbly craves
For helpe of Spirits in their sleeping graves,
As he that calde to *Shakespeare, Iohnson, Greene*,
To write of their dead noble Queene;
But he that made the Ballads of oh hone,
Did wondrous well to whet the buyer on:
These fellowes are the slaunders of the time,
Make ryming hatefull through their bastard rime.
But were I made a judge in poetry,
They all should burne for their vilde heresie.

[*Epigrames. Served out in 52 severall Dishes for every man to tast without surfeiting*, n. d., Epigram 12.]

Sir John Roe, 1604.

To Ben. Iohnson, 6 Ian. 1603.

The State and mens affaires are the best playes
Next yours; 'Tis not more nor lesse than due praise.
Write, but touch not the much descending race
Of Lords houses, so settled in worths place,
As but themselves none thinke them usurpers.
It is no fault in thee to suffer theirs.
If the Queene Masque, or King a hunting goe,
Though all the Court follow, Let them. We know
Like them in goodnesse that Court ne'r will be,
For that were vertue, and not flatterie.
Forget we were thrust out; It is but thus,

God threatens Kings, Kings Lords, as Lords doe us.
 Judge of strangers, Trust and believe your friend,
 And so me; And when I true friendship end,
 With guilty conscience let me be worse stonge,
 Then with *Pophams* sentence theeves, or *Cookes* tongue
 Traitors are. Friends are our selves. This I thee tell
 As to my friend, and to my selfe as Counsell;
 Let for a while the times unthrifty rout
 Contemne learning, and all your studies flout.
 Let them scorne Hell, they will a Sergeant feare,
 More then wee *that*; ere long God may forbear,
 But Creditors will not. Let them increase
 In riot and excesse as their meanes cease;

* * * *

Well, let all passe, and trust him who nor cracks
 The bruised Reed, nor quencheth smoaking flaxe.

[Although these verses were attributed to Donne in the 1699 edition of his poems, the real author is revealed in Jonson's Conversations with William Drummond: "Sir John Roe loved him; and when they two were ushered by my Lord Suffolk from a Mask, Roe wrote a moral Epistle to him which began, *That next to playes, the Court and the State were the best; God threatneth Kings, Kings Lords, [as] Lords do us.*" The masque referred to was probably by Samuel Daniel. Cf. the entry under "Richard Whitlock, 1654."]

The Stationers' Registers, 1604.

16. Februarij

John Smythick

Entred for his copy under the handes of master Pasfeild
 and the wardens A booke called *the case is altered.*
How? Aske Dalio and Millo provided that this copie be
 not taken from my other to the hurt of another mans
 book.vj^d

Edward Blunt

2 Novembris

putt over to

Thomas Thorp

6 Augusti 1605

Entred for his copy under th[e h]andes of Master
 Pasfeild and the Wardens a booke called *the tragedie of*
Seianus written by *Beniamin Johnson*vj^d

[Arber's *Transcript*, iii, 252, 272.]

Title-page, 1604.

B. JON: his part of King James his Royall and Magnificent Entertainement through his Honorable Cittie of London. Thurseday the 15. of March. 1603. So much as was presented in the first and last of their Triumphall Arch's. With his speach made to the last Presentation, in the Strand, erected by inhabitants of the Dutchy, and Westminster. Also a briefe Panegyre of his Majesties first and well auspicated entrance to his high Court of Parliament, on Monday, the 19. of the same Moneth. With other Additions. *V. S. for Edward Blount, 1604.*

[An interesting description of this pageant will be found in Gilbert Dugdale's *The Time Triumphant*, 1604; see *An English Garner*, *Stuart Tracts*, ed. C. H. Firth, p. 77.]

John Marston, 1604.

[*Dedication.*]

BENIAMINO JONSONIO,

POETAE

ELEGANTISSIMO,

GRAVISSIMO,

AMICO

SUO, CANDIDO ET CORDATO,

IOHANNES MARSTON,

MUSARUM ALUMNUS,

ASPERAM HANC SUAM THALIAM

D. D.

* * * * *

Epilogue.

Then till another's happier Muse appears,
Till his Thalia feast your learnèd ears,
To whose desertful lamps pleased Fates impart
Art above nature, judgment above art,
Receive this piece, which hope nor fear yet daunteth:
He that knows most knows most how much he wanteth.

[*The Malcontent*, 1604. The allusion in the Epilogue is probably to Jonson's forthcoming play, *Volpone*.]

Sir Thomas Edmonds, 1604.*Letter to the Earl of Shrewsbury, December 5, 1604.*

Our Court of ladies is preparing to solemnize the Christmas with a gallant mask [Jonson's *Masque of Blackness*] which doth cost the Exchequer £3000. Sir Philip Herbert's marriage will also produce another mask among the noblemen and gentlemen.

[Edmund Lodge, *Illustrations of British History*, 1838, iii, 114.]

John Packer, 1604.*Letter to Sir Ralph Winwood, December 12, 1604.*

Now Sir for Women's News. Wee have here great Preparation for the Queen's Mask [*of Blackness*]; wherein besides her Majesty will be eleven Ladies, Bedford, Suffolk, Susan Vere, Lady Dorothy Rich, a Daughter of my Lord Chamberlaines, Lady Walsingham, Lady Bevill, and some other which I have forgotten for haste. But the Lady of Northumberland is excused by Sickness, Lady Hertford by the Measles. Lady of Nottingham hath the Polypus in her Nostril, which some fear must be cut off. The Lady Hatton would feign have had a Part, but some unknown reason kept her out; whereupon she is gone to her House.

[*Winwood State Papers*, ii, 39.]

John Chamberlain, 1604.*Letter to Sir Ralph Winwood, December 18, 1604.*

. . . Here is great Provision for Cockpit, to entertaine him [King James] at home, and of Masks and Revells against the Marriage of Sir *Phillip Herbert* and the Lady *Susan Vere*, which is to be celebrated on *St. John's Day*. The Queen hath likewise a great Mask [Jonson's *Masque of Blackness*] in hand against Twelfth-Tide, for which there was 3000£. delivered a Month ago.

[*Winwood State Papers*, 1725, ii, 41.]

The Venetian Ambassador, 1604.

Nicolo Molin, Venetian Ambassador in England, to the Doge and Senate, December 29 [O.S. 19], 1604.

Her Majesty is preparing a masque [Jonson's *Masque of Blackness*] which will cost twenty-five thousand crowns. At

Court they are studying how the Ambassadors can be present at the festival. But as the King declines to make any decision as to precedence between France and Spain, it is held certain that no Ambassador will be invited, and if anyone is curious to see the sight, he must go privately.

[*Calendar of State Papers, Venetian*, x, 201.]

The Revells Booke, 1605.

1605

On Twelfe Night the Queens Mat^{tis} Maske of Moures [Jonson's *Masque of Blackness*] w^h Aleven Laydies of honno^r to accupayney her mat^{ie} w^{ch} cam in great showes of devises w^{ch} thay satt in wth exselent musike.

By his Mat^{tis} plaiers. The 8 of January A play cauled Euary on out of his Umor.

By his Mat^{tis} plaiers. On Candelmas night A playe Euary one in his Umor.

[Peter Cunningham, *Extracts from the Accounts of the Revels at Court*, 1842, p. 204.]

Sir Dudley Carleton, 1605.

Letter to Sir Ralph Winwood, January, 1605.

On *Twelfth-Day* . . . at Night we had the Queen's Maske [of *Blackness*] in the Banquetting-House, or rather her Pagent. There was a great Engine at the lower end of the Room, which had Motion, and in it were the Images of Sea-Horses with other terrible Fishes, which were ridden by Moors: The Indecorum was, that there was all Fish and no Water. At the further end was a great Shell in form of a Skallop, wherein were four Seats; on the lowest sat the Queen with my Lady *Bedford*; on the rest were placed the Ladies *Suffolk*, *Darby*, *Rich*, *Effingham*, *Ann Herbert*, *Susan Herbert*, *Elizabeth Howard*, *Walsingham* and *Bevil*. Their Apparell was rich, but too light and Curtizan-like for such great ones. Instead of Vizzards, their Faces, and Arms up to the Elbows, were painted black, which was Disguise sufficient, for they were hard to be known; *but it became them nothing so*

well as their red and white, and you cannot imagine a more ugly Sight, then a Troop of lean-cheek'd Moors. The Spanish and Venetian Ambassadors were both present, and sate by the king in State; at which Monsieur Beaumont quarrells so extreemly, that he saith the whole Court is Spanish. But by his Favour, he should fall out with none but himself, for they were all indifferently invited to come as private Men, to a private Sport; which he refusing, the Spanish Ambassador willingly accepted, and being there, seeing no Cause to the contrary, he put off Don Taxis, and took upon him El Señor Embaxadour, wherein he outstript our little Monsieur. . . . The Night's Work was concluded with a Banquet in the great Chamber, which was so seriously assaulted, that down went Table and Tresses before one bit was touched.

[Winwood State Papers, 1725, ii, 43-44.]

The Venetian Ambassador, 1605.

Nicolo Molin, Venetian Ambassador in England, to the Doge and Senate, January 27 [O.S. 17], 1605.

On the 16th [O.S. 6th] of this month, Epiphany old style, the King created his second son Duke of York, and made twelve Knights of the Bath, so called because at their creation they are dipped. The morning of that day, the Chamberlain sent to say that if I cared to see the Queen's masque [Jonson's *Masque of Blackness*] that evening he would secure a convenient seat for myself and three or four of my suite. He explained that all the Ambassadors were being invited privately, so as to avoid quarrels for precedence. I said I would gladly attend. Meantime the Spanish Ambassador hearing that the French Ambassador was confined to his bed made vigorous representations at Court to secure for himself a public invitation; and he succeeded. Sir Lewis Lewkenor presently went to visit the French Ambassador, who having got wind of what the Spaniard was about, received Lewkenor very haughtily.

[Calendar of State Papers, Venetian, x, 212. Cf. also State Papers, Domestic, James I, xii, nos. 6, 16; xiv, nos. 59, 60.]

Title-page, 1605.

Eastward Hoe. As It was playd in the Black-friers. By The Children of her Maiesties Revels. Made by Geo: Chapman. Ben: Ionson. Ioh: Marston. At London Printed for William Aspley. 1605.

[Three quarto editions of the play appeared in 1605, with slight variation in title-pages.]

George Chapman, 1605.*To His Most Gratiouse Majestie:*

Vouchsafe most Excellent Sovereigne to take mercifull notice of the submissive and amendfull sorrowes of your two most humble and prostrated subjects for your highnes displeasure [at *Eastward Hoe*?]: Geo: Chapman and Ben Jhonson; whose chief offences are but two clawses, and both of them not our owne; much less the unnaturall issue of our offenceles intents: I hope your Majestie's universall knowledge will daigne to remember: That all Authoritie in execution of Justice especially respects the manners and lives of men commanded before it; And accordinge to their generall actions censures anything that hath scapt them in perticular; which cannot be so disproportionable that one being actuallie good, the other should be intentionallie ill; if not intentionallie (howsoever it may lie subject to construction) where the whole founte of our actions may be justified from beinge in this kind offensive; I hope the integrall partes will taste of the same loyall and dutifull order: which to aspire from your most Cesar-like Bountie (who conquered still to spare the conquered, and was glad of offences that he might forgive). In all dijection of never-inough itterated sorrowe for your high displeasure, and vowe of as much future delight as of your present anger; we cast our best parts at your highnes feete, and our worst to hell.

George Chapman.

[Reproduced in *The Athenæum*, March 30, 1901, p. 403. See also Joseph Q. Adams, *Shakespearean Playhouses*, pp. 216-18. M. Castelain doubts that *Eastward Hoe* is the play alluded to in these letters.]

George Chapman, 1605.

[*Letters to the Lord Chamberlain.*]

Most Worthely Honord:

Of all the oversights for which I suffer, none repents me so much as that our unhappie booke [*Eastward Hoe?*] was presented without your Lordshippes allowance, for which we can plead nothinge by way of pardon: but your Person so farr removed from our requirde attendance; our play so much importun'de, and our cleere opinions, that nothinge it contain'd could worthely be held offensive; and had your good Lordshippe vouchsafte this addition of grace to your late free bounties, to have heard our reasons for our well wayd Opinions; And the wordes truly related on which both they and our enemies Complaints were grounded; I make no question but your Impartial Justice, wolde have stooode much further from their clamor then from our acquittall; which indifferent favoure, if yet your no less than Princelye respect of vertue shall please to bestowe on her poore observant, and commaunde my Appearaunce; I doubt not but the Tempest that hath dryven me into this wrackfull harbor will cleere with my Innocence; And withall the most sorrow inflicting wrath of his Excellent Majestie; which to my most humble and zealous affection is so much the more stormye, by how much some of my obscured laboures have striv'd to aspire in stead thereof his illustrate favoure: And shall not be the least honor to his most Royall vertues.

To the most worthy and honorable Protector of vertue: The Lord Chamberlain.

George Chapman.

* * * * *

[To The Lord Chamberlain:]

Notwithstandinge your lordshipps infinite free bountie hath pardon'd and grac't when it might justlie have punisht; and remembered our poore reputations when our acknowledged dewties to your lordshippe might worthely seeme forgotten; yet since true honor delightes to encrease with encrease of goodness; & that our habilities and healths fainte under our yreksome burthens; we are with all humilitie enforc't to sollicite the

propagation of your most noble favours to our present freedome;
 And the rather since we heare from the Lord Dawbney, that his
 highnes hath remitted one of us wholie to your Lo: favoure;
 And that the other had still youre Lo: passinge noble remem-
 brance for his jointe libertie; which his highnes selfe would not
 be displeas'd to allow; And thus with all gratitude admyringe
 youre no lesse then sacred respect to the poore estate of vertue,
 never were our soules more appropriate to the powers of our
 lives, then our uttmost lives are consecrate to your noblest service.

George Chapman.

[Reproduced in *The Athenæum*, March 30, 1901, p. 403.]

The Stationers' Registers, 1605.

6. Augusti

Thomas Thorpe

Entred for his copy by assignement of Edward Blunt
the tragedie of Seianus which was entred to the said
 Edward 2 novembris ultimo vj^d

[Arber's *Transcript*, iii, 297.]

Title-page, 1605.

Seianus his fall. Written by Ben: Ionson. At London,
 Printed by G. Eldd, for Thomas Thorpe. 1605.

George Chapman, 1605.

In Sejanum Ben. Jonsoni Et Musis, et sibi in Deliciis.

So brings the wealth-contracting Jeweller
 Pearles and deare Stones, from richest shores & streames,
 As thy accomlisht Travaile doth confer
 From skill-inriched soules, their wealthier Gems;
 So doth his hand enchase in ammeld Gould,
 Cut, and adorn'd beyond their Native Merits,
 His solid Flames, as thine hath here inrould
 In more then Goulden Verse, those betterd spirits;
 So he entreasures *Princes* Cabinets,
 As thy Wealth will their wished Libraries;
 So, on the throate of the rude Sea, he sets
 His ventrous foote, for his illustrious Prise;

And through wilde Desarts, armd with wilder Beasts,
 As thou adventurst on the Multitude,
 Upon the boggy and engulfed breasts
 Of Hyrelings, sworne to finde most Right, most rude:
 And he, in stormes at Sea, doth not endure,
 Nor in vast Desarts, amongst Woolves, more danger;
 Then we, that would with *Vertue* live secure,
 Sustaine for her in every Vices anger.
 Nor is this *Allegorie* unjustly rackt,
 To this strange length; Onely that Jewels are,
 In estimation meerely, so exact:
 And thy worke, in it selfe, is deare and Rare.
 Wherein *Minerva*, had beene vanquished,
 Had she, by it, her sacred Loomes advanc't,
 And through thy subject woven her graphicke Thread.
 Contending therein, to be more entranc't;
 For, though thy hand was scarce addrest to drawe
 The Semi-circle of *Sejanus* life,
 Thy *Muse* yet makes it the whole Sphære, and Lawe,
 To all State Lives; and bounds Ambitions strife.
 And as a little Brooke creepes from his Spring,
 With shallow tremblings, through the lowest Vales,
 As if he feard his streame abroad to bring,
 Least profane Feete should wrong it, and rude Gales;
 But finding happy Channels, and supplies
 Of other Fordes mixe with his modest course,
 He growes a goodly River, and descries
 The strength, that mannd him, since he left his Source;
 Then takes he in delightsome Meades, and Groves,
 And, with his two-edg'd waters, flourishes
 Before great Palaces, and all Mens Loves
 Build by his shores to greete his Passages:
 So thy chaste *Muse*, by vertuous selfe-mistrust,
 Which is a true Marke of the truest Merit,
 In Virgin feare of Mens illiterate Lust,
 Shut her soft wings, and durst not showe her spirit:
 Till, nobly cherisht, now thou lett'st her flie,

Singing the sable *Orgies* of the *Muses*,
And in the highest Pitche of *Tragedie*,
Mak'st her command, all things thy Ground produces.
But, as it is a Signe of Love's first firing
Not Pleasure by a lovely Presence taken,
And Bouldnesse to attempt; but close Retiring
To places desolate, and Fever-shaken;
So, when the love of Knowledge first affects us,
Our Tongues doe falter, and the Flame doth rove
Through our thinne spirits, and of feare detects us
T'attaine her Truth, whom we so truly love.
Nor can (saith *Aeschilus*) a faire young Dame
Kept long without a Husband, more containe
Her amorous eye, from breaking forth in flame,
When she beholds a Youth that fits her vaine;
Then any mans first taste of Knowledge truly
Can bridle the affection she inspireth;
But let it flie on Men, that most unduly
Haunt her with hate, and all the Loves she fireth.
If our Teeth, Head, or but our Finger ake,
We straight seeke the Phisitian; If a Fever,
Or any curefull maladie we take,
The grave Phisitian is desired ever:
But if proud Melancholie, Lunacie,
Or direct Madnesse over-heate our braines,
We Rage, Beate out, or the Phisitian flie,
Loosing with vehemence, even the sense of Paines.
So of Offenders, they are past recure,
That with a tyrannous spleene, their stings extend
Gainst their Reprovers; They that will endure
All discreete Discipline, are not said t' offend.
Though others qualified, then, with Naturall skill
(More sweete mouthd, and affecting shrewder wits)
Blanche Coles, call Illnesse, good, and Goodnesse ill,
Breath thou the fire, that true-spoke Knowledge fits.
Thou canst not then be Great? yes. Who is he,
(Said the good *Spartane* King) greater then I,

That is not likewise juster? No degree
 Can boast of emminence, or Emperie,
 (As the great *Stagerite* held) in any One
 Beyond Another, whose Soule farther sees,
 And in whose Life the Gods are better knowne:
 Degrees of Knowledge difference all Degrees.
 Thy *Poëme*, therefore, hath this due respect,
 That it lets passe nothing, without observing,
 Worthy Instruction; or that might correct
 Rude manners, and renowme the well deserving:
 Performing such a lively Evidence
 In thy Narrations, that thy Hearers still
 Thou turnst to thy Spectators; and the sense
 That thy Spectators have of good or ill,
 Thou inject'st joyntly to thy Readers soules.
 So deare is held, so deckt thy numerous Taske,
 As thou putt'st handles to the *Thespian* Boules,
 Or stuckst rich Plumes in the *Palladian* Caske.
 All thy worth, yet, thyself must Patronise,
 By quaffing more of the *Castalian* Head;
 In expiscation of whose Mysteries,
 Our Netts must still be clogd, with heavy Lead,
 To make them sincke and catch: For cheerefull Gould
 Was never found in the *Pierian* Streames,
 But Wants, and Scornes, and Shames for silver sould.
 What, what shall we elect in these extreames?
 Now by the Shafts of the great *Cyrrhan* Poet,
 That beare all light, that is, about the world;
 I would have all dull *Poet*-Haters know it,
 They shall be soule-bound, and in darknesse hurld
 A thousand yeares, (as *Sathan* was, their Syre)
 Ere Any worthy, the *Poetique* Name,
 (Might I, that warme but, at the *Muses* fire,
 Presume to guard it), should let Deathlesse *Fame*
 Light halfe a beame of all her hundred Eyes,
 At him dimme Taper, in their memories.
 Flie, flie, you are too neare; so odorous Flowers,

Being held too neare the Sensor of our Sense,
 Render not pure, nor so sincere their powers,
 As being held a little distance thence;
 Because much troubled Earthy parts improve them:
 Which mixed with the odors we exhall,
 Do vitiate what we drawe in. But remoove them
 A little space, the Earthy parts do fall,
 And what is pure, and hote by his tenuitye,
 Is to our powers of Savor purely borne.
 But flie, or staie; Use thou the assiduitie,
 Fit for a true Contemner of their scorne.
 Our *Phæbus* may, with his exampling Beames,
 Burne out the webs from their *Arachnean* eyes,
 Whose knowledge (Day-star to all Diadems,)
 Should banish knowledge-hating Policies:

* * * *

And so, *good Friend*, safe passage to thy Freight,
 To thee a long Peace, through a vertuous strife,
 In which lets both contend to *Vertues* height,
 Not making *Fame* our Object, but *good life*.

Come forth, SEJANUS, fall before this Booke,
 And of thy *Falles Reviver* aske forgivenessse,
 That thy lowe Birth and Merits durst to looke
 A Fortune in the face, of such unevennesse;
 For so his fervent love to *Vertue*, hates,
 That her pluckt plumes should wing *Vice* to such calling,
 That he presents thee to all marking *States*,
 As if thou hadst beene all this while in falling.
 His strong Arme plucking, from the *Middle-world*,
Fames Brazen House, and layes her Towre as low,
 As HOMERS *Barathrum*; that, from Heaven hurld,
 Thou might'st fall on it: and thy Ruines growe
 To all Posterities, from his worke, the Ground,
 And under Heav'n, nought but his *Song* might sound.

HAEC COMMENTATUS EST

Georgius Chapmanus.

[The first of the gratulatory poems prefixed to *Sejanus*, 1605.]

Hugh Holland, 1605.*For his worthy Friend, the Author.*

In that this book doth deign SEJANUS' name,
 Him unto more than *Caesar's* love it brings:
 For where he could not with ambition's wings,
 One quill doth heave him to the height of fame.
 Ye great-ones though, (whose ends may be the same,)
 Know, that, (however we do flatter kings.)
 Their favours (like themselves) are fading things,
 With no less envy had, than lost with shame.
 Nor make your selves less honest than you are,
 To make our author wiser than he is:
 Ne of such crimes accuse him, which I dare
 By all his *Muses* swear be none of his.
 The men are not, some faults may be these times:
 He acts those men, and they did act these crimes.

[Prefixed to *Sejanus*, 1605.]**Cygnus, 1605.***To the deserving Author.*

When I respect thy argument, I see
 An image of those times: but when I view
 The wit, the workmanship, so rich, so true,
 The times themselves do seem retriev'd to me.
 And as *Sejanus*, in thy tragedy,
 Falleth from *Caesar's* grace; even so the crew
 Of common playwrights, whom opinion blew
 Big with false greatness, are disgrac'd by thee.
 Thus, in one tragedy, thou makest twain:
 And, since fair works of justice fit the part
 Of tragic writers, *Muses* do ordain
 That all tragedians, Masters of their Art,
 Who shall hereafter follow on this tract,
 In writing well, thy Tragedy shall act.

[Prefixed to *Sejanus*, 1605.]

Th. R., 1605.

To his learned, and beloved Friend, upon his aequall worke.

Sejanus, great, and eminent in Rome,
 Raised above all the senate, both in grace
 Of princes' favour, authority, and place,
 And popular dependence; yet how soon,
 Even with the instant of his overthrow,
 Is all this pride and greatness now forgot,
 (Only that in former grace he stood *not*)
 By them which did his state not treason know!
 His very flatterers, that did adorn
 Their necks with his rich medals, now in flame
 Consume them, and would lose even his name,
 Or else recite it with reproach, or scorn!
 This was his Roman fate. But now thy Muse
 To us that neither knew his height, nor fall,
 Hath raised him up with such memorial,
 All future states and times his name shall use.
 What, not his good, nor ill could once extend
 To the next age, thy verse, industrious,
 And learned friend, hath made illustrious
 To this. Nor shall his, or thy fame have end.

[Prefixed to *Sejanus*, 1605. The writer was probably Sir Thomas Roe.]

John Marston, 1605.

*Amicis, amici nostri dignissimi, dignissimis,
 Epigramma.*

D.

Johannes Marstonius.

Ye ready friends, spare your unneedful bays,
 This work despairful envy must even praise:
 Phœbus hath voiced it loud through echoing skies,
 SEJANUS' FALL *shall force thy merit rise;*
For never English shall, or hath before
Spoke fuller grac'd. He could say much, not more.

[Prefixed to *Sejanus*, 1605.]

William Strachey, 1605.

Upon Sejanus.

How high a poor man shows in low estate
 Whose base is firm, and whole frame competent,
 That sees this cedar, made the shrub of fate,
 Th' one's little, lasting; th' others confluence spent.
 And as the lightning comes behind the thunder
 From the torn cloud, yet first invades our sense:
 So every violent fortune, that to wonder
 Hoists men aloft, is a clear evidence
 Of a vaunt-courring blow the fates have given
 To his forced state: swift lightning blinds his eyes,
 While thunder, from comparison—hating heaven,
 Dischargeth on his height, and there it lies!
 If men will shun swol'n fortune's ruinous blasts,
 Let them use temperance: nothing violent lasts.

[Prefixed to *Sejanus*, 1605.]

ΦΙΛΟΕ, 1605.

To him that hath so excell'd on this excellent subject.

Thy poem (pardon me) is mere deceit;
 Yet such deceit, as thou that dost beguile,
 Art juster far than they who use no wile;
 And they who are deceived by this feat,
 More wise, than such who can eschew thy cheat:
 For thou hast given each part so just a style,
 That men suppose the action now on file;
 (And men suppose, who are of best conceit).
 Yet some there be, that are not moved hereby,
 And others are so quick, that they will spy
 Where later times are in some speech unweaved,
 Those, wary simples; and these, simple elves;
 They are so dull, they cannot be deceived,
 These so unjust, they will deceive themselves.

[Prefixed to *Sejanus*, 1605.]

Ev. B., 1605.*To the most understanding Poet.*

When in the Globe's fair ring, our world's best stage,
 I saw *Sejanus* set with that rich foil,
 I look't the author should have born the spoil
 Of conquest, from the writers of the age:
 But when I viewed the people's beastly rage,
 Bent to confound thy grave, and learned toil,
 That cost thee so much sweat, and so much oil,
 My indignation I could hardly assuage.
 And many there (in passion) scarce could tell
 Whether thy fault, or theirs deserved most blame;
 Thine, for so showing, theirs, to wrong the same:
 But both they left within that doubtful hell,
 From whence, this publication sets thee free:
 They, for their ignorance, still damned be.

[Prefixed to *Sejanus*, 1605. Possibly "Ev." is an error for "Ed.," and the author Edmund Bolton, one of Jonson's best friends.]

The Privy Council, 1605.

7 Nov. 1605.

A warrant unto Benjamin Johnson to let a certaine priest knowe that offered to do good service to the State, that he should securely come and goe, to and from the Lords, which they promised in the said warrant upon their honors.

[Extract from a MS. in the British Museum, containing an Abstract of the Privy Council Register which is now lost; reprinted in *The Athenæum*, April 22, 1865, p. 553, with a letter from Jonson to the Earl of Salisbury, and a general discussion of Jonson's connection with the gunpowder plot conspirators.]

Title-page, 1606.

Hymenaei: or The Solemnities of Masque, and Barriers, Magnificently performed on the eleventh, and twelfth Nights, from Christmas; At Court: To the auspicious celebrating of the Marriage-union, betweene Robert, Earle of Essex, and the Lady Frances, second Daughter to the most noble Earle of Suffolke. By Ben: Ionson. . . . Valentine Sims for Thomas Thorp . . . 1606.

John Pory, 1606.

Letter to Sir Robert Cotton, January, 1606.

I have seen both the Maske [*Hymenæi*] on Sunday, and the Barriers on Munday night. . . . But to return to the Mask. Inigo, Ben, and the actors, men and women, did their parts with great commendation. The conceit or soul of the Mask was Hymen bringing in a bride, and Juno Pronuba's priest a bridegroom, proclaiming that those two should be sacrificed to Union; and here the poet made an apostrophe to the Union of the Kingdoms. But before the sacrifice could be performed, Ben Jonson turned the globe of the earth standing behind the altar, and within the concave sat the eight men-maskers, representing the four Humours and the four Affections, who leaped forth to disturb the sacrifice to Union. But amidst their fury, Reason, that sat above them all crowned with burning tapers, came down and silenced them. These eight, with Reason their mediator, sat somewhat like the ladies in the Scollop-shell of the last year. About the globe hovered a middle region of clouds, in the centre whereof stood a grand concert of musicians, and upon the cantons sat the ladies, four at one corner and four at another, who descended upon the stage, not in the down-right perpendicular fashion, like a bucket in a well, but came gently sloping down. These eight after the sacrifice was ended, represented the Eight Nuptial Powers of Juno Pronuba, who came down to confirm their Union. The men were clad in crimson, and the women in white. They had every one a white plume of the richest hern's feathers, and were so rich in jewels upon their heads as was most glorious. I think they hired and borrowed all the principal jewels and ropes of pearls both in court and city. (The Spanish ambassador seemed but poor to the meanest of them.) They danced all variety of dances, both severally and *promiscuè*, and then the women took the men as named by the Prince [Henry] who danced with as great perfection, and as settled a majesty as could be devised.

[From the Cotton MSS. in the British Museum; see J. P. Collier, *History of English Dramatic Poetry*, 1879, i, 350; the Gifford-Cunningham ed. of Jonson, 1871, i, xxxiii, note 4.]

John Marston, 1606.*To the General Reader.*

. . . To transcribe authors, quote authorities, and translate Latin prose orations into English blank verse, hath, in this subject, been the least aim of my studies.

[*Sophonisba*, 1606. Marston seems to be alluding to Jonson's *Sejanus*.]

Anonymous, 1606.

Envy. From my foul study will I hoist a wretch,
A lean and hungry meagre cannibal,
Whose jaws swell to his eyes with chawing malice,
And him I'll make a poet.
This scrambling raven with his needy beard
Will I whet on to write a comedy,
Wherein shall be compos'd dark sentences,
Pleasing to factious brains.
And every other where place me a jest,
Whose high abuse shall more torment than blows.

[Epilogue to the 1606 edition of *Mucedorus*. The allusion has been thought to be to Jonson, and the phrase "needy beard" certainly points to him.]

Thomas Dekker, 1607.

Item, when a cobbler of poetry, called a playe patcher, was condemned with his cattē to be duckt three times in the cucking-stoole of Pyriphlegeton, (beeing one of the scalding rivers,) till they both dropt again, because he scolded against his betters, and those whom hee lived uppon: laid out at that time for straw, to have caried pusse away if she had kittened, to avoyd anie catterwalling in Hell, j. pennie.

[*A Knight's Conjuring*, 1607, ed. E. F. Rimbault, 1842, p. 65. The allusion seems to be to Jonson, and the *Poetomachia*.]

Lewis Machin, 1607.

Everie Woman in her Humor. London. Printed by E. A. for Thomas Archer, and are to be solde at his shop in the Popes-head-Pallace, neere the Royall Exchange. 1609.

[The title is evidently in imitation of Jonson's *Every Man in his Humor*, and it is frankly indebted for the suggestion of several of its characters and some of its plot to *Every Man out of his Humor*. For

the identification of the author, and the date of composition, see J. Q. Adams, "*Every Woman in her Humor* and *The Dumb Knight*," in *Modern Philology*, x, 413. The title of John Day's *Humour out of Breath*, acted by the same company in 1607-8, is probably a satire on all these "humor" plays.]

Records of the Merchant-Taylors' School, 1607.

Whereas the company are informed that the kings moast excellent ma^{ty} with our gratious queene, and the noble prince, and diverse honorable lords and others, determyne to dyne at our hall on the day of theleccon of m-r and wardens, therefore this meeting was appointed to advise and consult howe every thinge may be performed for the reputacon and creditt of the company, and to give his ma^{ty} best lykeing and contentment, &c. &c. &c. And Sir John Swynnerton is entreated to conferr with Mr. Beniamyn Johnson, the poet, about a speech to be made to welcome his ma^{ty} and for musique and other inventions which may give liking and delight to his ma^{ty}, by reason that the company doubt, that their schoolem-r and schollers be not acquainted with such kinde of entertagnements.

[*Minutes of Court*, 27 June, 1607, reprinted in *The History of Merchant-Taylors' School*, H. B. Wilson, 1814, p. 171.]

Records of the Merchant-Taylors' School, 1607.

The following particulars are taken from the Merchant Taylors' Company's Records on the occasion of King James' visit to the Merchant Taylors' School:—

At the upper end of the Hali there was set a chair of Estate, where his Majesty sat and viewed the Hall; and a very proper child, well spoken, being clothed like an Angel of gladness, with a taper of frankincense burning in his hand, delivered a short Speech, containing 18 verses, devised by Mr. Ben Jonson, which pleased his Majesty marvelously well.

[*The Progresses of King James the First*, J. B. Nichols, 1828, ii, 137-38.]

Title-page, 1607.

Ben: Ionson his Volpone Or The Foxe. Printed for Thomas Thorppe. 1607.

Edmund Bolton, 1607.

Ad Ultramque Academiam, De Benjamin Ionsonio.

Hic ille est primus, qui doctum drama Britannis,
Graiorum antiqua, et Latii monimenta theatri,
Tanquam explorator versans, fœlicibus ausis
Præbrebit: magnis cœptis, gemina astra, favete.
Alterutrâ veteres contenti laude: Cothurnum hic,
Atque pari soccum tractat Sol scenicus arte;
Das Volpone jocos, fletus Sejane dedisti.
At si Jonsonias mulctatas limite musas
Angusta plangent quiquam: Vos, dicite, contrâ,
O nîmiùm miseros quibus Anglis Anglica lingua,
Aut non sat nota est; aut quæis (seu trans mare natis)
Haud nota omnino! Vegetet cum tempore vates,
Mutabit patriam, fiêtque ipse Anglus Apollo.

[Prefixed to *Volpone*, 1607, with the initials E. B. In the folio of 1616 the poem is signed E. Bolton.]

John Donne, 1607.

Amicissimo & meritissimo Ben: Ionson.

Quod arte ausus es hic tua, Poeta,
Si auderent hominum Deique juris
Consulti, veteres sequi æmularierque,
Omnes saperemus ad salutem.
His sed sunt veteres araneosi;
Tam nemo veterum est secutor, ut tu
Illos quod sequeris novator audis.
Fac tamen quod agis; tuique prima
Libri canitie induantur hora;
Nam chartis pueritia est neganda,
Nascanturque senes, oportet, illi
Libri, quîs dare vis parennitatem.
Præcis, ingenium facit, laborque
Te parem; hos superes, ut te futuros,

Ex nostra vitiositate sumas,
Qua priscos superamus, et futuros.

[Prefixed to *Volpone*, 1607, signed I. D.; included in the 1650 edition of Donne's *Poems*.]

T. R., 1607.

To my friend Mr. Johnson.

Epigramme.

Ionson, to tell the world what I to thee
Am, 'tis *Friend*. Not to praise, nor usher forth
Thee, or thy worke, as if it needed mee
Send I these ri'mes to adde ought to thy worth:
So should I flatter my selfe, and not thine;
For there were truth on thy side, none on mine.

To the Reader. Upon the worke.

If thou dar'st bite this Fox, then read my rhymes;
Thou guilty art of some of these foul crimes:
Which else, are neither his nor thine, but Time's.

If thou dost like it, well; it will imply
Thou lik'st with judgment, or best company:
And he, that doth not so, doth yet envy.

The ancient forms reduced, as in this age
The vices are; and bare-faced on the stage:
So boys were taught to abhor seen drunkards rage.

[Prefixed to *Volpone*, 1607. The author is probably Sir Thomas Roe, who prefixed verses to *Sejanus* in 1605.]

Francis Beaumont, 1607.

To my deare friend, Mr. Beniamin Ionson, upon his Foxe.

If it might stand with justice, to allow
The swift conversion of all follies; now,
Such is my mercy, that I could admit
All sorts should equally approve the wit
Of this thy even work: whose growing fame
Shall raise thee high, and thou it, with thy name.
And did not manners, and my love command

Me to forbear to make those understand,
 Whom thou, perhaps, hast in thy wiser doom
 Long since, firmly resolved, shall never come
 To know more than they do; I would have shewn
 To all the world, the art, which thou alone
 Hast taught our tongue, the rules of time, of place,
 And other rites, delivered with the grace
 Of comic style, which only, is far more
 Than any English stage hath known before.
 But since our subtle gallants think it good
 To like of nought that may be understood,
 Lest they should be disproved: or have, at best,
 Stomachs so raw, that nothing can digest
 But what's obscene, or barks: let us desire
 They may continue, simply to admire
 Fine cloaths, and strange words; and may live, in age,
 To see themselves ill brought upon the stage,
 And like it. Whilst thy bold and knowing Muse
 Contemns all praise, but such as thou wouldst choose.

[Prefixed to *Volpone*, 1607, where the verses are signed merely F. B.
 In the folio of 1616, however, they are signed Franc. Beaumont.]

D. D., 1607.

To my good friend, Mr. Johnson.

The strange new follies of this idle age,
 In strange new forms, presented on the stage
 By thy quick muse, so pleased judicious eyes;
 That th' once admired ancient comedies'
 Fashions, like clothes grown out of fashion, lay
 Locked up from use: until thy Fox' birthday,
 In an old garb, showed so much art, and wit,
 As they the laurel gave to thee, and it.

[Prefixed to *Volpone*, 1607.]

I. C., 1607.

To the ingenious Poet.

The Fox, that eased thee of thy modest fears,
 And earthed himself, alive, into our ears

Will so, in death, commend his worth, and thee
 As neither can, by praises, mended be;
 'Tis friendly folly, thou may'st thank, and blame,
 To praise a book, whose forehead bears thy name.
 Then *Jonson*, only this (among the rest,)
 I, ever, have observed, thy last work's best:
 Pace, gently on; thy worth, yet higher, raise;
 Till thou write best, as well as the best plays.

[Prefixed to *Volpone*, 1607. The author may be Sir John Cleveland.]

G. C., 1607.

To his deere friend, Benjamin Johnson, his Volpone.

Come yet more forth, *Volpone*, and thy chase
 Perform to all length, for thy breath will serve thee;
 The usurer shall never wear thy case:
 Men do not hunt to kill, but to preserve.
 Before the best hounds thou dost still but play;
 And for our whelps, alas, they yelp in vain.
 Thou hast no earth; thou hunt'st the Milk-white way,
 And through the Elysian fields dost make thy train,
 And as the symbol of life's guard the hare,
 That, sleeping wakes; and for her fear was safed;
 So shalt thou be advanced and made a star,
 Pole to all wits, believed in for thy craft,
 In which the scenes both mark, and mystery
 Is hit, and sounded, to please best and worst;
 To all which, since thou makest so sweet a cry,
 Take all thy best fare, and be nothing cursed.

[Prefixed to *Volpone*, 1607. The author is probably George Chapman.]

E. S., 1607.

To my worthily-esteemed Mr. Ben: Jonson.

Volpone now is dead indeed, and lies
 Exposed to the censure of all eyes,
 And Mouths; now he hath run his train, and shewn
 His subtle body, where he best was known;
 In both *Minerva's* cities: he doth yield,
 His well-formed limbs upon this open field.

Who, if they now appear so fair in sight,
 How did they, when they were endowed with spright
 Of action? In thy praise let this be read,
 The Fox will live when all his hounds be dead.

[Prefixed to *Volpone*, 1607. Gifford identifies the author with Edward Scory.]

I. F., 1607.

To the true Mr. in his Art, B. Jonson.

Forgive thy friends; they would, but cannot praise,
 Enough the wit, art, language of thy plays:
 Forgive thy foes; they will not praise thee. Why?
 Thy fate hath thought it best, they should envy.
 Faith, for thy Fox's sake, forgive then those
 Who are nor worthy to be friends, nor foes.
 Or, for their own brave sake, let them be still
 Fools at thy mercy, and like what they will.

[Prefixed to *Volpone*, 1607. The author is probably John Fletcher.]

N[athaniel] F[ield], 1607.

To the worthiest Maister Jonson.

For mee, your Worke or you, most worthy Friend,
 ('Mongst these un-æquall'd Men) to dare commend,
 Were damnable presumption; whose weake flame
 Can neither dimme, or light your full grow'n fame:
 How can my common knowledge set you forth,
 When it wants art, and Art it selfe wants worth?
 Therefore, how vaine (although by you, made one)
 Am I, to put such saucy boldnesse on
 To send you Verses? vainer, to conceive
 You do in my weake time so much beleewe,
 As, that without the forfeit of your owne
 Judgement, you'd let my pen, with theirs, be showne:
 Unlesse, to have me touch what they do write,
 To give my lame-blind Muse sound strength, cleare sight.
 There'are, whose Playes (nere lik'd) do alwaies passe;
 That have read more, then ever written was;

Will ignorant be of nothing; every place
 Th' have seene, or knowe; who, had they but the grace,
 That you do me (me thinkes) would say, your streine
 Exceeded Plautus, Horace, Virgil's vaine:
 Two points they would hit, here; give you your due,
 And tell the world how many names they knew
 Of Poets, and nought else. For, as the poore,
 To make one dinner, scrape at every doore,
 Get here a bone, there tainted meate, here bread,
 To save 'hem from the number of the dead;
 Even so, their Beggar-Muse hence steales a Scene,
 Thence begges a speach, & from most Plaies doth gleane,
 Till they have made one: which is like, being showne,
 The Prisoners-basket, into which is throwne
 All mammoeks, fish, and flesh, which but to eye
 Or sent, would make all (but the neare-sterv'd) die.
 These I can now dispraise, But, how O Muse,
 Canst thou praise him, who hath more worth t' excuse
 Thy not-praising, then thou faculty to praise?
 His name-(long since at highest) none can raise.
 Yet he, that covets worthy deedes, doth doe 'hem;
 If nought, but meanes, withstand thee to pursue 'hem;
 But, thou that wouldst ore his true praises looke,
 First, pray to understand, then read his booke.

[This poem appears on an inserted leaf at the end of the complimentary poems, in the copy of the 1607 quarto of *Volpone* presented by Jonson to John Florio, now in the British Museum.]

The Venetian Ambassador, 1608.

Zorzi Giustinian, Venetian Ambassador in England, to the Doge and Senate, January 10 [O.S. December 31], 1608.

The King came back to the City four days ago to keep Christmas. He and the Court are entirely absorbed in the festivities and in the Queen's Masque [Jonson's *Masque of Beauty*]. She is giving it great attention in order that it may come up to expectation.

[*Calendar of State Papers, Venetian*, xi, p. 82; cf. pp. 74, 76, and *Calendar of State Papers, Domestic, James I*, January 5, 1608, p. 394.]

John Chamberlain, 1608.*Letter to Sir Dudley Carleton, January 5, 1608.*

The Masque [Jonson's *Masque of Beauty*] goes forward at Court for Twelfth-day, tho' I doubt the New Room [the new Banqueting House] will be scant ready.

[*The Progresses of King James the First*, J. B. Nichols, 1828, ii, 162.]

The Venetian Ambassador, 1608.

Zorzi Giustinian, Venetian Ambassador in England, to the Doge and Senate, January 17 [O.S. 7], 1608.

The Court is still occupied by festivities. The Queen has put off her Masque [Jonson's *Masque of Beauty*] for a few days. This function has caused the greatest chagrin to the French Ambassador, who, on learning that the King intended to invite the Spanish Ambassador, did all he could to prevent him as he considered that in this undecided question of precedence, such an invitation would give a signal advantage to the Catholic Ambassador. The King has done everything to come to some compromise but, as yet, the French Ambassador declines to consent.

[*Calendar of State Papers, Venetian*, xi, 83.]

John Chamberlain, 1608.*Letter to Sir Dudley Carleton, January 8, 1608.*

We had great hope to have you here this day; and then I would not have given my part of the Masque for many of their places that shall be present; for I presume that you and your Lady would find easily passage, being so befriended. For the shew [Jonson's *Masque of Beauty*] is put off till Sunday, by reason all things are not ready. Whatsoever the devise may be, and what success they may have in their dancing, yet you should be sure to have seen great riches in jewels, when one Lady, and that under a Baroness, is said to be furnished for better than a hundred thousand pounds; and the Lady Arabella goes beyond her; and the Queen must not come behind.

[*The Progresses of King James the First*, J. B. Nichols, 1828, ii, 162.]

The Venetian Ambassador, 1608.

Zorzi Giustinian, Venetian Ambassador in England, to the Doge and Senate, January 24 [O.S. 14], 1608.

I must just touch on the splendour of the spectacle [Jonson's *Masque of Beauty*], which was worthy of her Majesty's greatness. The apparatus and the cunning of the stage machinery was a miracle, the abundance and beauty of the lights immense, the music and the dance most sumptuous. But what beggared all else and possibly exceeded the public expectation was the wealth of pearls and jewels that adorned the Queen and her ladies, so abundant and splendid that in every one's opinion no other court could have displayed such pomp and riches. So well composed and ordered was it all that it is evident the mind of her Majesty, the authoress of the whole, is gifted no less highly than her person. She reaped universal applause and the King constantly showed his approval. At the close of the ceremony he said to me that he intended this function to consecrate the birth of the Great Hall which his predecessors had left him built merely in wood, but which he had converted into stone.

[*Calendar of State Papers, Venetian*, xi, p. 86; cf. *Calendar of State Papers, Domestic, James I*, January 8, 1608, p. 394.]

The Venetian Ambassador, 1608.

Zorzi Giustinian, Venetian Ambassador in England, to the Doge and Senate, January 24 [O.S. 14], 1608.

Throughout these festivities I have not had an opportunity to see the King and so I could not execute my commission. He is always away at the chase, for which the season is propitious. He left the day after the *Masque* [Jonson's *Masque of Beauty*]. Before he left, however, he sent to his Ambassador in France instructions as to his answers should anything be said to him on this question of precedence. The King also closed the passage between Dover and Calais in order to intercept the message which the French Ambassador here was sending to his master. At a breakfast which the Queen gave to us she began to touch on the subject, but I took care to avoid all discussion.

[*Calendar of State Papers, Venetian*, xi, 87.]

Rowland Whyte, 1608.

Letter to the Earl of Shrewsbury, January 26, 1608.

The King is newlie gon to Tibbolles for six daies. The Spanish Ambassador has invited the fifteen Ladies that were of the Queen's Maske [Jonson's *Masque of Beauty*], to dinner upon Thursday next; and they are to bring with them whom they please, without limitacion. The great Maske [Jonson's *Hue and Cry after Cupid*] intended for my Lord Hadington's mariage is now the only thing thought upon at Court; by five English, Lord Arundell, Lord Pembroke, Lord Montgomery, Lord Theophilus Haward, and Sir Robert Rich; and by seven Scottes, the Duke of Lenox, D'Aubigny, Hay, Master of Mar (yong Erskine) Sanker, and Kenedie. Yt will cost them about £. 300 a man.

[*The Progresses of King James the First*, J. B. Nichols, 1828, ii, 175.

Nichols incorrectly dates the letter "February"; the correct date is cited by Lodge, *Illustrations*, p. 226.]

Rowland Whyte, 1608.

Letter to the Earl of Shrewsbury, January 29, 1608.

The Masque [of Beauty] was as well performed as ever any was; and for the device of it, with the Speeches and Verses, I had sent it your Lordship ere this, if I could have gotten those of Ben Jonson. But no sooner had he made an end of these, but that he undertook a new charge for the Masque [*The Hue and Cry*] that is to be at the Viscount Hadington's Mariage.

[*The Progresses of King James the First*, J. B. Nichols, 1828, ii, 175;

Nichols inadvertently gives the date as "February."]

John Chamberlain, 1608.

Letter to Sir Dudley Carleton, February 11, 1608.

I can send you no perfect relation of the Marriage [of Viscount Hadington], nor Masque [*The Hue and Cry after Cupid*] on Tuesday; only they say all, but especially the motions were well performed; as Venus, with her chariot drawn by swans, coming in a cloud to seek her Son; who, with his companions, *Lusus*, *Risus*, and *Jocus*, and four or five wags, were dancing a

matachina, and acted it very antiquely, before the Twelve Signs, who were the Master-maskers, descended from the Zodiac, and played their parts more gravely, being very gracefully attired.

[*The Progresses of King James the First*, J. B. Nichols, 1828, iii, 189; cf. *Calendar of State Papers, Domestic, James I*, 1608, p. 403.]

The Stationers' Registers, 1608.

21 Aprilis

Thomas Thorpe

Entred for his copie under th[e h]andes of Sir George Bucke and Th[e] wardens. *The Characters of Two Royall Masks. Invented by Ben. Johnson* vj^d

[Arber's *Transcript*, iii, 375.]

Title-pages, 1608.

The Characters of Two royall Masques. The one of Blackness, The other of Beautie. personated By the most magnificent of Queenes Anne Queene of great Britaine, &c. With her honorable Ladyes, 1605. and 1608. at Whitehall: and Invented by Ben: Ionson. . . . for Thomas Thorp.

The Description of the Masque. With the Nuptiall Songs. Celebrating the happy Marriage of Iohn Ramsey, Viscount Hadington, with the Lady Elizabeth Ratcliffe, Daughter to the right Honor: Robert, Earle of Sussex. At Court On the Shrove-Tuesday at night. 1608. Devised by Ben: Ionson.

Francis Beaumont, 1608-10.

Mr. Francis Beaumonts Letter to Ben. Johnson, written before he and Mr. Fletcher came to London, with two of the precedent Comedies then not finish'd, which deferr'd their merry meetings at the Mermaid.

The sun (which doth the greatest comfort bring
To absent friends, because the self same thing
They know, they see, however absent) is
Here our best hay-maker (forgive me this;
It is our country's style:) in this warm shine
I lie, and dream of your full Mermaid wine.

Oh, we have water mixed with claret lees,
Drink apt to bring in drier heresies
Than beer, good only for the sonnet's strain,
With fustian metaphors to stuff the brain;
So mixed that, given to the thirstiest one,
'Twill not prove alms, unless he have the stone:
I think with one draught man's invention fades,
Two cups had quite spoiled Homer's Iliads;
'Tis liquor that will find out Sutcliffe's wit;
Lie where he will, and make him write worse yet:
Filled with such moisture, in most grievous qualms,
Did Robert Wisdom write his singing psalms;
And so must I do this; and yet I think
It is a potion sent us down to drink
By special Providence, keeps us from fights,
Make us not laugh when we make legs to knights;
'Tis this that keeps our minds fit for our states,
A medicine to obey our magistrates;
For we do live more free than you; no hate,
No envy at one another's happy state,
Moves us; we are all equal every whit:
Of land, that God gives men here is their wit,
If we consider fully; for our best
And gravest man will with his main house-jest
Scarce please you; we want subtilty to do
The city tricks, lie, hate, and flatter too:
Here are none that can bear a painted show,
Strike when you wince, and then lament the blow:
Who, like mills set the right way for to grind,
Can make their gains alike with every wind;
Only some fellows, with the subtlest pate
Amongst us, may perchance equivocate
At selling of a horse, and that's the most.
Methinks the little wit I had is lost
Since I saw you; for wit is like a rest
Held up at tennis, which men do the best
With the best gamesters. What things have we seen
Done at the Mermaid! heard words that have been

So nimble, and so full of subtle flame,
As if that every one from whence they came
Had meant to put his whole wit in a jest,
And had resolved to live a fool the rest
Of his dull life; then where there hath been thrown
Wit able enough to justify the town
For three days past: wit that might warrant be
For the whole town to talk foolishly,
Till that were cancelled; and when that was gone,
We left an air behind us, which alone
Was able to make the two next companies
Right witty: though but downright fools, mere wise:
When I remember this, and see that now
The country gentlemen begin to allow
My wit for dry bobs, then I needs must cry,
I see my days of ballating grow nigh;
I can already riddle, and can sing
Catches, sell bargains, and I fear shall bring
Myself to speak the hardest words I find
Over as oft as any, with one wind
That takes no medicines. But one thought of thee
Makes me remember all these things to be
The wit of our young men, fellows that shew
No part of good, yet utter all they know;
Who, like trees of the gard, have growing souls.
Only strong Destiny, which all controls,
I hope hath left a better fate in store
For me, thy friend, than to live ever poor,
Banished unto this home. Fate once again
Bring me to thee, who canst make smooth and plain
The way of knowledge for me, and then I,
Who have no good but in thy company,
Protest it will my greatest comfort be
To acknowledge all I have to flow from thee.
Ben, when these scenes are perfect, we'll taste wine;
I'll drink thy Muse's health, thou shalt quaff mine.

[Following *The Nice Valour* in the 1647 folio of Beaumont and Fletcher.]

John Donne, 1608.

Letter to Sir H[enry] G[oodyer], November, 1608.

The King is gone this day for Royston, and hath left the Queen a commandment to meditate upon a masque for Christmas, so that they grow serious about that already.

[From the *Letters of John Donne*, 1651. The masque which resulted from the King's "commandment" was Jonson's *Masque of Queens*.]

Sir Thomas Lake, 1608.

Letter to the Earl of Salisbury, November 27, 1608.

His h. commanded me further to advertise your lo. that where he had by my former bre^r. sent your lo. a warrant for the maske [Jonson's *Masque of Queens*] wth a blanck but limited the same to a thousand pounds, he was pleased if it were not already filled your lo. wth opinion of the rest of the lords mentioned in the warrant might enlarge it to some reasonable encrease as you should thinke meet. I moved his Ma^{ties} thereuppon that if it pleased him there might be a new warrant made wth out limitation of a somme but left to such bylz as by your Lls should be signed and allowed His Ma^{ties} seemed to like it well and if it please your lo. to think it a fitt way it may be done.

[Cited by Sullivan, *Court Masques of James I*, p. 201, but wrongly dated 1607; cf. *Calendar of State Papers, Domestic, James I*, November 27, 1608, p. 470, and December 1, 1608, p. 472.]

Warrant, 1608.

Warrant to issue to the Earl of Suffolk, Lord Chamberlain, and the Earl of Worcester, Master of the Horse, such sums as shall be requisite for the preparation of a masque [Jonson's *Masque of Queens*], to be given by the Queen at Christmas.

[*Calendar of State Papers, Domestic Series, James I*, December 1, 1608, p. 472. An itemized bill for materials used in this masque may be found in Paul Reyher, *Les Masques Anglais*, pp. 507-08, printed from the Exchequer of Receipt, *Miscellanea*, 343, 344, signed by Suffolk and Worcester.]

Audit Office Account, 1609.

To Sir Richardo Coningesbye . . . for makeinge readie the banquettinge house at Whitehall for the maske [Jonson's *Masque*

of *Queens*] by the space of fower daies menss Januarii 1608, lxxvii^s viii^d.

[*Audit Office, Declared Accounts, Treasurer of the Chamber*, B. 389, R. 46.]

The Venetian Ambassador, 1609.

Marc' Antonio Correr, Venetian Ambassador in England, to the Doge and Senate, January 9 [O.S. Dec. 30], 1609.

From Sunday last on which day they kept Christmas, till now the Court has been entirely taken up with balls and comedies. The Queen is deeply engaged in preparing a Masque of Ladies [Jonson's *Masque of Queens*] to wind up with. It will be given to-day week. She is sparing no expense to make it as fine as possible. . . . The Spanish and Flemish Ambassadors are now manœuvring to be invited to the Masque. They declare it would be a slight to the Embassy-Extraordinary to be left out. On the other hand the French Ambassador, who was omitted last year, which produced some sharp words from his Most Christian Majesty, now declares that he will withdraw from Court if he is not invited.

[*Calendar of State Papers, Venetian*, xi, 212.]

The Venetian Ambassador, 1609.

Marc' Antonio Correr, Venetian Ambassador in England, to the Doge and Senate, January 15 [O.S. 5], 1609.

As the Ambassadors of Spain and the Archdukes contine to insist on being invited to the Masque [Jonson's *Masque of Queens*], the Court has announced that their Majestys wish the French Ambassador and myself to be present. We were informed of this by many of those who have the King's ear. I hear that his Majesty was anxious to dismiss the Ambassador-Extraordinary and told the Queen so, who was quite willing; but the Ambassador neither asks to take leave nor shows any signs of going, and so his Majesty has put off the Masque, which ought to have been given to-morrow, to the 12th of February, the Feast of the Purification.

[*Calendar of State Papers, Venetian*, xi, 219; cf. Nichols, *Progresses of King James*, ii, 214.]

The Venetian Ambassador, 1609.

Marc' Antonio Correr, Venetian Ambassador in England, to the Doge and Senate, January 22 [O.S. 12], 1609.

The Ambassador-Extraordinary stays on here; he says he will not leave till he has received letters from Spain. . . . It is thought that he is staying on to compel the King to invite him to her Majesty's Masque [Jonson's *Masque of Queens*], which in consequence of this may be put off again. All the same the Queen holds daily rehearsals and trials of the machinery. Meantime the Spanish Ambassador-in-ordinary makes vigorous efforts to be invited; he puts in motion all his supporters and uses the Embassy-Extraordinary as a pretext.

[*Calendar of State Papers, Venetian*, xi, 222.]

The Venetian Ambassador, 1609.

Marc' Antonio Correr, Venetian Ambassador in England, to the Doge and Senate, February 13 [O.S. 3], 1609.

Thursday was appointed for the Queen's Masque [Jonson's *Masque of Queens*].

[*Calendar of State Papers, Venetian*, xi, 231; the remainder of this long letter, written in cipher, is devoted to the quarrels of the ambassadors over precedence at the masque; cf. *ibid.*, pp. 233, 236, and 253.]

The Stationers' Registers, 1609.

26^{to} Januarij

Henry Walleys

Richard Bonion

Entred for their Copye under th[e h]andes of master Segar deputy to Sir George Bucke and of th[e] wardens a booke called, *The case is altered*vj^d

22^{do} Februarij

Richard Bonion

Henry Walley

Entred for their Copy under th[e h]andes of master Segar and Th' wardens a booke called, *The maske of Queenes Celebrated*, done by Beniamin Johnsonvj^d

20 Julij

Henry Walley
 Richard Bonyon
 Bartholomew
 Sutton

Entred for their copie by direction of master Waterson
 warden. a booke called *the case is altered* whiche was
 Entred for H[enry] Walley and Richard Bonyon the
 26 of January Last.vj^d

[Arber's *Transcript*, iii, 400, 402, 416.]

Title-pages, 1609.

Ben: Ionson, his Case is Altered. As it hath beene sundry
 times Acted by the Children of the Blacke-friers. At London,
 Printed for Bartholomew Sutton, . . . 1609.

A Pleasant Comedy, called: The Case is Altered. As it hath
 beene sundry times acted by the children of the Black-friers.
 Written by Ben. Ionson. London, printed for Bartholomew
 Sutton, and William Barrenger, . . . 1609. [The same sheets,
 issued with a different title-page.]

A Pleasant Comedy, called: The Case is Altered. As it hath
 beene sundry times acted by the children of the Black-friers.
 London, Printed for Bartholomew Sutton, and William Bar-
 renger, . . . 1609. [Another issue of the same sheets, with a
 title-page identical with the preceding issue save that Jonson's
 name as the author has been omitted.]

The Masque of Queenes Celebrated From the House of Fame:
 By the most absolute in all State, And Titles. Anne Queene
 of Great Britaine, &c. With her Honourable Ladies. At White
 Hall, Feb. 2. 1609. Written by Ben: Ionson. . . . N. Okes for
 R. Bonian and H. Wally . . . 1609.

[Jonson's description of this masque should be supplemented by reading
 Harleian MS. 6947, f. 143, printed in Paul Reyher's *Les Masques
 Anglais*, p. 506.]

Edmund Bolton, 1610.

The Choise of English.—As for example, language & style (the
 apparell of matter) hee who would penn our affairs in English,

and compose unto us an entire body of them, ought to have a singuler care ther of. For albeit our tongue hath not receiued dialects, or accentuall notes as the Greeke, nor any certaine or established rule either of gramer or true writing, is notwithstanding very copious, and fewe there be who have the most proper graces thereof, In which the rule cannot be variable: For as much as the people's judgments are uncertaine, the books also out of which wee gather the most warrantable English are not many to my remembrance, of which, in regard they require a particular and curious tract, I forbear to speake at this present. But among the cheife, or rather the cheife, are in my opinion these.

Sr Thomas Moore's works some fewe outworne or antiquated words exepted.

* * * *

George Chapmans first seaven books of Iliades.

Samuell Danyell.

Michael Drayton his Heroicall Epistles of England.

Marlowe his excellent fragment of Hero and Leander.

Shakespeare, Mr Francis Beaumont, & innumerable other writers for the stage, and presse tenderly to be used in this Argument.

Southwell, Parsons, & some fewe other of that sort.

Henry Constable a rare gentleman.

Richard [i. e. Thomas] earle of Dorset, the myrrour of Magistrates, and his tragedies of Gorboduck.

Henry earle of Surrey and Sr Thomas Wyatt of old.

Henry earle of Northampton, sonne of that Surrey, for some fewe things, a man otherwise too exuberent and wordfull.

Grevile lo. Brooke in his impious Mustapha.

Beniamin Johnson. Sr Henry Wotton.

The learned and truely noble Sr John Beaumont barronet in all his &c.; and late dictionaries, some publiq: speeches, some sermons, &c.

[*Concerning Historicall language and Style. An emendation of the best Authors for written English.* Rawlinson MSS, Miscel. 1, p. 13. Reproduced in Haslewood's *Ancient Critical Essays upon English Poets and Poesy*, 1815, ii, 246-47.]

Deposition, 1610.

Beniamin Johnson of the precinct of the blackfreiers London gent. aged 37 yeres or therabouts sworne &c.

[This deposition, dated May 5, 1610, is cited by C. W. Wallace, *Englische Studien*, xliii, 369, note 2. It is of importance for determining the date of Jonson's birth.]

The Stationers' Registers, 1610.

20^{mo} Septembris

John Browne

John Busby

Entred for their Copye under th[e h]andes of Sir George Bucke and master Waterson for master warden Leake, A booke called, *Epicoene or the silent woman* by Ben: Johnsonvj^d

3^o Octobris

Walter Burre

Entred for his Copy under th[e h]andes of Sir George Bucke and Th'wardens, a Comœdy called, *The Alchymist* made by Ben: Johnsonvj^d

Walter Burre

Entred for his Copies by assignement from Thomas Thorpe and with the consente of Th'wardens under their handes, 2 bookes th[e] one called, *Seianus his fall*, th[e] other, *Vulpone or the ffox*exij^d

[Arber's *Transcript*, iii, 444, 445.]

The Venetian Ambassador, 1610.

Marc' Antonio Correr, Venetian Ambassador in England, to the Doge and Senate, December 2 [O.S. November 22], 1610.

The King is pleased that at the approaching Christmas she [the Queen] should give another Masque of Ladies [Jonson's *Love Freed*]; it will precede the Prince's Masque, and neither will be so costly as last year's; which, to say sooth were excessively costly.

[*Calendar of State Papers, Venetian*, xii, 86.]

John More, 1610.

Letter to Sir Ralph Winwood, December 15, 1610.

I think my Lord will be in some paine even to furnish the expence of the approaching Feast; yet doth the Prince make but one Masque [Jonson's *Masque of Oberon*], and the Queen but two [Jonson's *Love Freed from Ignorance and Folly* and *Love Restored*], which doth cost her Majesty but £. 600.

[*The Progresses of King James the First*, J. B. Nichols, 1828, ii, 372.]

The Venetian Ambassador, 1610.

Marc' Antonio Correr, Venetian Ambassador in England, to the Doge and Senate, December 31 [O.S. 21], 1610.

Their Majesties are awaiting the Marshall de Laverdin, who is coming for the swearing of the treaty with France. He cannot be far away from the sea. He will be nobly entertained. . . . The Masques which the Queen and Prince are preparing [Jonson's *Love Freed from Ignorance and Oberon*] are particularly directed to honour this mission.

[*Calendar of State Papers, Venetian*, xii, 101.]

Edmund Howes, 1611.

Uppon New-yeeres night, the Prince of Wales being accompanied with twelve others, viz. two Earles, three Barons, five Knights, and two Esquiers, they performed a very stately Maske [Jonson's *Masque of Oberon*], in which was an excellent Sceane, ingenious speeches, rare songs, and great varietie of most delicate Musique, in the beautifull roome at Whitehall which roome is generally called the Banqueting house.

[*Annales, or A Generall Chronicle*, 1631, p. 999.]

The Venetian Ambassador, 1611.

Marc' Antonio Correr, Venetian Ambassador in England, to the Doge and Senate, January 14 [O.S. 4], 1611.

On Tuesday the Prince gave his Masque [*Oberon*], which was very beautiful throughout, very decorative, but most remarkable for the grace of the Prince's every movement. . . . The Queen,

next whom I sat, said that on Sunday next she intended to give her Masque, and she hoped the King would invite me to it.

[*Calendar of State Papers, Venetian*, xii, 106.]

Accounts of Prince Henry, 1611.

The Prynces Maske.

Payde to sondrye persons for the chardges of a Maske presented by the Prince before the Kinges ma^{tie} on Newyeres day at night beinge the first of Januarie 1610 [1611]. viz.

| | li | xx | s. | d. |
|---|---------|--------|-------|----|
| To Mercers | cciiij | xix | viiij | v |
| | xx | | | |
| Sylkemen | cciiij | xviiij | xv | vj |
| Haberdashers | lxxiiij | viiij | viiij | |
| | xx | | | |
| Embroderers | iiij | xix | xvj | ix |
| Girdelers and others for skarfes, beltes and gloves | lxxiiij | viiij | | |
| Hosyers for silke stockings, poyntes and rybbons | | xlj | xvj | |
| Cutler | | vij | iiij | |
| Tyrewoman | | xlj | vj | |
| Taylors | cxliij | xiiij | vj | |
| Shoemaker | | vj | x | |
| To Inigoe Jones deyser for the saide Maske | | xvj | | |

| | | | |
|------------------|--------|-----|------|
| | xx | | |
| In all | M.iiij | xij | vj x |

[From *The Accompte of the Money Expended by Sir David Murray Kt. as Keeper of the Privie Purse to the late Noble Prynce Henry, Prynce of Wales*, reprinted by Peter Cunningham in *Extracts from the Accounts of the Revels at Court*, 1842, pp. viii-ix. The account relates to Jonson's *Oberon, the Fairy Prince: A Masque of Prince Henry's*.]

The Venetian Ambassador, 1611.

Marc' Antonio Correr, Venetian Ambassador in England, to the Doge and Senate, January 21 [O.S. 11], 1611.

The Queen's Masque [Jonson's *Love Freed from Ignorance and Folly*] is put off to the Feast of the Purification; either because

the stage machinery is not in order or because their Majesties thought it well to let the Marshall [de Laverdin] depart first.

[*Calendar of State Papers, Venetian*, xii, 110.]

The Venetian Ambassador, 1611.

Marc' Antonio Correr, Venetian Ambassador in England, to the Doge and Senate, February 11 [O.S. 1], 1611.

The Marshall [de Laverdin] is hurrying his departure, urged, as he says, by couriers express; nothing keeps him but the Queen's Masque [Jonson's *Love Freed*], which takes place the day after to-morrow.

[*Calendar of State Papers, Venetian*, xii, 115.]

Exchequer Accounts, 1611.

1610

*The bill of account of the hole charges of the Queen's
Ma^{ts} Maske at Christmas 1610.*

Inprimis, to Mr. Inigo Johnes, as apeareth by his byll,
238li. 16s. 10d.
Item, to Mr. Confesse upon his bill for the 12 fooles. . 16li. 6s. 6d.
Item, to his taylour for making the suites, as apeareth by his
bill. 8li.
Item, for 128 yeardes of fustian to lyne theire coates, att 10d. the
yeard. 5li. 6s. 8d.
Item, for 87 ownces of coper lace, att 18d. the ownce, and 6
ownces at 20d. the ownce, used for the 11 preestes gowndes
and hoodes wth shues and scarffes. 7li. 4d.
Item, for 24 yeardes of riband to beare their lutes, att 12d. the
yeard, and one dosen att 3d. and half a dosen at 2d. the
yeard. 1li. 8s.
Item, to the taylour for making those gowndes and hoodes. . . 4li.
Item, to the 11 preestes to buy their silke stockinges and shoues,
att 2li. a peece. 22li.
Item, for 3 yeardes of flesh collored satten for Cupides coate and
hose att 14s. the yeard. 2li. 2s.
Item, for 26 yeardes of callico to lyne the preestes hoodes, att
20d. the yeard. 2li. 3s. 4d.

Item, to the taylor for making and furnishing of Cupides suite
wth lace and puffs. 1li. 10s.
Summa. 308li. 14s. 3d.

Rewardes to the persons employed in the maske.

Inprimis, to Mr. Benjamin Johnson for his invention. 40li.
Item, to Mr. Inigo Johnes for his paynes and invention. . . . 40li.
Item, to Mr. Alfonso for making the songes. 20li.
Item, to Mr. Johnson for setting the songes to the lutes. . . . 5li.
Item, to Thomas Lupo for setting the dances to the violens. . 5li.
Item, to Mr. Confesse for teachinge all the dances. 50li.
To Mr. Bochan for teaching the ladies the footing of 2 dances,
20li.
To the 12 musitions that were preestes that songe and played,
24li.
Item, to the 12 other lutes that supplid, and wth flutes. . . . 12li.
Item, to the 10 violens that contynualy practized to the Queene,
20li.
Item, to 4 more that were added at the Maske. 4li.
Item, to 15 musitions that played to the pages and fooles. . 20li.
Item, to 13 hoboyes and sackbuttes. 10li.
Item, to 5 boyes, that is, 3 graces, sphynkes, and cupid. . . 10li.
Item, to the 12 fooles that danced. 12li.
Summa. 292li.

Summa totalis is. 600li. 14s. 3d.
Whereof ther is receaved. 400li.
So the Wardrobe being not yet discharged ther remayns to be
allowed. 200li. 14s. 3d.

There was receaved from the Kinges Wardrobe of S^r Roger
Aston—

Inprimis, of severall collered taffite for 12 fooles, and 3 graces,
52 ells, and a q^rter att 17s. the elle. 44li. 8s. 3d.
Item, of crimson taffite for the 11 preestes amounting to 55 els
and Mr. Confesse his coate being in the number, at 17s. the
elle. 46li. 15s.

Item, of watched satten for the preestes hoodes and gorgettes,
 26 yeardes 3 quarters, att 15s. the yeard. 19li. 19s. 9d.
 Item, of taffite sarsnett for scarffes to girde their gowndes,
 beinge 18 ells att 8s. the ell. 7li. 4s.
 Summa. 118li. 7s.

Memorandum, that this last summe of 118li. 7s. is to be allowed
 to S^r Roger Aston, Knight, over and above the other foresayd
 summe of 600li. 14s. 3d.

T. Suffolke.

E. Worcester.

[From a document in the Exchequer Papers, reprinted from the *Proceedings of the Society of Antiquaries of London*, 1859-61, second series, i, 31. The bill relates to Jonson's masque, *Love Freed from Ignorance and Folly*.]

Thomas Coryat, 1611.

I heard in Venice that a certaine Italian Poet called Jacobus Sannazarius had a hundred crownes bestowed upon him by the Senate of Venice for each of these verses following. I would to God my Poeticall friend Mr. Benjamin Johnson were so well rewarded for his Poems here in England, seeing he hath made many as good verses (in my opinion) as these of Sannazarius.

[*Coryat's Crudities*, 1611, p. 159. Cf. the entry under "Robert Lovelace, before 1658."]

Title-page, 1611.

Catiline his Conspiracy. Written by Ben: Ionson. London,
 Printed for Walter Burre, . . . 1611.

Francis Beaumont, 1611.

To my Friend, Master Ben Jonson, Upon His Catiline.

If thou had'st itched after the wild applause
 Of common people, and had'st made thy laws
 In writing, such, as caught at present voice,
 I should commend the thing but not thy choice.
 But thou hast squared thy rules by what is good,
 And art three ages, yet, from understood;
 And (I dare say) in it there lies much wit
 Lost, till the readers can grow up to it.

Which they can ne'er out-grow, to find it ill,
But must fall back again, or like it still.

[Prefixed to *Catiline*, 1611.]

John Fletcher, 1611.

To my Worthy Friend, Ben Jonson, on his Catiline.

He, that dares wrong this play, it should appear
Dares utter more than other men dare hear,
That have their wits about them: yet such men,
Dear friend, must see your book, and read; and then
Out of their learned ignorance, cry ill,
And lay you by, calling for mad Pasquil,
Or Green's dear Groatsworth, or Tom Coryate,
Or the new Lexicon, with the errant pate:
And pick away, from all these several ends,
And dirty ones, to make their as-wise friends
Believe they are translators. Of this, pity!
There is a great plague hanging o'er the city;
Unless she purge her judgment presently.
But, O thou happy man, that must not die,
As these things shall; leaving no more behind
But a thin memory, like a passing wind
That blows, and is forgotten, ere they are cold.
Thy labours shall outlive thee; and, like gold
Stamp'd for continuance, shall be current where
There is a sun, a people, or a year.

[Prefixed to *Catiline*, 1611.]

Nathaniel Field, 1611.

*To his Worthy and Beloved Friend, Master Ben Jonson,
on his Catiline.*

Had the great thoughts of Catiline been good,
The memory of his name, stream of his blood,
His plots past into acts (which would have turned
His infamy to fame, though Rome had burned),
Had not begot him equal grace with men,
As this, that he is writ by such a pen:

Whose inspirations, if great Rome had had,
 Her good things had been bettered, and her bad
 Undone; the first for joy, the last for fear,
 That such a Muse should spread them to our ear.
 But woe to us then! for thy laureat brow
 If Rome enjoyed had, we had wanted now.
 But in this age, where jigs and dances move,
 How few there are that this pure work approve.
 Yet better than I rail at, thou canst scorn
 Censures that die ere they be thoroughly born.
 Each subject, thou, still thee each subject raises,
 And whosoe'er thy book, himself dispraises.

[Prefixed to *Catiline*, 1611.]

John Davies of Hereford, 1611.

Some burden me, sith I oppresse the Stage,
 With all the grosse *Abuses* of this *Age*,
 And presse mee after, that the World may see
 (As in a soiled Glasse) her selfe in mee.
 Where each man *in*, and *out of's humor* pries
 Upon himselfe; and laughs untill he cries.
Untrussing humerous Poets, and such *Stuffe*
 (As might put plainest *Pacience* in a Ruffe)
 I shew men: so, they see in mee and *Elues*
 Themselues scornd, and their Scorners scorne themselves.

[*Papers Complaint*, 1611; *The Complete Works of John Davies*, ed. A. B. Grosart, 1878, ii, 76.]

A. H., 1611.

A generall Folly reigneth, and harsh Fate
 Hath made the World it selfe insatiate:
 It hugges these Monsters and deformed things,
 Better than what *Ionson* or *Drayton* sings.

[A *Continued Inquisition against Paper-Persecutors*, by A. H., affixed to John Davies's *Papers Complaint*, 1611; *The Complete Works of John Davies*, ed. A. B. Grosart, 1878, ii, 80.]

John Davies of Hereford, about 1611.

To my well accomplish'd friend Mr. Ben Iohnson.

I love thy parts, so, must I love thy whole:
 Then, still be whole in thy beloved parts:
 Th'art sound in body: but, some say any soule
 Enuy doth ulcer: yet corrupted hearts
 Such censurers may have: but, if thou bee
 An envious soule, would thou could'st envy mee.

But (ah!) I feare my vertues are too darke
 For Enuie's shadow, from so bright a sparke.

[*The Scourge of Folly*, n. d., about 1611, Epig. 156.]

The Stationers' Registers, 1612.

15 Maiiii

Joseph Stepneth

Entered for his Copy under th' [h]andes of master
 Nydd and Th[c] wardens, A booke called Ben Johnson
 his *Epigrams*vj^d

28. Septembris

Walter Burre

Entred for his copie by assignement from John Browne
 and consent of the Wardens in full Court holden
 this Day. A booke called *the Commodye of 'the silent
 Woman'*vj^d

[Arber's *Transcript*, iii, 485, 498.]

Title-page, 1612?

The Silent Woman, a Comedie, by Ben Jonson. . . . for
 Walter Burre, 1612.

[No copy of a 1612 quarto of this play is now known, yet it seems probable that the play was printed in this year. It was entered in the Stationers' Registers on September 20, 1610, and on September 28, 1612, was transferred to Walter Burre, presumably for the edition conjecturally described above. William Gifford positively states that he had seen a quarto of 1612. Its existence is indicated by Francis Beaumont's commendatory poem (see the following entry), written before Beaumont's death in 1616, and included in the Jonson folio of 1616, which reprints certain commendatory poems from earlier quartos.]

Francis Beaumont, 1612?*On the Silent Woman.*

Hear, you bad writers, and though you not see,
 I will inform you where you happy be:
 Provide the most malicious thoughts you can,
 And bend them all against some private man,
 To bring him, not his vices, on the stage;
 Your envy shall be clad in some poor rage,
 And your expressing of him shall be such,
 That he himself shall think he hath no touch.
 Where he that strongly writes, although he mean
 To scourge but vices in a laboured scene,
 Yet private faults shall be so well exprest,
 As men do act 'em, that each private breast,
 That finds these errors in itself, shall say,
 He meant me, not my vices, in the play.

[Prefixed to *The Silent Woman*, which apparently was printed in 1612.

Title-page, 1612.

The Alchemist. Written by Ben. Ionson. . . . London,
 Printed by Thomas Snodham, for Walter Burre, and are to be
 sold by Iohn Stepneth, . . . 1612.

George Lucy, 1612.*To my Friend Mr. Ben Jonson, Upon His Alchemist.*

A master, read in flattery's great skill,
 Could not pass truth, though he would force his will,
 By praising this too much, to get more praise
 In his art, than you out of yours do raise.
 Nor can full truth be uttered of your worth,
 Unless you your own praises do set forth:
 None else can write so skilfully, to shew
 Your praise: Ages shall pay, yet still must owe.
 All I dare say, is, you have written well;
 In what exceeding height, I dare not tell.

[Prefixed to *The Alchemist*, 1612.]

John Webster, 1612.

To the Reader.

I have ever truly cherisht my good opinion of other mens worthy labours; especially of that full and haightned stile of Maister Chapman, the labor'd and understanding workes of Maister Johnson, the no lesse worthy composures of both worthily excellent Maister Beaumont, & Maister Fletcher, and lastly (without wrong last to be named) the right happy and copious industry of M. Shake-speare, M. Decker, & M. Heywood; wishing what I write may be read by their light; protesting that, in the strength of mine owne judgement, I know them so worthy, that though I rest silent in my owne worke, yet to most of theirs I dare (without flattery) fix that of Martiall: *non norunt haec monumenta mori.*

[*The White Devil*, 1612.]

S. R., 1612.

In Vulponem.

The Fox is earthed now in the ground,
 Who living, fear'd not horne nor hound,
 That kept the Huntsmen at a bay,
 Before their faces ceaz'd his prey.
 Of whose successeful thriving wit,
 Bookes have beene made, and playes beene writ,
 That prey'd on Mallard, Plover, Ducke,
 And ever Scap'd by craft or lucke:
 Yet now hee's gone: what though behinde,
 Are Cubbes too many of his kinde?
 Who whilst by death hee's kept away,
 Will make a purchase of his prey.
 And when the old he left is gone,
 Will finde out more to worke upon.
 In Skinners shops, though some appeare,
 'Tis long before the last comes there.

[*The Curtaine-Drawer of the World*, 1612; reprinted in A. B. Grosart, *Unique or Very Rare Books*, 1876, iii, 58.]

John Taylor, 1612.

To my deere respected friend, Maister Benjamin Johnson.

Thou canst not dye for though the stroake of death
 Deprives the world of thy worst earthly part:
 Yet when thy corps hath banished thy breath,
 Thy living Muse shall still declare thy Art.
 The fatall Sisters and the blessed Graces,
 Were all thy friends at thy Nativitie:
 And in thy mind the Muses tooke their places,
 Adoring thee with rare capacitie.
 And all the Worthies of this worthy Land,
 Admires thy wondrous all-admired worth,
 Then how should I that cannot understand
 Thy worth, thy worthy worthinesse set forth?
 Yet beare the boldnesse of the honest Sculler,
 Whose worthlesse praise can fill thy praise no fuller.

[*The Sculler*, 1612, reprinted in 1614 as *Taylor's Water-Worke*, and included in the Folio of 1630; see the Spenser Society's reprint of the Folio, p. 498.]

Treasurer's Accounts, 1613.

Item, paid to the said John Hemings, 20th May, 1613, for presenting six several plays, viz., one play called *A bad beginning makes a good ending*; one other, called *The Captain*; one *The Alchemist*; one other *Cardano*; one other *Hotspur*; one other *Benedicite and Bettris*; all played in the time of this account. Paid 40 pounds, and by way of his Majesty's reward 20 pounds more £ 60.

[Extract from the *Accounts of Lord Harrington, Treasurer of the Chamber to King James I*; in *The Shakespeare Society's Papers*, 1845, ii, 125.]

Henry Parrott, 1613.

Cignus per plumas Anser.

Put off thy buskins, Sophocles the great,
 And mortar tread with thy disdained shanks.
 Thou thinkst thy skill hath done a wondrous feat,
 For which the world should give thee many thanks.

Alas! it seems thy feathers are but loose
Pluckt from a swan, and set upon a goose.

[*Laquei Ridiculosi, or Springes for Woodcocks*, 1613, Epigram 163.]

Robert Daborne, 1613.

Letter to Philip Henslowe, August, 1613.

I pray s^r let y^e boy giv order this night to the stage keep to set up bills agst munday for Eastward hoe & one wendsday the New play.

[*Henslowe Papers*, ed. W. W. Greg, 1907, p. 70.]

Robert Daborne, 1613.

Letter to Philip Henslowe, November 13, 1613.

S^r y^r man was wth me, whoe found me wrighting the last scean, which I had thought to have brought y^u to night, but it will be late ear I can doe it; & being satterday night, my occa-tion urges me to request y^u spare me x s. more, & for y^r mony, if y^u please not to stay till Johnsons play [*Bartholomew Fair*] be playd, the Kings men hav bin very earnest wth me to pay y^u in y^r mony for y^r curtesy, whearin y^u shall have 30 s. proffit wth many thanks. . . .

Sater No 13

ever at y^r comānd

1613

Rob: Daborne

[*Henslowe Papers*, ed. W. W. Greg, 1907, p. 78.]

John Chamberlain, 1613.

Letter to Mrs. Alice Carleton, December 30, 1613.

I hear little or no commendation of the Masque [Jonson's *Irish Masque*] made by the Lords that night, either for device or dancing, only it was rich and costly.

[*The Progresses of King James the First*, J. B. Nichols, ii, 725.]

John Chamberlain, 1614.

Letter to Sir Dudley Carleton, January 5, 1614.

The loftie maskers were so well liked at court the last week that they were appointed to performe yt [*The Irish Masque*]

again on monday yet theyre devise (w^{ch} was a enimicall imitation of t[he] Irish) was not so pleasing to many, w^{ch} thincke [this] no time (as the case stands) to exasperat that nat[ion] by making it ridiculous.

[*State Papers, Domestic Series, James I*, lxxvi, no. 2. For payments for this masque, see lxxv, nos. 32, 33; cf. also no. 53. See Howes's *Continuation of Stow's Annales*, 1631, p. 1005.]

John Selden, 1614.

I presume I have sufficiently manifested the contrarie, and answerd their urged Authorities, producing also one out of *Euripides* his *Orestes*, seeming stranger against my part then anie other: which, when I was to use, and having not at hand the Scholiast . . . I went, for this purpose, to see it in the well-furnisht Librarie of my beloved friend that singular Poet M. *Ben: Ionson*, whose speciall Worth in Literature, accurat Judgment, and Performance, known only to that *Few* which are truly able to know him, hath had from me, ever since I began to learn, an increasing admiration.

[*Titles of Honor*, 1614, Preface, sig. d, recto.]

Treasurer's Accounts, 1614.

To Joseph Taylor for himselfe and the reste of his fellowes servauntes to the Lady Eliz her grace upon the Councells War-raunt dated at Whitehall 21 June 1614 for presenting before his Ma^{ty} a Comedy called Eastward Howe on the xxvth of January last past—vj^{li}. xiiij^s. iiij^d. and by way of his Ma^{ts} reward lxxvj^s. viij^d. In all x^{li}.

[From the *Office Books of the Treasurers of the Chamber*; reproduced in *Extracts from the Accounts of the Revels at Court*, by Peter Cunningham, 1842, p. xlv.]

John Chamberlain, 1614.

Letter to Sir Dudley Carleton, December 1, 1614.

And yet for all this penurious world we speake of a maske [Jonson's *Mercury Vindicated*] this Christmas toward w^{ch} the K. geves 1500 £. the principall motive whereof is thought to be the gracing of younge Villers and to bring him on the stage.

[*State Papers, Domestic, James I*, lxxviii, no. 65.]

Pipe Office Records, 1614-15.

Canvas for the Boothes and other necessities for a play called Bartholmewe Faire.

[Pipe Office, 2805 (1614-1615); reproduced in Reyher's *Les Masques Anglais*, 1909, p. 382, note 2.]

John Chamberlain, 1615.

Letter to Sir Dudley Carleton, January 5, 1615.

To-morrow night there is a Masque [Jonson's *Mercury Vindicated*] at Court; but the common voice and preparations promise so little, that it breeds no great expectation.

[*The Progresses of King James the First*, J. B. Nichols, 1828, iii, 27.]

John Finett, 1615.

The 5. of *January* 1614. The Earl of Sommerset . . . gave me directions to invite the Spanish and the Venetian [Ambassadors] . . . to a Maske of Gentlemen [Jonson's *Mercury Vindicated*] set forth at the charge of his Majesty, and to come at an houre, about six in the Evening to a Supper that should be prepared for them in the Councel Chamber. They both . . . accepted the Invitation, and came the next day at the time appointed. A little before Supper, the Spanish Ambassador taking me aside, desired me to deale freely with him, & to tel him whether Sir *Noell Caron*, the States Ambassador were invited, and if invited, what place was intended him, whether in publique neere his Majesty, or in private in some Corner of the Roome? [Following a heated discussion which resulted later from the presence of the Ambassador from Holland at the masque, the Spaniard finally withdrew followed by the latter, who was requested by James to leave, in order that it might not be said that preference was given Holland over Spain. The withdrawal of these two left the Venetian Ambassador alone in the place of honor.] . . . The Venetian Ambassador as soone as the Spanish was departed, was conducted by me into the second Roome from the privie Gallerie, and there attending till his Majesty and the Queene came, went along with them, and was seated on the left hand of the King, beneath the Queene, and the

Prince on the right. At the same time the Agent of Florence . . . supped also in the Councell Chamber, and followed the King to the Maske with the Venetian, but having been ordained his seate in one of the Galleries, he intreated me to moove the Lord Chamberlaine, that (as he understood the great Duke his Masters Agent, and the Duke of Savoyes had been) he might be placed among the Lords, which was assented to, and he was placed . . . beneath the lowest Baron the Lord Mordant, and above Sir *Thomas Howard* second Son to the Lord Treasurer.

[*Finetti Philoxenis*, 1656, pp. 19-24.]

John Chamberlain, 1615.

Letter to Sir Dudley Carleton, January 12, 1615.

The only matter I can advertise since I wrote the last week is the success of the masque [Jonson's *Mercury Vindicated*] on Twelfth-night, which was so well liked and applauded that the king had it represented again the Sunday night after, in the very same manner, though neither in device nor show was there anything extraordinary, but only excellent dancing, the choice being made of the best, both English and Scots.

[*The Court and Times of James the First*, 1849, i, 356. The remainder of this long letter concerns the quarrel of the ambassadors.]

The Venetian Ambassador, 1615.

Antonio Foscarini, Venetian Ambassador in England, to the Doge and Senate, January 23 [O.S. 13], 1615.

After I had written my last, I was invited by the king to the masque [*Mercury Vindicated*] which was danced on the following evening in the great hall.

[*Calendar of State Papers, Venetian*, xiii, 317.]

The Stationers' Registers, 1615.

20 Januarij 1614.

William Stansbye

Entred for his Coppie under the handes of master Tavernour and both the wardens *Certayne Masques at the Court never yet printed* written by Ben Johnson .vj^d

[*Arber's Transcript*, iii, 562.]

John Selden, 1615.*Letter to Ben Jonson, February 28, 1615.*

. . . With regard to what the Greeks and Latins have of Adargatis, Derceto, Atargata, Derce (all one name) &c. you best know, being most conversant in the recondite parts of human learning; . . . [he concludes, after a variety of extracts from the Hebrew, Syriac, Greek, &c.:] In the connexion of these no vulgar observations, if they had been to a common learned reader, there had been often room for divers pieces of theology dispersed in Latin and Greek authors, and fathers of the Church, but your own most choice and able store cannot but furnish you with whatever is fit that way to be thought. Whatever I have here collected, I consecrate to your love, and end with hope of your instructing judgment.

[An extract from a long letter of eight folio pages; from the Gifford-Cunningham ed. of Jonson, 1871, i, xxxviii.]

Treasurer's Accounts, 1615.

To Nathan Feilde in the behalfe of himselfe and the rest of his fellows upon the Lord Chamberleyne's Warraunt dated 11 June 1615 for presenting a playe called Bartholomewe Fayre before his Ma^{tie} on the first of November last past x^{li}.

[From the *Office Books of the Treasurers of the Chamber*; in *Extracts from the Accounts of the Revels at Court*, by Peter Cunningham, 1842, p. xlv.]

Thomas Coryat, 1615.

A Letter from the Court of the Great Mogul, resident at the Towne of Asmere in the Eastern India, on Michaelmas day. Anno 1615.

Pray remember my commendations with all respect to M. Williams the goldsmith and his wife; and to Benjamin Iohnson, and to reade this letter to them both. . . .

[*Thomas Coriate Traveller for the English Wits*, 1616, sig. L 7, verso.]

Thomas Coryat, 1615.

To the High Seneschall of the Right Worshipfull Fraternitie of Sireniacall Gentlemen, that meete the first Friday of every moneth,

at the signe of the Mermaid in Bread-street in London: From the Court of the Great Mogoll, resident at the Towne of Asmere, in the Easterne-India. November 8, 1615.

Pray remember the recommendations of my dutifull respect; to all those whose names I have heere expressed, being the lovers of Vertue, and Literature; and so consequently the wel-willers (I hope) of a properous issue of my designements, in my laborious pedestriall perambulations of Asia, Africa, and Europe. . . . In primis, to the two Ladies Varney, . . .

2 Item, to that famous Antiquarie, Sir Robert Cotten, . . .

3 Item, . . . Master William Ford, . . .

4 Item, to Master George Speake, . . .

5 Item, to Master John Donne, . . .

6 Item, to Master Richard Martin, . . .

7 Item, to Master Christopher Brooke, . . .

8 Item, to Master John Hoskins, . . .

9 Item, to Master George Garrat, . . .

10 Item, to Master William Hackwell, . . .

11 Item, to Master Beniamin Johnson the Poet, at his Chamber at the Black-Friers.

12 Item, to Master John Bond, . . .

13 Item, to Master Doctor Mocket, . . .

14 Item, to Master Samuel Purchas, . . .

[From *Purchas his Pilgrimes*, 1625, Part 1, pp. 595-97.]

R. C., about 1615.

Johnson they say's turnd Epigrammatist,

Soe think not I, believe it they that list.

Peruse his booke, thou shalt not find a dram

Of witt befitting a true Epigram.

Perhaps some scraps of play-bookes thou maist see.

Collected heer & there confusedlie,

Which piece his broken stuffe; if thou but note,

Iust like soe many patches on a cote.

And yet his intret Cato sta[n]ds before,

Even at the portall of his pamphlets dore;

As who should say, this booke is fit for none
 But Catoes, learned men, to looke upon:
 Or else, let Cato censure if he will,
 My booke deserves the best of iudgement still.
 When every gull may see his booke's untwitten,
 And Epigrams as bad as e're were written.

Johnson, this worke thy other doth distaine,
 And makes the world imagine that thy vein
 Is not true bred but of some bastard race.
 Then write no more, or write with better grace;
 Turne thee to plaies, & therin write thy fill;
 Leave Epigrams to artists of more skill.

[*The Times' Whistle*, ed. J. M. Cowper, 1871, p. 132. The author was probably Richard Corbet.]

Tradition, before 1616.

Shake-speare was god-father to one of Ben Jonson's children, and after the christ'ning, being in a deepe study, Jonson came to cheere him up, and ask't him why he was so melancholy? "No, faith, Ben, (sayes he) not I, but I have been considering a great while what should be the fittest gift for me to bestow upon my god-child, and I have resolv'd at last." "I pr'y the, what?" sayes he. "I' faith, Ben, I'le e'en give him a douzen good Lattin Spoones, and thou shalt translate them."

[This tradition, elsewhere recorded, is here cited from Sir Nicholas L'Estrange, *Merry Passages and Jestes*, Harl. MS. 6395, ed. W. J. Thoms, Camden Society, 1839, p. 2.]

Tradition, before 1616.

Ben Johnson, at the Christning of Shakespeare his child, to which he was invited god-father, said to him—"Now you expect a great matter. But I will give it a Latin (latten) spoon, and you shall translate it."

[From the Plume MSS., number 25, leaf 161.]

Tradition, before 1616.

Mr Ben: Johnson and Mr Wm. Shake-speare Being Merrye at a Tavern Mr Jonson haveing begune this for his Epitaph

Here lies Ben Johnson that was once one he gives ytt to Mr
Shakspear to make upp who presently wrightes

Who while hee liv'de was a sloe thing
and now being dead is Nothinge.

[Ashmolean MSS., vol. 38, p. 181, reproduced in J. O. Halliwell's *Life of Shakespeare*, 1848, p. 186.]

Tradition, before 1616.

B. Johnson in scipsum.

Heere lies Johnson,
Who was ones sonne:
He had a little hayre on his chin,
His name was Benjamin!

[Quoted from "an early MS. commonplace book," by J. O. Halliwell, *Life of Shakespeare*, 1848, p. 186.]

Tradition, before 1616.

'Here lies Ben Johnson—who was once one.'

This he made of himself. Shakspeare took the pen from him
and made this:

'Here lies Benjamin—with short hair upon his chin—
Who, while he lived, was a slow thing,—
And now he's dead is nothing.'

[From the Plume MSS., number 25, leaf 77 from end A.]

Tradition, before 1616.

Verses by Ben Jonson and Shakespeare, occasioned by the
motto to the Globe Theatre—*Totus mundus agit histrionem*.

Jonson

If, but *stage actors*, all the world displays,
Where shall we find *spectators* of their plays?

Shakespeare

Little, or much, of what we see, we do;
We are all both *actors* and *spectators* too.

[Choice Notes from William Oldys' manuscript *Adversaria*, in *Notes and Queries*, Series 2, vol. xi, p. 184. The quotation is said to be from "*Poetical Characteristics*, 8vo. MS., vol. I, sometime in the Harleian library; which volume was returned to its owners."]

John Finett, 1616.

The King being desirous, that the French, Venetian, and Savoyard Ambassadors should all be invited to a Maske [Jonson's *Golden Age Restored*] at Court prepared for New-years night, an exception comming from the French, was a cause of deferring their invitation till Twelke night, when the Maske was to be re-acted. This French Ambassador having demanded Audience by the mediation of the Lord *Haye*, and not obtained it as he affected . . . was offended that the Spanish Ambassador . . . should have . . . an Audience before him. With this consideration, and not without his Majesties sence of such formality, he was not invited till for the Twelke night, when he with the other two mentioned were received at eight of the Clock, the houre assigned (no Supper being prepared for them, as at other times to avoid the trouble incident) and were conducted to the privy Gallery by the Lord Chamberlaine, and the Lord *Danvers* appointed . . . to accompany them, the Master of the Ceremonies being also present.

They were all there placed at the Maske on the Kings right hand . . . first and next to the King the French, next him the Venetian, and next him the Savoyard. At his Majesties left hand sate the Queene, and next her the Prince. The Maske being ended, they followed his Majesty to a Banquet in the Presence, and returned by the way they entered.

[*Finetti Philoxenis*, 1656, pp. 31-32.]

William Browne, 1616.

Jonson, whose full of merit to rehearse
Too copious is to be confin'd in verse;
Yet therein only fittest to be known,
Could any write a line which he might own.
One so judicious, so well knowing, and
A man whose least worth is to understand;
One so exact in all he doth prefer
To able censure; for the theatre
Not Seneca transcends his worth of praise;
Who writes him well shall well deserve the bays.

[*Britannia's Pastorals*, 1616, Bk. ii, Song ii.]

George Gerrard, 1616.*Letter to Sir Dudley Carleton, June 14, 1616.*

The King feasted by Alderman Cockayne and the new Company of Merchant Adventurers, who gave him 1,000*l.* in a basin and ewer of gold. Dyers, cloth dressers, with their shuttles, and Hamburgians, were presented to the King, "and spake such language as Ben Jonson putt in theyre mouthes."

[*Calendar of State Papers, Domestic, James I, 1616, p. 373.*]

Ab[raham] Holl[and], 1616.

Johnsoni typus, ecce! qui furoris,
Antistes sacer, Enthei, Camenis,
Vindex Ingenij recens Sepulti,
Antiquae reparator unus artis,
Defuncta Pater Eruditionis,
Et Scenæ veteris novator audax.
Nec fœlix minus, aut minus politus
Cui solus similis, Figura, vivet.

O could there be an art found out that might
Produce his shape soe lively as to write.

[Lines beneath the engraved portrait prefixed to the 1616 (and 1640) folio of Jonson's *Workes*. The portrait seems also to have been printed and sold separately, since it has below it the statement "Are to be Sould by William Peake."]

Title-page, 1616.

The Workes of Beniamin Jonson . . . Imprinted at London by William Stansby, Ano. D. 1616.

[This title-page is elaborately engraved by William Hole.]

John Selden, 1616.*Ad V. Cl. Ben Jonsonium, Carmen Protrepticon.*

Raptam Threicii lyram Neanthus
Pulset; carmina circulis Palæmon
Scribat; qui manibus facit deabus
Illotis, metuat Probum. Placere
Te doctis juvat auribus, placere

Te raris juvat auribus. Camænas
Cùm totus legerem tuas (Camænæ
Nam totum rogitant tuæ, nec ullam
Qui pigrè trahat oscitationem,
Lectorem) et numeros, acumen, artem.
Mirum judicium, quod ipse censor,
Jonsoni, nimium licèt malignus,
Si doctus simùl, exigat, viderem,
Sermonem et nitidum, facetiásque
Dignas Mercurio, novásque gnomas
Morum sed veterum, tuique juris
Quicquid dramaticum tui legebam,
Tam semper fore, támque te loquutum,
Ut nec Lemnia notior sigillo
Tellus, nec maculâ sacrandus Apis,
Non cesto Venus, aut comis Apollo,
Quàm musâ fueris sciente notus,
Quàm musâ fueris tuâ notatus,
Illâ, quæ unica, sidus ut refulgens,
Stricturas, superat comis, minorum:
In mentem subiit Stolonis illud,
Lingua Pieridas fuisse Plauti
Usuras, Ciceronis atque dictum,
Saturno genitum phrasi Platonis,
Musæ si Latio, Jovisque Athenis
Dixissent. Fore jam sed hunc et illas
Jonsoni numeros puto loquutos,
Anglis si fuerint utrique fati.
Tam, mi, tu sophiam doces amœnè
Sparsim tamque sophos amœna sternis!
Sed, tot delicias, minùs placebat,
Sparsis distraherent tot in libellis
Cerdoi caculæ. Volumen unum,
Quod seri Britonum terant nepotes,
Optabam, et thyasus chorúsque amantum
Musas hoc cupiunt, tui laborum
Et quicquid reliquum est, adhuc tuisque
Servatum pluteis. Tibi at videmur

Non tàm quærere quàm parare nobis
 Laudem, dum volumus palàm merentis
 Tot laurus cupidi reposta scripta;
 Dum secernere te tuasque musas
 Audemus numero ungu læ liquorem
 Gustante, et veteres novem sorores
 Et Sirenibus et solent cicadis:
 Dum et secernere posse te videmur,
 Efflictum petimus novúmque librum,
 Qui nullo sacer haut petatur ævo,
 Qui nullo sacer exolescat ævo,
 Qui curis niteat tuis secundis;
 Ut nos scire aliquid simul putetur.
 Atqui hoc macte sies, velutque calpar,
 Quod diis inferium, tibi sacremus,
 Ut nobis benè sit; tuámque frontem
 Perfundant edera recentiores
 Et splendor novus. Invident coronam
 Hanc tantam patriæ tibi que (quantâ
 Æternùm à merito tuo superbum
 Anglorum genus esse possit olim)
 Tantùm qui penitùs volunt amœnas
 Sublatas literas, timéntve lucem
 Ionsoni nimiam tenebriones.

[Prefixed to *The Workes of Benjamin Jonson*, 1616.]

Edward Hayward, 1616.

To Ben. Jonson, on his workes.

May I subscribe a name? dares my bold quill
 Write that or good or ill,
 Whose fame is that of height, that, to mine eye,
 Its head is in the sky?
 Yes. Since the most censures, believes, and saith
 By an implicit faith:
 Lest their misfortune make them chance amiss,
 I'll waft them right by this.
 Of all I know thou only art the man
 That dares but what he can:

Yet by performance shows he can do more
 Than hath been done before,
 Or will be after; (such assurance gives
 Perfection where it lives.)
 Words speak thy matter; matter fills thy words:
 And choice that grace affords,
 That both are best: and both most fitly placed,
 Are with new Venus graced
 From artful method. All in this point meet,
 With good to mingle sweet.
 These are thy lower parts. What stands above
 Who sees not yet must love,
 When on the base he reads Ben Jonson's name,
 And hears the rest from fame.
 This from my love of truth: which pays this due
 To your just worth, not you.

[Prefixed to *The Workes of Benjamin Jonson*, 1616.]

William Fennor, 1616.

The Description of a Poet.

. . . But when his writings are not understood,
 Oh! 'tis a plague beyond man's patient thought,
 What he makes good a multitude makes nought.
 A horrid murtherer, or a base thiefe,
 In his foule bosome harbors lesser griefe
 Then Heaven-bred Poesye; they shall be tryed
 By upright justice, and their faults descried
 Before a publike bench, hold up their hand
 And plead "Not guiltie"; on their just cause stand
 Twelve men empannelled to finde this out
 Before the sentence passe, to cleere the doubt
 Of judging rashly. But sweet Poesye
 Is oft convict, condemn'd, and judg'd to die
 Without just triall, by a multitude,
 Whose judgements are illiterate and rude.
 Witness *Scejanus*, whose approved worth
 Sounds from the calme South to the freezing North;

And on the perfum'd wings of Zepherus,
 In triumph mounts as farre as Æolus;
 With more than humane art it was bedewed,
 Yet to the multitude it nothing shewed;
 They screw'd their scurvy jaws and lookt awry,
 Like hissing snakes, adjudging it to die;
 When wits of gentry did applaud the same,
 With silver shouts of high loud-sounding fame;
 Whilst understanding-grounded men contemn'd it,
 And wanting wit (like fools) to judge, condemn'd it.
 Clapping or hissing is the onely meane
 That tries and searches out a well-writ sceane;
 So it is thought by Ignoramus crew,
 But that, good wits acknowledge, is untrue;
 The stinckards oft will hisse without a cause,
 And for a bawdy jeast will give applause.
 Let one but ask the reason why they roare,
 They'l answere, " Cause the rest did so before."

[*Fennor's Descriptions; or A True Relation of Certain and Divers Speeches, Spoken before the King and Queen's Most Excellent Majestie, in The Progresses of King James the First*, J. B. Nichols, 1828, iii, 143.]

John Dunbar, 1616.

Ad. Ben. Jonson.

Filius Hebræis Ben est: Son filius Anglis:
 Filii es ergo duo: quot tibi quæso patres?
 Si scio, disperiam: scio quod sit magnus Apollo
 Unus de patribus, magne poeta, tuis.

[*Epigrammaton Joannis Dunbari Megalo-Britanni*, 1616.]

Robert Anton, 1616.

But the sound melancholicke mixt of earth,
 Plowes with his wits, and brings a sollid birth:
 The labor'd lines of some deepe reaching scull,
 Is like some Indian ship or stately hull,
 That three years progresse furrows up the maine,
 Bringing rich ingots from his loaden braine;

His wit the sunne, his labors are the mines,
 His sollid stuffe the treasure of his lines:
 Mongst which most massive mettals I admire
 The most iudicious Beaumont and his fire:
 The ever colum builder of his fame,
 Sound searching Spencer with his Faierie frame:
 The labor'd Muse of Iohnson, in whose loome
 His silke-worme stile shall build an honor'd toombe
 In his owne worke: though his long curious twins
 Hang in the rooffe of time with daintie lines;
 Greeke-thundring Chapman, beaten to the age
 With a deep furie and a sollid rage.
 And Morrall Daniell with his pleasing phrase,
 Filing the rockie methode of these daies.

[*The Philosophers Satyrs*, 1616.]

Edward Sherburn, 1616.

Letter to Sir Dudley Carleton, November 18, 1616.

Preparation for a masque [Jonson's *Vision of Delight*] &c.,
 which will increase the King's debt 2,000 £.

[*Calendar of State Papers, Domestic, James I*, 1616, p. 406.]

John Chamberlain, 1617.

Letter to Sir Dudley Carleton, January 18, 1617.

. . . On twelfe night was a maske [Jonson's *Vision of Delight*]
 wherin the new made Earle [of Buckingham] and the Earle of
 mongomerie daunced wth the Queene. I have heard no great
 speach nor commendations of the maske neither before nor since,
 but yt is apointed to be represented again to morrow night, and
 the Spanish Ambassador invited. . . . The Virginian woman
 Pocahontas wth her father Counsaillor have ben wth the King
 and graciously used, and both she and her assistant well placed
 at the maske, she is upon her return (though sore against her will)
 yf the wind wold come about to send them away.

[*State Papers, Domestic, James I*, xc, 25.]

John Chamberlain, 1617.*Letter to Sir Dudley Carleton, February 22, 1617.*

. . . This night he [Baron de Tour, the French ambassador] is solemnly invited by the Lord Hay to the wardrobe to supper and a masque [Jonson's *Lovers Made Men*].

[Birch, T. and R. F. Williams, *The Court and Times of James the First*, 1849, i, 459. Cf. *State Papers*, xc, nos. 79, 94.]

John Chamberlain, 1617.*Letter to Sir Dudley Carleton, March 8, 1617.*

The Frenchmen are gone after their great entertainment, which was too great for such petty companions, specially that of the Lord Hay. . . .

[Birch, T. and R. F. Williams, *The Court and Times of James the First*, i, 462. The allusion is to Jonson's *Lovers Made Men*.]

Title-page, 1617.

Lovers made Men. A Masque Presented in the House of the Right Honorable The Lord Haye. By divers of noble qualitie, his friends. For the entertaynment of Monsieur le Baron de Tour, extraordinarie Ambassador for the French King. On Saterday the 22. of February. 1617. [London.] 1617.

George Gerrard, 1617.*Letter to Sir Dudley Carleton, June 4, 1617.*

Ben Jonson is going on foot to Edinburgh and back, for his profit.

[*Calendar of State Papers, Domestic, James I*, 1617, p. 472.]

John Davies of Hereford, 1617.*To my learnedly witty friend, Mr. Beniamin Iohnson.*

Thy sconsce, that guards thy wits as it they guard,
Large, round, & sound, yet no whit can be spar'd:
For thy Wit's throng: that plenty makes thee scarce,
Which makes thee slow, as sure in prose or verse,
As say thy worst detractors; then, if thou
For all eternity, writ'st sure and slowe,

Thy Wits, as they come thronging out of dore,
Do sticke awhile, to spread their praise the more.

[*Wits Bedlam*, 1617; *The Complete Works of John Davies*, ed. A. B. Grosart, 1878, ii, 4.]

Edmund Bolton, 1617-25.

The Proposition made in Parliament concerning an Academ Royal, or College and Senate of Honor, by the Lord Marquis of Buckingham, and there approved; as it was occasioned and founded upon the reasons severally presented to his Sacred Majesty and to his Lordship before Christmas last, A.D. 1620, in the name of The Honor of the Kingdom and of the Antiquities thereof.

. . . To convert the Castle Royal of Windsor, . . . or if not Windsor, what other place his Majesty shall be pleased to appoint, to an English Olympus; nay, rather not to convert it, but only to obtain so transcendant and pompous a favour, as that his sacred self and nobles stellified in the Order of the Garter, as in their proper sphere, would receive and take in this humanity of heroic faculties into that as it were divinity of their splendour, place, and calling: to erect thereby an order within the Order of Saint George, and as it were to draw a narrow circle within a large, concentrick, that company to consist of selected persons competent for such a noble use, with particular privileges, fees, and ornaments, and they incorporated under the title of a brotherhood or fraternity associated for matters of honour and antiquity, and under a certain canon of government, at His Majesty's pleasure; a member subject to the famous Earl Marshalship of England during the exercise or agon: the rules and laws to be such as shall by moral learning be found most apt to habituate heroic virtues, for the love thereof to enflame man's heart with the sober desire of glory. The officers to be chosen answerably worthy to such laws; men whose pay and ends must be only honour. All questions of heroic doctrine to be distinctly spoken unto out of writing upon sufficient warning first given, not after the tumultuous, violent, and clamorous manner of ordinary schools, but after

the grave and honourable forms of Parliament; the speech or discourse to remain under the author's subscribed name and seal of arms. The general exercise to be summary at Saint George's Feast, the particulars to be quarterly; the names, styles, and armories of the brethren to be publicly set over each gentleman's head, and all to remain upon record with the Register of the Society.

[Harl. MS. 6143. The men selected to be founders of this Royal Academy were "Mr. George Chapman, Sir Robert Cotton, Sir Kenelm Digby, Mr. Michael Drayton, Mr. Benjamin Jonston, Mr. Inico Jones, Mr. Endymion Porter, Mr. John Selden, Sir Henry Wotton," and seventy-five others. For a general summary of this long manuscript, see the article by Joseph Hunter in *Archæologia*, xxxii, p. 132 ff. The project was under discussion from 1617; its realization was apparently prevented by the death of King James.]

Nathaniel Brent, 1618.

Letter to Sir Dudley Carleton, January 2, 1618.

The Qu: hath caused y^e La. maske to be put of w^{ch} my L^d Hay should have made at y^e robes last night. The other w^{ch} y^e Prince is to make in the banqueting house on 12th night, and wherein himself is to be an actor, is likely to hould.

Your L^p heard before this time y^t y^e marchands of middleb. & y^e East Indies have undertaken to furnish y^e exchequer with 50000£, of w^{ch} his ma^{tie} hath bin pleased to assigne for Ireland 12000£, for y^e arrerages of y^e artillerie 8000£, for Marquis Hammelton 8000£, for my L^d D'Aubigni 4000£, for my L^d Hey 3000£, for my L^d Haddingto 2000£ and 4000£ for y^e Princes maske [*Pleasure Reconciled to Virtue*]. al which he wil most gratusly per forme if there be not to much difficulty found in y^e collecting of it.

London, Jan. $\frac{2}{12}$, 1617.

Your L^{ps} most devoted to do you service

Nathanael Brent.

[*State Papers, Domestic, James I*, xcv, no. 3; cf. xciv, no. 52.]

John Chamberlain, 1618.*Letter to Sir Dudley Carleton, January 3, 1618.*

The Muscovy Ambassadors shall be feasted at Court to-morrow, and on Twelfth-night is the Prince's Masque [Jonson's *Pleasure Reconciled to Virtue*].

[*The Progresses of King James the First*, J. B. Nichols, 1823, iii, 453.]

John Finett, 1618.

A Mask [Jonson's *Pleasure Reconciled to Virtue*] prepared for Twelftyde (wherein the Prince was to be a principall Actor) and that his first Exercise in that kinde) was a subject for the King to invite to it the Spanish Ambassador, and to observe the promise his Majestiy had made him the yeare before to that purpose, the rather because a Marriage between the Prince and the *Infanta* was then in Treaty.

[*Finetti Philoxenis*, 1656, p. 48.]

Horatio Busino, 1618.

On the 16th [O.S. 6th] of the current month of January, his Excellency was invited to see a representation and masque [*Pleasure Reconciled to Virtue*], which had been prepared with extraordinary pains, the chief performer being the king's own son and heir, the prince of Wales, now seventeen years old, an agile youth, handsome and very graceful. At the fourth hour of the night we went privately to the Court, through the park. On reaching the royal apartments his Excellency was entertained awhile by one of the leading cavaliers until all was ready, whilst we, his attendants, all perfumed and escorted by the master of the ceremonies, entered the usual box of the Venetian embassy, . . . Whilst waiting for the king we amused ourselves by admiring the decorations and beauty of the house. . . . Then such a concourse as there was, for although they profess only to admit the favoured ones who are invited, yet every box was filled notably with most noble and richly arrayed ladies, in number some 600 and more according to the general estimate; the dresses being of such variety in cut and colour as to be indescribable; the most delicate plumes over their heads, springing

from their foreheads or in their hands serving as fans; strings of jewels on their necks and bosoms and in their girdles and apparel in such quantity that they looked like so many queens, so that at the beginning, with but little light, such as that of the dawn or of the evening twilight, the splendour of their diamonds and other jewels was so brilliant that they looked like so many stars. During the two hours of waiting we had leisure to examine them again and again. . . .

At about the 6th hour of the night the king appeared with his court, having passed through the apartments where the ambassadors were in waiting, whence he graciously conducted them, that is to say, the Spaniard and the Venetian, it not being the Frenchman's turn, he and the Spaniard only attending the court ceremonies alternately by reason of their disputes about precedence.

On entering the house, the cornets and trumpets to the number of fifteen or twenty began to play very well a sort of recitative, and then after his Majesty had seated himself under the canopy alone, the queen not being present on account of a slight indisposition, he caused the ambassadors to sit below him on two stools, while the great officers of the crown and courts of law sat upon benches. The Lord Chamberlain then had the way cleared and in the middle of the theatre there appeared a fine and spacious area carpeted all over with green cloth. In an instant a large curtain dropped, painted to represent a tent of gold cloth with a broad fringe; the background was of canvas painted blue, powdered all over with golden stars. This became the front arch of the stage, forming a drop scene, and on its being removed there appeared first of all Mount Atlas, whose enormous head was alone visible up aloft under the very roof of the theatre; it rolled up its eyes and moved itself very cleverly. As a foil to the principal ballet and masque they had some mummeries performed in the first act; for instance, a very chubby Bacchus appeared on a car drawn by four gownsmen, who sang in an undertone before his Majesty. There was another stout individual on foot, dressed in red in short clothes, who made a speech, reeling about like a drunkard, tankard in hand, so that he resembled Bacchus's cupbearer. This first scene was very gay

and burlesque. Next followed twelve extravagant masquers, one of whom was in a barrel, all but his extremities, his companions being similarly cased in huge wicker flasks, very well made. They danced awhile to the sound of the cornets and trumpets, performing various and most extravagant antics. These were followed by a gigantic man representing Hercules with his club, who strove with Antaeus and performed other feats. Then came twelve masked boys in the guise of frogs. They danced together, assuming sundry grotesque attitudes. After they had all fallen down, they were driven off by Hercules. Mount Atlas then opened, by means of two doors, which were made to turn, and from behind the hills of a distant landscape the day was seen to dawn, some gilt columns being placed along either side of the scene, so as to aid the perspective and make the distance seem greater. Mercury next appeared before the king and made a speech. After him came a guitar player in a gown, who sang some trills, accompanying himself with his instrument. He announced himself as some deity, and then a number of singers, dressed in long red gowns to represent high priests, came on the stage, wearing gilt mitres. In the midst of them was a goddess in a long white robe and they sang some jigs which we did not understand. It is true that, spoiled as we are by the graceful and harmonious music of Italy, the composition did not strike us as very fine. Finally twelve cavaliers, masked, made their appearance, dressed uniformly, six having the entire hose crimson with plaited doublets of white satin trimmed with gold and silver lace. The other six wore breeches down to the knee, with the half hose also crimson, and white shoes. These matched well their corsets which were cut in the shape of the ancient Roman corslets. On their heads they wore long hair and crowns and very tall white plumes. Their faces were covered with black masks. These twelve descended together from above the scene in the figure of a pyramid, of which the prince formed the apex. When they reached the ground the violins, to the number of twenty-five or thirty began to play their airs. After they had made an obeisance to his Majesty, they began to dance in very good time, preserving for a while

the same pyramidal figure, and with a variety of steps. Afterwards they changed places with each other in various ways, but ever ending the jump together. When this was over, each took his lady, the prince pairing with the principal one among those who were ranged in a row ready to dance, and the others doing the like in succession, all making obeisance to his Majesty first and then to each other. They performed every sort of ballet and dance of every country whatsoever such as passamezzi, corants, canaries see Spaniards and a hundred other very fine gestures, devised to tickle the fancy. Last of all they danced the Spanish dance, one at a time, each with his lady, and being well nigh tired they began to lag, whereupon the king, who is naturally choleric, got impatient and shouted aloud: "Why don't they dance? What did they make me come here for? Devil take you all, dance." Upon this, the Marquis of Buckingham, his Majesty's favourite, immediately sprang forward, cutting a score of lofty and very minute capers, with so much grace and agility that he not only appeased the ire of his angry lord, but rendered himself the admiration and delight of everybody. The other masquers, thus encouraged, continued to exhibit their prowess one after another, with various ladies, also finishing with capers and lifting their goddesses from the ground. We counted thirty-four capers as cut by one cavalier in succession, but none came up to the exquisite manner of the marquis. The prince, however, excelled them all in bowing, being very formal in making his obeisance both to the king and to the lady with whom he danced, nor was he once seen to do a step out of time when dancing, whereas one cannot perhaps say so much for the others. Owing to his youth he has not yet much breath, nevertheless he cut a few capers very gracefully. The encounter of these twelve accomplished cavaliers being ended, and after they had valiantly overcome the sloth and debauch of Bacchus, the prince went in triumph to kiss his father's hands. The king embraced and kissed him tenderly and then honoured the marquis with marks of extraordinary affection, patting his face. The king now rose from his chair, took the ambassadors along with him, and after passing through a number of chambers and

galleries he reached a hall where the usual collation was spread for the performers, a light being carried before him. After he had glanced all round the table he departed, . . . The table was covered almost entirely with seasoned pasties and very few sugar confections. There were some large figures, but they were of painted pasteboard for ornament. The repast was served upon glass plates or dishes and at the first assault they upset the table and the crash of glass platters reminded me precisely of a severe hailstorm at Midsummer smashing the window glass. The story ended at half past two in the morning and half disgusted and weary we returned home.

[Anglipotrida, written by Horatio Busino, the chaplain to the Venetian Ambassador, reprinted in *Calendar of State Papers, Venetian*, xv, 111-114.]

Sir Edward Harwood, 1618.

Letter to Sir Dudley Carleton, January 7, 1618.

. . . The last night beinge twelfthnight was the masque [Jonson's *Pleasure Reconciled to Virtue*], the antimasque beinge of little boyes dressed like bottells and a man in a tonne w^{ch} the bottells drew out and tost too and fro, not ill liked the conceite good the poetry not so. The Ambassadors of Spayne and the Venetian was at it: the frenche not.

[*State Papers, Domestic, James I*, xcv, no. 8.]

John Chamberlain, 1618.

Letter to Sir Dudley Carleton, January 10, 1618.

On Twelfth-night was the Prince's Masque; . . . There was nothing in it extraordinary; but rather the invention proved dull, Mr. Comptroller's [Sir Thomas Edmondes's] daughter bore away the bell for delicate dancing, though remarkable for nothing else but for multitude of jewels, wherewith she was hanged as it were all over.

[*The Progresses of King James the First*, J. B. Nichols, 1828, iii, 464.]

Nathaniel Brent, 1618.

Letter to Sir Dudley Carleton, January 10, 1618.

The Masque of Twelfth Night was so dull that people say the poet [Ben Jonson] should return to his old trade of brick-making.

[*Calendar of State Papers, Domestic, James I, 1618, p. 512.*]

Edward Sherburn, 1618.

Letter to Sir Dudley Carleton, January 10, 1618.

The maske [*Pleasure Reconciled to Virtue*] w^{ch} was had on Twelwth-night wherein the Prince was one, y^r L: will percieve the conceipt by perusing this little book. I must tell yo' L: it came far short of the expecta^{ti}on & M^r Inigo Jones hath lost in his reputa^{ti}on in regard some extraordinary devise was looked for (it being the Prince his first mask) and a poorer was never sene.

[*State Papers, Domestic, James I, xcv, (addenda) 10*. Calendar of State Papers, Domestic, James I, 1623-1625, p. 552.*]

Sir Gerard Herbert, 1618.

Letter to Sir Dudley Carleton, January 12, 1618.

On Twelfth Night was the Prince's Masque; he acted well. As the Queen could not see it, it will be repeated for her on Shrove Sunday.

[*Calendar of State Papers, Domestic, James I, 1618, p. 512; cf. also State Papers, xcvi, no. 27, in which Gerard describes the masque as it was repeated on February 17.*]

John Chamberlain, 1618.

Letter to Sir Dudley Carleton, February 21, 1618.

On Shrove Tuesday the Prince's Masque [*Pleasure Reconciled to Virtue*] for Twelfth-night was represented again with some few alterations and additions; but little bettered.

[*The Progresses of King James the First, J. B. Nichols, 1828, iii, 468.*]

Nathaniel Brent, 1618.

Letter to Sir Dudley Carleton, February 21, 1618.

The Prince's masque [*Pleasure Reconciled*] exhibited again [on February 17], with the addition of goats and Welsh speeches.

[*Calendar of State Papers, Domestic, James I, 1618, p. 523.*]

Exchequer Accounts, 1618.

Thomas Knyuett ordinary Groome of the Prince his highnes chamber being sent by the Comaundem^t of Sr Robert Cary Knight Chamberlaine to the Prince his highnes from Newmarkett to Chelsey parke to Sr John Cotton to seeke Mr Eliott to warne him to attend the Prince wth his hawke after dinner. Also another time sent by Mr Gray from White hall to Blackfriars to Mr Johnson the Poet to come to the Prince ffor w^{ch} severall services hee prayeth to have allowance for his paines and charge of his horse and botehire too and fro and to be rated by the hono^{ble} Sr Robert Cary Knight Chamberlaine to his highnes, and paid by the wor^y. Mr. Adam Newton Recevio^r generall of his highnes Treasure iiij^s.

Ro: cary
Alexander

[Exchequer of Receipts, Miscellaneous, ccclxviii.]

Edmund Bolton, about 1618.

But if I should declare mine own Rudeness rudely, I should then confess that I never tasted *English* more to my liking, nor more smart, and put to the height of Use in Poetry, then in that vital, judicious, and most practicable Language of *Benjamin Jonson's* Poems.

[*Hypercritica*, Adresse the Fourth, Sect. iii.]

John Taylor, 1618.

To all my Loving Adventurers, by what Name or Title soever, my General Salutation.

Reader, these Travels of mine into Scotland, were not undertaken, neither in imitation, or emulation of any man, but only devised by myself, on purpose to make trial of my friends both in this Kingdom of *England*, and that of *Scotland*, and because I would be an eye-witness of divers things which I had heard of that Country; and whereas many shallow-brained Critics, do lay an aspersion on me, that I was set on by others, or that I did undergo this project, either in malice, or mockage of Master *Benjamin Jonson*, I vow by the faith of a Christian, that their

imaginations are all wide, for he is a gentleman, to whom I am so much obliged for many undeserved courtesies that I have received from him, and from others by his favour, that I durst never to be so impudent or ungrateful, as either to suffer any man's persuasions, or mine own instigation, to incite me, to make so bad a requital, for so much goodness formerly received. (P. 121.)

* * * * *

Now the day before I came from *Edinburgh*, I went to *Leeth*, where I found my long approved and assured good friend Master *Benjamin Jonson*, at one Master *John Stuarts* house; I thank him for his great kindness toward me: for at my taking leave of him, he gave me a piece of gold of two and twenty shillings to drink his health in *England*. And withal, willed me to remember his kind commendations to all his friends: So with a friendly farewell, I left him as well, as I hope never to see him in a worse estate: for he is amongst noblemen and gentlemen that know his true worth, and their own honours, where, with much respective love he is worthily entertained. (P. 138.)

[*The Pennyles Pilgrimage*, 1618; the page references are to the Folio of 1630.]

Edinburgh Council Records, 1618.

[*The following is a summary of Professor Masson's account of Jonson's reception by the civic authorities of Edinburgh in 1618.*]

In the Register of the Edinburgh Town Council, under the date 25th September 1618, appears a minute stating that on that day, the Provost, Bailies, Dean of Guild, Treasurer, and Council "being conveynitt," and having transacted some other pieces of business, the following order was passed:—

"Ordanis the Deyne of Gild to mak Benjamyn Jonsoun, Inglisman, burges and gild-brother *in communi formâ*."

At the time of their order to the Dean of Guild Aikenhead to make Jonson a burgess and guild-brother, the Magistrates and Town Council had resolved that it would be but right and fitting that the admission of so distinguished an Englishman to the freedom of Edinburgh should not be a mere affair of appearance and handshaking at a Council meeting, but should be marked by

some more solid and memorable accompaniment. The proof is furnished by this minute of a subsequent meeting of the Magistrates and Council, of date 16th October 1618, or three weeks after their former order:—

“Ordanis the Thesaurer to pay to James Ainslie, laite baillie, twa hundreth twenty-ane pound, sex schillingis, four pennyis, debursit be him upone the denner maid to Benjamin Jonstoun, conforme to the Act maid thairanent and compt given in of the same.”

The transaction reappears at a later date in this entry in the Treasurer's accounts, taking credit for the sum he had paid:—

“*Item*, thair aucht to be allowed to the Compter, payit be him to James Ainslie, bailie, for expenses debursit upone ane bancquett maid to Benjamin Johnstoune, conforme to ane Act of Counsell of the dait the [blank] day of September 1618—ii^cxxi lib vi^s viii^d”—fourpence more, it will be observed, than in the former reckoning. The banquet must have been on some day between the 25th of September and the 16th of October.

The following entry in Dean of Guild Aikenhead's accounts refers to Ben Jonson's burgess-ticket, which, as Professor Masson suggests, must have been about as handsome as could then be devised:—

“*Item*, the twentie day of Januar I^mVI^e and nyntene yeiris, geivin at directione of the Counsell to Alex^r. Patersone for wrytting and gilding of Benjamine Johnnestounes burges ticket, being thryis writtin, xiii lib vi^s viii^d.”

[For fuller details see Professor Masson's article in *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine*, December, 1893.]

William Drummond, 1619.

Notes of Ben Jonson's Conversations.

That he had ane intention to perfect ane Epick Poeme intitled Heroologia, of the Worthies of this Country rowsed by Fame; and was to dedicate it to his Country: it is all in couplets, for he detesteth all other rimes.

* * * *

All this was to no purpose, for he [Jonson] neither doeth understand French nor Italiannes.

* * * *

Daniel was at jealousies with him.

Drayton feared him; and he esteemed not of him.

That Francis Beaumont loved too much himself and his own verses.

That Sir John Roe loved him; and when they two were ushered by my Lord Suffolk from a Mask, Roe wrott a moral Epistle to him, which began, *That next to playes, the Court and the State were the best. God threateneth Kings, Kings Lords, [as] Lords do us.*

He beat Marston, and took his pistoll from him.

Sir W. Alexander was not half kinde unto him, and neglected him, because a friend to Drayton.

That Sir R. Aiton loved him dearly.

Nid Field was his schollar, and he had read to him the Satyres of Horace, and some Epigrames of Martiall.

That Markam (who added his English Arcadia) was not of the number of the Faithfull, *i.[e.] Poets*, and but a base fellow.

That such were Day and Middleton.

That Chapman and Fletcher were loved of him.

Overbury was first his friend, then turn'd his mortall enimie.

* * * *

OF HIS OWNE LYFE, EDUCATION, BIRTH, ACTIONS.

His Grandfather came from Carlisle, and, he thought, from Anandale to it: he served King Henry 8, and was a gentleman. His Father losed all his estate under Queen Marie, having been cast in prisson and forfaitted; at last turn'd Minister: so he was a minister's son. He himself was posthumous born, a moneth after his father's decease; brought up poorly, putt to school by a friend (his master Cambden); after taken from it, and put to ane other craft (*I think was to be a wright or bricklayer*), which he could not endure; then went he to the Low Countries; but returning soone he betook himself to his wonted studies. In his service in the Low Countries, he had, in the face of both the campes, killed ane enimie and taken *opima spolia* from him; and since his comming to England, being appealed to the fields, he had killed

his adversarie, which had hurt him in the arme, and whose sword was 10 inches longer than his; for the which he was emprissoned, and almost at the gallows. Then took he his religion by trust, of a priest who visited him in prisson. Thereafter he was 12 yeares a Papist.

He was Master of Arts in both the Universities, by their favour, not his studie.

He married a wyfe who was a shrew, yet honest: 5 yeers he had not bedded with her, but remayned with my Lord Aulbanie.

In the tyme of his close imprisonment, under Queen Elizabeth, his judges could get nothing of him to all their demands but I and No. They placed two damn'd villains to catch advantage of him, with him, but he was advertised by his keeper: of the Spies he hath ane epigrame.

When the King came in England at that tyme the pest was in London, he being in the country at Sir Robert Cotton's house with old Cambden, he saw in a vision his eldest sone, then a child and at London, appear unto him with the mark of a bloodie crosse on his forehead, as if it had been cutted with a suord, at which amazed he prayed unto God, and in the morning he came to Mr. Cambden's chamber to tell him; who persuaded him it was but ane apprehension of his fantasie, at which he sould not be disjected; in the mean tyme comes there letters from his wife of the death of that boy in the plague. He appeared to him (he said) of a manlie shape, and of that grouth that he thinks he shall be at the resurrection.

He was delated by Sir James Murray to the King, for writting something against the Scots, in a play Eastward Hoe, and voluntarily emprissonned himself with Chapman and Marston, who had written it amongst them. The report was, that they should then [have] had their ears cut and noses. After their delivery, he banqueted all his friends; there was Camden, Selden, and others; at the midst of the feast his old Mother dranke to him, and shew him a paper which she had (if the sentence had taken execution) to have mixed in the prisson among his drinke, which was full of lustie strong poison, and that she was no churle, she told, she minded first to have drunk of it herself.

He had many quarrells with Marston, beat him, and took his pistol from him, wrote his Poetaster on him; the beginning of them were, that Marston represented him in the stage, in his youth given to venerie. He thought the use of a maide nothing in comparison to the wantoness of a wyfe, and would never have ane other mistress. He said two accidents strange befell him: one, that a man made his own wyfe to court him, whom he enjoyed two yeares ere he knew of it, and one day finding them by chance, was passingly delighted with it; ane other, lay divers tymes with a woman, who shew him all that he wished, except the last act, which she would never agree unto.

S. W. Raulighe sent him governour with his Son, anno 1613, to France. This youth being knavishly inclyned, among other pastimes (as the setting of the favour of damosells on a cwd-piece), caused him to be drunken, and dead drunk, so that he knew not wher he was, therafter laid him on a carr, which he made to be drawn by pioners through the streets, at every corner showing his governour stretched out, and telling them, that was a more lively image of the Crucifix then any they had: at which sport young Raughlie's mother delyghted much (saying, his father young was so inclyned), though the Father abhorred it.

He can set horoscopes, but trusts not in them. He with the consent of a friend cousened a lady, with whom he had made ane appointment to meet ane old Astrologer, in the suburbs, which she kepted; and it was himself disguysed in a longe gowne and a whyte beard at the light of dimm burning candles, up in a little cabinet reached unto by a ledder.

Every first day of the new year he had 20 lb. sent him from the Earl of Pembrok to buy bookes.

After he was reconciled with the Church, and left of to be a recusant, at his first communion, in token of true reconciliation, he drank out all the full cup of wyne.

Being at the end of my Lord Salisburie's table with Inigo Jones, and demanded by my Lord, Why he was not glad? My Lord, said he, yow promised I should dine with yow, bot I doe not, for he had none of his meate; he esteemed only that his meate which was of his own dish.

He heth consumed a whole night in lying looking to his great toe, about which he hath seen Tartars and Turks, Romans and Carthaginians, feight in his imagination.

Northampton was his mortall enimie for beating, on a St. George's day, one of his attenders: He was called before the Councill for his Sejanus, and accused both of poperie and treason by him.

Sundry tymes he hath deuoured his bookes, *i.[e.] sold them all for necessity.*

He heth a minde to be a churchman, and so he might have favour to make one sermon to the King, he careth not what thereafter sould befall him: for he would not flatter though he saw Death.

At his hither comming, S^r Francis Bacon said to him, He loved not to sie Poesy goe on other feet than poetically Dactylus and Spondaeus.

* * * *

HIS OPINION OF VERSES.

That he wroth all his first in prose, for so his Master, Cambden, had learned him.

* * * *

OF HIS WORKES.

That the half of his Comedies were not in print.

He hath a pastorall intituled The May Lord. His own name is Alkin, Ethra the Countesse of Bedford's, Mogibell Overberry, the old Countesse of Suffolk ane inchanteress; other names are given to Somerset's Lady, Pembroke, the Countesse of Rutland, Lady Wroth. In his first storie, Alkin commeth in mending his broken pipe. *Contrary to all other pastoralls, he bringeth the clownes making mirth and foolish sports.*

He hath intention to writt a fisher or pastorall play, and sett the stage of it in the Lowmond lake.

That Epithalamium that wants a name in his printed Workes was made at the Earl of Essex marriage.

He is to writt his foot Pilgrimage hither, and to call it a Discoverie.

In a poem he calleth Edinborough

The heart of Scotland, Britaines other eye.

A play of his, upon which he was accused, The Divell is ane Ass; according to *Comedia Vetus*, in England the Divell was brought in either with one Vice or other: the play done the Divel caried away the Vice, he brings in the Divel so overcome with the wickedness of this age that thought himself ane Ass. *Παρεργους* is discoursed of the Duke of Drounland: the King desired him to conceal it.

He hath commented and translated Horace Art of Poesie: it is in Dialogue wayes; by Criticus he understandeth Dr. Done. The old book that goes about, The Art of English Poesie, was done 20 yeers since, and kept long in wrytt as a secret.

He had ane intention to have made a play like Plautus Amphitrio, but left it of, for that he could never find two so like others that he could persuade the spectators they were one.

* * * *

His Epitaph, by a companion written, is,

Here lyes *Benjamin Johnson* dead,
And hath no more wit than [a] goose in his head;
That as he was wont, so doth he still,
Live by his wit, and evermore will.

Ane other

Here lyes honest Ben,
That had not a beard on his chen.

* * * *

MISCELLANIES.

He was better versed, and knew more in Greek and Latin, than all the Poets in England, and quintessence their braines.

* * * *

Of all styles he loved most to be named Honest, and hath of that ane hundreth letters so naming him.

* * * *

In his merry humor he was wont to name himself The Poet.

He went from Lieth homeward the 25 of January 1619, in a pair of shoes which, he told, lasted him since he came from Darnton, which he minded to take back that farr againe: they

were appearing like Coriat's: the first two days he was all ex-coriate.

If he died by the way, he promised to send me his papers of this Country, hewen as they were.

I have to send him descriptions of Edinbrough, Borrow Lawes, of the Lowmond.

That piece of the Pucelle of the Court was stolen out of his pocket by a gentleman who drank him drousie, and given Mistress Boulstraid; which brought him great displeasure.

* * * *

January 19, 1619.

He [Jonson] is a great lover and praiser of himself; a contemner and scorner of others; given rather to losse a friend than a jest; jealous of every word and action of those about him (especiallie after drink, which is one of the elements in which he liveth); a dissembler of ill parts which raigne in him, a bragger of some good that he wanteth; thinketh nothing well bot what either he himself or some of his friends and countrymen hath said or done; he is passionately kynde and angry; careless either to gaine or keep; vindicative, but, if he be well answered, at himself.

For any religion, as being versed in both. Interpreteth best sayings and deeds often to the worst. Oppressed with fantasie, which hath ever mastered his reason, a generall disease in many Poets. His inventions are smooth and easie; but above all he excelleth in a Translation.

When his play of a Silent Woman was first acted, ther was found verses after on the stage against him, concluding that that play was well named the Silent Woman, ther was never one man to say Plaudite to it.

[*Notes of Ben Jonson's Conversations.* The extracts above were chosen to reflect the impression that Jonson made on Drummond. The reader should consult the complete document.]

William Drummond, 1619.

Letter to Ben Jonson, January 17, 1619.

Sir,

Here you have that Epigram which you desired with another of the like argument. If there be any other thing in this country

(unto which my power can reach) command it; there is nothing I wish more than to be in the calendar of them who love you. I have heard from Court that the late Masque was not so approved of the King, as in former times, and that your absence was regretted. Such applause hath true worth even of those who otherwise are not for it. Such, to the next occasion, taking my leave, I remain Your loving friend.

W. D.

[Reproduced in the Gifford-Cunningham edition of Jonson, 1871, i, xlvii.]

William Drummond, 1619.

Letter to Ben Jonson, July 1, 1619.

Worthy Friend,

The uncertainty of your abode was a cause of my silence this time past—I have adventured this packet upon hopes that a man so famous cannot be in any place either of the City or Court, where he shall not be found out. In my last (the missing letter) I sent you a description of Loch Lomond, with a map of Inch-merionach, which may, by your book, be made most famous, . . .

[Reproduced in the Gifford-Cunningham edition of Jonson, 1871, i, xlvii.]

Mr. Craven, 1619.

To Mr. Ben: Jonson in his Journey.

When witt, and learninge are so hardly sett
That from their needfull meanes they must be bard
Unless by going harde y^e mayntnance gett
Well maye Ben: Johnson say y^e world goes hard.

This was Mr Ben: Johnsons Answer of y^e suddayne

Il may Ben Johnson slander so his feete
for when y^e profitt with y^e payne doth meete
Although y^e gate were hard y^e gayne is sweete.

[Harl. MS. 4955; reproduced by W. D. Briggs, *Anglia*, xxxvii, 470.]

Oxford University Register, 1619.

19 July 1619, created M. A.:—

JOHNSON, BENJAMIN; “omni humana litteratura feliciter instructus et eo nomine serenissimo rege annua pensione eaque satis honorifica honestatus.”

[*Register of the University of Oxford, 1571–1622*, 1887, ii, 238.]

Thomas Cooke, 1619.

Mensis Jenevar Anno Regis Jacobi Decimo Septimo, 1619.

Thomas Cooke, one of the Gromes of the Prince his chamber, being sent in his Highnes service by ye comand of M^r Welter Alexander, Gentellman Usher, Daily Waiter to the Prince his Highnes, of two Message two severall tymes from the Court at Whithaell into London by Cripellgatt, to warn M^r Ben Johnson the Poet, and the Players at the Blackfriars to attend Hys Highnes that night following at Court, wch. severall services being done, he returned each tyme with answer. . . .

[Printed in *Notes and Queries*, 4th S., March 4, 1871, p. 183.]

Title-page, 1620.

The Silent Woman. A Comedie. Acted by the Children of the Revels. The Author B. Ionson. William Stansby sold by Iohn Browne, . . . 1620.

Henry Fitzgeoffrey, 1620.

How many *Volumes* lye neglected thrust
In every Bench-hole? every heape of dust?
Which from some *Gownis* practice, *Powder* plot,
Or *Tiburne Lecturs*, all their substance got:
Yet tosse our Time-stalles, you'll admire the rout
Of carelesse fearelesse *Pamphlets* flye about
Bookes *made of* Ballades; Workes *of* Playes. . . .

[*Certain Elegies*, 1620, lib. i, sat. 1. The allusion is one of many to Jonson's calling his volume of plays *The Workes of Benjamin Jonson*.]

John Taylor, 1620.

In Paper, many a Poet now survives
 Or else their lines had perish'd with their lives.
 Old *Chaucer*, *Gower*, and Sir *Thomas More*,
 Sir *Philip Sidney* who the Lawréll wore,
Spencer, and *Shakespeare* did in Art excell,
 Sir *Edward Dyer*, *Greene*, *Nash*, *Daniel*,
Silvester, *Beaumont*, Sir *John Harrington*,
 Forgetfulnessse their workes would over run,
 But that in Paper they immortally
 Doe live in spight of Death, and cannot dye.

And many there are living at this day
 Which doe in paper their true worth display:
 As *Davis*, *Drayton*, and the learned *Dun*,
Johnson, and *Chapman*, *Marston*, *Middleton*,
 With *Rowley*, *Fletcher*, *Withers*, *Massinger*,
Heywood, and all the rest where e're they are,
 Must say their lines but for the paper sheete
 Had scarcely ground, whereon to set their feete.

[*The Praise of Hemp-seed*, 1620; in the 1630 folio, p. 72.]

John Finett, 1621.

On Twelfeday following, the Ambassador and his chiefe followers were brought to Court by the Earle of Warwick to be present at a Maske [Jonson's *News from the New World*]; he seated as before with the King, the better sort of the other on a fourme behind the Lords (the Lord Treasurer onely and the Marquesse of Hamilton sitting at the upper end of it) and all the rest in a Box, and in the best places of the Scaffolds on the right hand of his Majesty. No other Ambassadors were at that time present or invited.

[*Finetti Philoxenis*, 1656, p. 71.]

Thomas Locke, 1621.

Letter to Sir Dudley Carleton, January 7, 1621.

Entertainments given to the Great Monsieur of France [Cadenet], at his first audience on New Year's Eve; on the 4th

instant, at the Parliament House; and on the 6th, at a masque [Jonson's *News from the New World*] at Whitehall, where none were allowed below the rank of a Baron.

[*Calendar of State Papers, Domestic, James I*, 1621, p. 212; cf. p. 214, no. 24.]

John Finett, 1621.

When it was thought, that the Spanish Ambassador would have held it an indignity, and wrong to his Master, to be present at a Maske [Jonson's *News from the New World*] seen before by a French Ambassador (as the last, and the same Maske had been by the Mareshall *de Cadenet* at Twelftide) he appeared at it on Shrove-Sunday [February 11] seated at the left hand of his Majesty under the State) different from what had been formerly resolved on, that no Ambassador in regard of their troublesome Puntillious) should any more sit so with his Majesty) and had his family placed over a Box at the Kings right hand, in which were placed the Spanish Ambassadors two Sons together with the Arch-Dutchess Agent.

[*Finetti Philoxenis*, 1656, p. 73.]

Sackville Crow, 1621.

Account [by Sackville Crow] of his disbursements [for Buckingham], out of 1,000£. received from Mr. Packer, including 100£. given to Ben Jonson.

[*Calendar of State Papers, Domestic, James I*, July 21, 1621, p. 277.]

John Chamberlain, 1621.

Letter to Sir Dudley Carleton, August 4, 1621.

On yesterday the King was to be entertained by the Lord of Buckingham at Burley in Rutlandshire, a house of the Lord of Harington's that he bought of the Lady of Bedford, where was great provision of Plays, Masques, and all manner of entertainment, and this day the Court removes to Belvoir.

[*The Progresses of King James the First*, J. B. Nichols, 1828, iii, 709. Jonson's *Masque of the Metamorphosed Gipsies* was given at Burley, August 3. On August 18 Chamberlain wrote to Carleton that the King was so much pleased with his entertainment at Buckingham's that he made some verses on the subject; see *State Papers*, cxii, no. 77.]

Joseph Mead, 1621.*Letter to Sir Martin Stuteville, September 15, 1621.*

A friend told me this Faire time (Stourbridge) that Ben Jonson was not knighted, but scaped it narrowly, for that his majestie would have done it, had there not been means made (himself not unwilling) to avoyd it.

[Baker's MSS., xxxii, 355; reproduced in the Gifford-Cunningham edition of Jonson, 1871, i, 1.]

Reversionary Grant, 1621.

A reversionary grant from the King, by letters patent dated October 5, 1621, of the Office of Master of the Revels, to "our beloved servant Benjamin Jonson, gentleman, the said office to be held and enjoyed by him and his assigns, during his life, from and after the death of Sir George Buc, and Sir John Astley, or as soon as the office should become vacant by resignation, forfeiture, or surrender."

[Grant Book, p. 346.]

John Chamberlain, 1621.*Letter to Sir Dudley Carleton, October 27, 1621.*

Ben Jonson's pension is increased from 100 marks to 200£. A ballad in his masque performed at Burghley was much applauded.

[*Calendar of State Papers, Domestic, James I*, 1621, p. 303.]

John Chamberlain, 1621.*Letter to Sir Dudley Carleton, November 17, 1621.*

Dr. Donne is to be Dean of St. Paul's, so that if Ben Jonson could be Dean of Westminster, St. Paul's, Westminster, and Christchurch would each have a poetical Dean.

[*Calendar of State Papers, Domestic, James I*, 1621, p. 310.]

Robert Burton, 1621.

And where shall a man walk, converse with whom, in what Province, City, and not meet with Signior *Deliro*, or *Hercules Furens*, *Menades*, and *Corybantes*?

* * * *

Many men to fetch over a young woman, . . . will not stick to . . . feign any thing comes next, . . . how bravely they will maintain her, like any Lady, Countess, Duchess, or Queen; they shall have gowns, tiers, jewels, coaches, and caroches, choice diet,

*The heads of Parrats, tongues of Nightingals, .
The brains of Peacocks, and of Estriches,
Their bath shall be the juice of Gilliflowers,
Spirit of Roses, and of Violets,
The milk of Unicorns, &c.*

as old *Vulpone* courted *Cælia* in the Comcedy. . . .

* * * *

'Tis a great fault (for some men are *uxorii*) to be too fond of their wives, to dote on them as Senior *Deliro* on his *Fallace*. . . .

[*The Anatomy of Melancholy*, 1621; edited by A. R. Shilleto, i, 134, iii, 141, iii, 307. *Delirio* and *Fallace* appear in *Every Man Out of his Humor*; the verses are quoted from *Vulpone*, iii, 6.]

John Finett, 1622.

Twelftide appearing, and a Maske [Jonson's *Masque of Augurs*] being to be presented by the Prince and other Lords and Gentlemen, my Lord Chamberlaine gave me in charge to repaire to the Venetian Ambassador, Seigniour *Girolenio Landi*, with this message as from himself (with request of his Secrecy) That whereas he had told him two or three days before that no Ambassador should be invited to the Maske (as the King had signified to him his intention) he perceived that the Spanish Ambassador (the Count of *Gondemar*) had under-hand pressed his Majesty to be invited, so as not to appear to have doubled with him in what he had told him, he bade me let his Excellency know, that if he would for forme sake be invited and frame some excuse for his not comming, he would himselfe (as from his Majesty) send him an invitation. But if he would be really invited and come, his request should be, that he would make his way to it by the Marquis of Buckingham. When I had delivered this message to the Ambassador in hearing of his Secretary (whom he called in) he made answer, That for excuse of his not comming (though for

forme invited) he would never give that advantage to the Spanish Ambassador to say of him, that one day he would be well, and another ill for his satisfaction (as he knew some had been) as if he stood in awe of him; and for the other point of making his way by the Marquis of Buckingham, he would never do it, since he had alwayes (he said) made his access to his Majesties Presence by the right door of the Lord Chamberlain, and would now enter by no other.

But since he saw (he said) what this tenderness meant, he desired me to intreat his Lordship in his name, that he would be pleased to go directly to his Majesty, and by way of remembrance (no otherwise) put him in mind from him, That the last year the French Ambassador Extraordinary Monsieur *de Cadenet*, and the Ordinary Monsieur *de Tilliers* were invited to the Prince his Maske at Christmas, and the Spanish Ambassador to the same Maske repeated at Shrovetide, to which he could and might justly have taken Exceptions, that he was both times omitted, but that the King of Bohemiaes Ambassador, being not then (no more then he) invited, he was content to suffer with him; but that now (though he might in reason expect, that he should be (as in his turne) invited alone, he would not be so punctuall, but would referre all to his Majesties pleasure, yet if any other Ambassador should be invited he would expect the like honour, as a respect due to the Prince and State he represented, who in all publicke places had, and were to have entertainment *il par delle teste Coronate* equall with Crowned Kings. And as for the Spanish Ambassador (he said) his presence at the Maske should not be an Exclusion to him with whom though he had no correspondency of business nor visits, he had yet of Salutation and civill respects, which had many times in incounters in the Streets, passed between them, and might and should pass on his part at the Mask, if he should there meete him: This message returned by me to the Lord Chamberlaine, and seconded at the same time by the Ambassadors Secretary, and my Lord conveying it to the King, his Majesty was pleased that he should be (as he was the next day) invited, and was at the Maske entertained with the like respect as was the Spanish Ambassador. The

States Ambassadors were not at the same time invited with respect to the incompatibility between them and the Spanish, and the Russian then here might with as little reason expect it, in regard he had questioned precedence of all other Kings Ministers. The French Ambassador had an Invitation *pro forma tantum*, with a civill request of his next comming to avoid question, which it seemes, he tooke not with discontent, because his Wife and Neece were there present invited. .

[*Finetti Philoxenis*, 1656, pp. 91-92.]

The Venetian Ambassador, 1622.

Girolamo Lando, *Venetian Ambassador in England, to the Doge and Senate, January 21 [O.S. 11], 1622.*

There was some idea not to invite me to the masque [Jonson's *Masque of Augurs*], which is one of the two annual ceremonies attended by the ambassadors. France was not asked because Spain had been. When I heard that they proposed to leave me out because Spain and I did not visit each other, I tactfully contrived to convey that your Serenity ought not to be deprived of the customary honour on that account, and finally I gained my point, to which I attached importance. The ceremony was most sumptuous.

[*Calendar of State Papers, Venetian*, xvii, 216.]

John Finett, 1622.

The night following [i.e. May 6, but really May 5] was represented a Maske [Jonson's *Masque of Augurs*], Acted the Christmas before by the Prince &c. At which were present (seated with his Majesty) the Spanish Ambassadors *Don Carlos de Colonna*, and the Count *de Gondemar*, though this had taken his leave three or four dayes before, his Son and other their Followers of quality had their seates neere the King in a Scaffold on his right hand; the rest of them were bestowed together with the States, and other strangers promiscuously on a Scaffold behind the King, over the entrance there on the left hand of his Majesty. The young Landsgrave of *Hess* was brought in by me the back way through the Garden, and supping with the Duke of *Lenox* (as

did also the Baron of *Paperherin* remaining here after the departure of the Emperours Ambassador) was seated amongst the great Ladies.

The French Ambassador *Monsieur de Tillier* receiving a kind of Invitation, by way of offer, to be present at this Maske, returned answer, that he most humbly kissed his Majesties handes for the honour intended him; but his stomach would not (he said) agree with cold meat, and desired therefore his absence might be pardoned, hereby pointing at the Invitation and presence of the Spanish Ambassador in the first place at the same Maske the Christmas before now repeated.

[*Finetti Philoxenis*, 1656, pp. 105-106.]

John Chamberlain, 1622.

Letter to Sir Dudley Carleton, May 11, 1622.

Barclay's *Argenis* has grown so scarce that the price has risen from 5s. to 14s.; the King has ordered Ben Jonson to translate it, but he will not be able to equal the original. . . . The King is at Greenwich or Eltham, and supped with the Lord Treasurer at Chelsea on May-day. At a masque [Jonson's *Masque of Augurs*] he sat between Gondomar and Don Carlos de Colonna the new Spanish Ambassador.

[*Calendar of State Papers, Domestic, James I*, 1622, p. 390.]

Title-pages, 1622.

The Masque of Augures. With several Antimasques. Presented on Twelfe night. 1621. [N.d.]

Ben Jonson his Motives. 1622. 8vo.

[Anthony à Wood, in *Athenæ Oxonienses* (ed. Bliss, 1815, ii, 614), mentions this second item among Jonson's published works; W. C. Hazlitt, *Hand-Book*, p. 307, describes it as "a tract relating to his differences with Inigo Jones." No copy is known, and Wood may have been in error.]

John Marriot, 1622.

The Stationer to the Reader.

I entreated him [Wither] to explain his meaning in certain obscure passages; but he told me how that were to take away

the employment of his interpreters. Whereas, he would purposely leave somewhat remaining doubtful, to see what Sir Politic Would-be and his companions could pick out of it.

[Prefixed to George Wither's *Faire-Virtue*, 1622, and signed John Marriot. Sir Politic Would-be is a character in *Volpone*.]

George Wither, 1622.

Readers; I speake to you that have understanding; when these first fruites of my infant *Muses* shall come to your iudicious censures; doe not looke for *Spencers* or *Daniels* well-composed numbers; or the deepe conceits of now-flourishing *Iohnson*. Say, 'Tis honest plaine matter, and there's as much as I expect. (To the Reader, p. 17.)

* * * * *

But what need any man therein speake more
 Than *Divine Sidney* hath already done?
 For whom (though he deceas'd ere I begun)
 I have oft sighed, and bewailed my Fate,
 That brought me forth so many yeeres too late
 To view that *Worthy*; And now thinke not you
 Oh *Daniel*, *Drayton*, *Iohnson*, *Chapman*, how
 I long to see you with your fellow Peeres,
Sylvester matchlesse, glory of these yeeres:
 I hitherto have onely heard your fames,
 And know you yet but by your Workes and Names:
 The little time I on the earth have spent,
 Would not allow me any more content:
 I long to know you better, that's the truth,
 I am in hope you'l not disdaine my Youth:
 For know you *Muses Darlings*, Ile not crave
 A fellowship amongst you for to have,
 Oh no; for though my ever-willing-hart
 Have vow'd to love and praise You and your Art,
 And though that I your stile doe now assume,
 I doe not, nor I will not so presume;
 I claime not that too-worthy name of *Poet*;
 It is not yet deserv'd by me, I know it:

Grant me I may but on your *Muses* tend,
 And be enroul'd their Servant, or their Friend;
 And if desert hereafter worthy make me,
 Then for a *Fellow* (if it please you) take me. (P. 292 ff.)

[*Abuses Stript and Whipt*, 1622, reprinted in the *Spenser Society Publications*, 1871.]

Reversionary Grant, 1622.

Grant to Wm. Painter of the reversion of the office of Master of the Revels, after Ben Jonson, who now holds the reversion after Sir Geo. Buck and Sir John Ashley.

[*Calendar of State Papers, Domestic, James I*, 1622, p. 432.]

Sir William Burlase, about 1622.

The Painter to the Poet.

To paint thy worth, if rightly I did know it,
 And were but painter half like thee, a poet:
 Ben, I would shew it.

But in this skill my unskilful pen will tire,
 Thou, and thy worth will still be found far higher;
 And I a liar.

Then, what a painter's here! or what an eater
 Of great attempts! when as his skill's no greater,
 And he a cheater?

Then, what a poet's here! whom, by confession
 Of all with me, to paint without digression,
 There's no expression.

[From the Gifford-Cunningham edition of Jonson, 1871, iii, 330. In his *Underwoods* Jonson prints a reply, *The Poet to the Painter. An Answer*.]

Sir Henry Herbert, 1623.

Upon New-years day at night *The Alchemist* was acted by the kings players.

[*The Dramatic Records of Sir Henry Herbert*, ed. J. Q. Adams, 1917, Plays and Masques at Court, p. 49.]

John Finett, 1623.

A Maske [Jonson's *Time Vindicated*] to be presented by the Prince, the Marquis of Buckingham, and other Gentlemen on Twelfnight, 1622. was for that day, and a second remitted till Sunday the ninth of *January*, principally with regard to his Majesties indisposition, but as some thought, not without expectation that the States Ambassadors would first be gone, to avoide the distaste that might be taken from their not Invitation, whereto it seemed his Majesty (for some Spanish respect as was thought) had no great affection. But they staying, (their business with the Merchants, about composing the East-Indian differences being not yet concluded) divers underhand passages, and discourses for and against the sight of the Maske, were carried to and fro as much as might be to content them, and not displease others. For first, they had an offer made them to have a Boxe appointed them apart and by themselves only, which they absolutely refused, Ambassadors Ordinarie before having had (said they) the honour to sit with his Majesty in the same place together with the French, and other Kings Ambassadors (as also with the Spanish, till that Question fell between him and Sir *Noell Caron*) but the intention in truth was, that they should not then be invited (at least to be ranked in publick, as they pretended it to be their due *al par delle Teste Coronate*) and reasons were framed to keep them off from discontent, as well as from their apparence there, but they might seem not of the Substantiallest. [The English Court was forced in the end to refuse outright to invite the Ambassadors from Holland to the masque.] . . . Onely a dozen of their followers had places assigned them over the Lord Chamberlains Box at the entrance into the Banquetting House from the Princes Galleries. . . . The French Ambassador that night, and the Venetian supped with the Duke of *Lenox*, and entered the Roome with the King, both seated there on his left hand; the French even with him, and the Venetian somewhat more forward.

[*Finetti Philoxenis*, 1656, pp. 115-16. Cf. Public Record Office, Lord Chamberlain's Books, Class Miscellaneous 5, No. 1, p. 115, May 7, 1622. See also *Calendar of State Papers, Domestic, James I*, 1623, p. 480.]

Sir Henry Herbert, 1623.

Upon Sunday, being the 19th of January, the *Princes Masque* [*Time Vindicated*] appointed for Twelſe daye, was performed. The speeches and songs composed by Mr. Ben. Johnson, and the scene made by Mr. Inigo Jones, which was three tymes changed during the tyme of the masque: where in the first that was discovered was a perspective of Whitehall, with the Banqueting House; the second was the Masquers in a cloud; and the third a Forrest. The French ambassador was present.

[*The Dramatic Records of Sir Henry Herbert*, ed. J. Q. Adams, p. 50.]

John Chamberlain, 1623.

Letter to Sir Dudley Carleton, January 25, 1623.

My very goode Lord: yt is somewhat long since I wrote and longer since I heard from you till yesterday that I receved yo^{rs} of the 27th of this present, the cause of my silence was the often deferring of the maske [*Time Vindicated*] and the k's removing caused by his indisposition, for here was nothing to write of but dauncing and feasting w^{ch} was more frequent all this christmas then ever I knew or remember, and continues ever since even till now, but the departure of the French ambassadors Lady wth her niece mademoiselle S^t Luc (who bare a principall part in all these meetings) was the cause that the maske could not well be put of longer then sonday last, the french and venetian ambassadors were present and they say yt was performed reasonable well both for the device, and for the handsome conveyance and varietie of the scene whereof Innigo Jones hath the whole commendation. Ben Johnson they say is like to heare of yt on both sides of the head for personating George Withers a poet or poetaster as he termes him, as hunting after fame by beeing a crono-mastix or whipper of the time, w^{ch} is become so tender an argument that yt must not be touched either in iest or earnest.

[State Papers, Domestic, James I, vol. cxxxvii, no. 27. Cf. Nichols, *Progresses*, iii, 802; *Court and Times of James I*, ii, 356. Miss Sullivan, in *Court Masques of James I*, p. 246, dates the letter January 20, but internal evidence points to the later date.]

John Chamberlain, 1624.*Letter to Sir Dudley Carleton, January 3, 1624.*

Here is much practising against the masque [*Neptune's Triumph*] at Twelfth-night, and many meetings at Noblemen's houses in the afternoons; as, yesterday the Prince, with the rest of the retinue, were at the Lord of Bridgewater's, where they had a great banquet, and afterwards went home to supper, as the usual manner is.

[*The Progresses of King James the First*, J. B. Nichols, 1828, iii, 947.]

Title-page, 1624?

Neptunes Triumph for the returne of Albion, celebrated in a Masque at the Court on the Twelfth night 1623.

[This masque was prepared for Twelfth Night, but was not presented. The above edition has neither printer's name nor date. The statement on the title-page, combined with the details of the presentation, suggest that it was printed in anticipation of the actual performance.]

Sir Henry Herbert, 1624.

Upon Twelwe Night [January 6, 1624], the maske [*Neptune's Triumph*] being put off, *More Dissemblers besides Women*, by the King's company, the prince only being there.

[*The Dramatic Records of Sir Henry Herbert*, ed. J. Q. Adams, p. 51.]

John Finett, 1624.

A Maske [*Neptune's Triumph*] being prepared by the Prince (with the Duke of Buckingham, and others &c.) for Twelfthnight a message was sent from his Majesty to the French Ambassador (by whom carried I could not learne) to this purpose. That whereas there was a Maske towards, and that his Majesty was desirous that the Marquess *de la Inojosa*, who had not seene any in this Kingdome, should be at it, he intended to visit him also (the French Ambassador, and in the first place, but would take it, as a respect to his satisfaction, if (to avoid the incounter, and question about their Precedence) he might before hand know, that he would be absent, framing some such excuse, as he should

think fittest. To this the Ambassador returning at that instant no satisfieing answer, he soone after intreated the Earle of *March* to present one from him to his Majesty in these words. That about two yeares since upon the like occasion, he had received the like message, but knowing how strongly his Majesty stood then affected to the Allience with Spaine, he would give him no distast, but with excuse of his indisposition kept himselfe absent, that if he should now againe do the like, he should in the sight of the world put a scorne upon himselfe, and do an unanswerable wrong to the King his Master, between whom, and the King of Spaine his Majesty knew (if he would be pleased to declare his knowledge) that there was no question to be made of the right of Precedence; that in this regard, he humbly beseecht his Majesty to proceed plainly, and fairely without using any more colourable, or alternative Invitations (as he had done,) which might imply a Parity, in no sort to be yeilded to by the King his Master, in whom was the absolute right of Priority. That if his Majesty intended to invite him, he hoped he would intend also to entertain him with fitting respects, for come he would, if he should be invited, and if he should not, and the other [the Spanish Ambassador] should, he would protest against it, and immediately returne home to the King his Master with the account of his Treatment. That further his Majesty would be pleased to consider, that whereas he was at that instant sending a Person of quality to the King his Master, he might with reason expect, that whatsoever want, or omission he (the French Ambassador) should meet with here, it would be returned in France in the same measure. This message (the substance whereof he repeated to me two or three dayes after) was brought little sooner to the King, then it was made known to the Marquess *de la Inojosa*, who instantly sent for the Master of the Ceremonies, and in a storming manner gave him a message (repeating it twice or thrice) to be delivered to his Majesty by him in this sence; that he knew what respect had been formerly given the King of Spaines (his Masters Ministers) especially those that had been here Extraordinary, and what alternative course of invitation had been used with them, and the French; that he

looked for no less honour to be done to him then to his Predecessors, and that since it was both his right and his turne to be now invited, he would expect it, beseeching his Majesty not underhand to invite the French Ambassadors (as he knew (he said) he was intended) but to invite him directly, and openly first, and only, that so if (he *Inojosa*) must be made a Subject for gazers abroad, it might be to some purpose, and that he might have a just, and an apparent cause to write to his Master of the wrong done him here in his Minister, with other words in an high Spanish Stile to that purpose, which when the Master of the Ceremonies had twice or thrice requested him to temper, to take time to think better of them, and to communicate his intended message with his Colleague (*Don Carlos*) he only yeilded to satisfie him in this last of communicating his intention (as he did that night with that much more temperate and considerate Gentleman) from whom wresting (as *Don Carlos* himself after acknowledged) a consent for the carriage of that message to the King by Sir *Lewes Lewkner*, the Maske was thereupon respited &c.

[*Finetti Philoxenis*, 1656, pp. 133-35. See also Lord Chamberlain's Office, Class Miscellaneous, 5, no. 1, pp. 148 ff., reprinted by Miss Mary Sullivan, *Court Masques of James I*, p. 247.]

John Chamberlain, 1624.

Letter to Sir Dudley Carleton, January 17, 1624.

The Masque [*Neptune's Triumph*] for Twelfth-night was put off by reason of the King's indisposition, as was pretended; but the true cause is thought to be the competition of the French and Spanish Ambassadors, which could not be accommodated in Presence.

[*The Progresses of King James the First*, J. B. Nichols, 1828, iii, 960.]

John Chamberlain, 1624.

Letter to Sir Dudley Carleton, June 19, 1624.

Sends convivial laws of Ben Jonson, laid down for a chamber in the inn of the Devil and St. Dunstan, by Temple Bar.

[*Calendar of State Papers, Domestic, James I*, clxviii, no. 8.]

John Chamberlain, 1624.

Letter to Sir Dudley Carleton, August 21, 1624.

Young Maynard wrote a masque, which was acted before the King at Burghley, with little applause; Ben Jonson wrote one to be performed before the King at Killingworth, whilst the King was at Warwick.

[*Calendar of State Papers, Domestic, James I*, vol. clxxi, no. 66.]

Sir Henry Herbert, 1624.

1624, December 27. Upon St. John's night, [the prince] and the duke of Brunswick being there, *The Fox*, by the [King's Men]. At Whitehall.

For the Palsgrave's Company; A new Play, called, *The Masque*. The masque book was allowed of for the press; and was brought me by Mr. Jon[son] the 29th December 1624.

[*The Dramatic Records of Sir Henry Herbert*, ed. J. Q. Adams, pp. 52, 30, 41. The second entry seems to be confused; for a possible explanation see *op. cit.*, p. 30, note 3.]

A[braham] H[olland], 1625.

A generall Folly reigneth, and harsh Fate
Hath made the World it selfe insatiate!
It hugges these Monsters and deformed things,
Better than what *Iohnson* or *Drayton* sings:
As in North-Villages, where euery line
Of *Plumpton Parke* is held a worke *diuine*.

[A *Continued Inquisition against Paper-Persecutors*, in A. B. Grosart, *The Complete Works of John Davies*, 1878, ii, 80.]

John Finett, 1625.

The fourth of *January* I received Order for the invitation of the French Ambassador (the Marquess *de Fiat*) the Venetian Seignior *Pesaro* (not long before arrived here in place of Seignior *Valeresso*) and two Agents Monsieur *Brumeau* for the King of Spaine, and Monsieur *Van Mal* for the Archdutches) to a Maske [Jonson's *The Fortunate Isles*] of the Prince, with certaine Lords and Gentlemen on Twelfnight. I propounded, and obtained of

the Venetian that he would (Sir *Lewes Lewknor* being then absent) call in his way to Court, and accompany thither the French Ambassadors, that I might with one labour attend them both, and introduce them (as I had directions) by the Parke through the Galleries at eight of the clock at night (the place, and hour assigned also the Agents) but being the next morning, assured by the Prince himself, that the Maske was to be put off till Sunday the ninth of *January*, I was upon his Highness intimation sent to disinvite them all which I performed with the French personally, and with the rest by Letter. But on Saturday re-invited them for the next day, when about four of the clock, the Marquess *Hamilton*, (Lord Steward of his Majesties Household) then supplying the place of the Lord Chamberlaine indisposed) gave me in charge to repaire to the Ambassadors, and to let them know, that in regard of the inconveniency that would grow from the intrusion of multitudes of people by the way of the Galleries (if they were left open) he desired they would enter the Court by the great Gate, and thence pass for their repose to the Marquesses Lodgings, till the King should come by, and take them along with him. This intimation was given also to the two Agents, who had the same Order for their Entrance as the former, but were likewise diverted, and conducted to a Roome apart in my Lord Stewards Lodgings, which was so ordered of design to avoid their, and the French Ambassadors incounter, not with apprehension of strife for place, their difference of qualities of Agents and Ambassadors clearing all such question, but of distast perhaps to either from their incompatibility; a regard taken also in placing their Followers in severall Scaffolds to avoid differences and wranglings that might occure even amongst those of inferior condition, if seated promiscuously together in a Scaffold; a provisionable care that the King himself had, and expressed it that day at his Dinner. The Ambassadors were seated with the King (as accustomed) and the Agents bestowed amongst the Lords, beneath Earles, and above Barons.

[*Finetti Philoxenis*, 1656, pp. 143-44. See also Lord Chamberlain's Office, Class Miscellaneous, 5, no. 1, pp. 164 ff., reprinted by Miss Mary Sullivan, *Court Masques of James I*, p. 248.]

John Chamberlain, 1625.*Letter to Sir Dudley Carleton, January 8, 1625.*

We should have had a Masque [*The Fortunate Isles*] on Twelfth-night, but it was put off till to-morrow, and perhaps longer or altogether, as it was last year.

[*The Progresses of King James the First*, J. B. Nichols, 1828, iii, 1027.]

Sir Henry Herbert, 1625.

Upon Twelve night [January 6, 1625], the Masque [*The Fortunate Isles*] being put of, and the prince only there, *Tu Quoque* by the Queene of Bohemias servants. At Whitehall, 1624.

Upon the Sondag night following, being the ninthe of January 1624, the Masque [*The Fortunate Isles*] was performed.

[*The Dramatic Records of Sir Henry Herbert*, ed. J. Q. Adams, p. 52.]

Title-page, 1625?

The Fortunate Isles and their Vnion, celebrated in a Masque design'd for the Court, on the Twelfth night. 1624.

Caleb Morley, about 1625.

Coppie of a noate of Mr. Morleys, had fro Oxford. Whereas Caleb Morley Mr. of Arts & sometymes fellowe of Baliel Colledg in ye Universitie of Oxon hath intended & laboured a speedie and certaine Course for ye attayning & retayninge of languages & other partes of good literature purposed for ye generall ease & benifit of ye studious in either kinde. We whose names are under written & of ye same Universitie purpose & promise our best furtherance & assistance therein on his behalfe by our Countenance & Labours to our powers not onlie to welcome but also to helpe such a labour pretended for ours provided that any Contribution of money from us be always excepted.

Sir Robert Cotton, Sir Henry Spilman, Dr. Rives (?) Advoc. Regis, Dr. Duck, Cancillar, Londi., Dr. Baskeville, Med. Dr., Dr. Andrews, Med. Dr., Mr. S——, Theolog., Mr. Adsworth (?), Theolog., Mr. Selden, Gentl., Mr. Benjam. Johnson, Mr. Mathew Bust, Mr. of Eaton School, Mr. Farnaby, Heynes (?), Mr. Robinson Scholar of Winchester, S.

[MS. in Sl. 1466 ff., f. 16; reprinted by W. D. Briggs, *Modern Philology*, xi, 287. Many great persons seem to have interested themselves in Morley's project. On October 28, 1624, Conway writes to the Bishop of London saying that "the King wishes his opinion on a new alphabet invented by Mr. Morley, a minister, for the more easy attaining of languages, for the sole printing and publishing of which he requests a patent."]

Richard James, 1625.

To Mr. Benj: Jhonson on his Staple of News first presented.

Sir, if my robe and garbe were richly worth
 The dainger of a statute comming forth,
 Were I or man of law or law maker,
 Or man of Courte to be an undertaker;
 For judgement would I then comme in and say
 The manye honours of your staple play:
 But being nothing so, I dare not haile
 The mightie floates of ignorance, whoe faile
 With winde and tide; their Sires, as stories tell,
 In our eight *Harrie's* time crownd *Skeltons* Nell,
 And y^e foule Boss of *Whittington* with greene
 Bayes, which on living frontes are rarelye seene;
 Soone sprung soone fading; but deserving verse,
 Must take more lasting glorie from y^e herse;
 When vulgars loose their sight, and sacred peeres
 Of poetrie conspire to make your yeeres
 Of memorie eternall, then you shalbe read
 By all our race of Thespians, board and bed;
 And banck and boure, vallie and mountaine will
 Rejoice to knowe somme pieces of your skill;
 Your rich Mosaique workes, inled by arte
 And curious industrie with everie parte
 And choice of all y^e Annicients.—So I write,
 Though for your sake I dare not say and fighte.

[*The Poems, etc., of Richard James*, ed. A. B. Grosart, 1880, p. 221.]

Richard James, 1625.

Some *Iohnson*, *Drayton*, or some *Herick* would
 Before this time have characted the Mould

Of his perfections; and in living Lines,
Have made them knowne before these mourning times.

[*The Muses Dirge, consecrated to the Remembrance of the High and Mightie Monarch, James, 1625; in The Poems, etc., of Richard James, ed. A. B. Grosart, 1880, p. 121.*]

Richard James, about 1625.

Ad Doct. Franciscū James.

Tertullianus, Cyprianus, Chrysostomus acriter invehunter in artem Roscianam et spectacula. * * * Credo si reviviscerent jā patres illi libenter spectarent ingenīū fœcundissimi Beniamini Jonsoni, quem ut Thuanus de Petro Ronsardo censeo cū omni antiquitate comparandū si compta et plena sensibus poemata ejus et scenica spectemus: cui non Catullianum illud et Martialis sunt in apologiā. Nam castū esse decet piū poetam ipsum: versiculos nihil necesse est, et

innocuous censura potest permittere lusus

Lasciva est nobis pagina, vita proba est:

Sed chartam amat vita innocentiorē, ut quam reposcēt in ævū longū elegantiorum manus, cum pulvis et umbra tantū fuerit tam virginis chartæ pater:

Ede tuos tandem populo Jonsone libellos

Et cultum docto pectore profer opus

Quod nec Cecropiæ damnent Pandionis artes

Nec sileant nostri, prætereantque senes.

Ante fores stantem dubitas admittere famam

Teque piget famæ præmia ferre tuæ

Post te victuræ per te quoque vivere chartæ

Incipiant, cineri gloria fera venit.

[From a MS. volume of letters by Richard James: reprinted by A. B. Grosart in his edition of *The Poems, etc. of Richard James*, 1880, pp. lv-lvi.]

The Stationers' Registers, 1626.

John Waterson

14 Aprill

Entred for his Copie under the handes of Master Doctor Worrall and Master Islip warden A booke Called *The Staple of Newes* being a Comedie. vj^d

[Arber's *Transcript*, iv, 156.]

William Cavendish, Duke of Newcastle, 1626.*Of the Entertainments he made for King Charles the First.*

When his Majesty was going into Scotland to be crowned, he took his way through Nottinghamshire; and lying at Worksop Manor, hardly two miles distant from Welbeck, where my Lord then was, my Lord invited his Majesty thither to a dinner, which he was graciously pleased to accept of. This entertainment cost my Lord between four and five thousand pounds; which his majesty liked so well, that a year after his return out of Scotland, he was pleased to send my Lord word, that her Majesty the Queen was resolved to make a progress into the northern parts, desiring him to prepare the like entertainment for her, as he had formerly done for him. Which my Lord did, and endeavoured for it with all possible care and industry, sparing nothing that might add splendour to that feast, which both their Majesties were pleased to honour with their presence: Ben Jonson he employed in fitting such scenes and speeches as he could best devise; and sent for all the gentry of the country to come and wait on their Majesties; and, in short, did all that ever he could imagine, to render it great, and worthy their royal acceptance.

[*The Life of William Cavendish, Duke of Newcastle*, by Margaret Cavendish, 1667, ed. C. H. Firth, 1886, pp. 190-92.]

Michael Drayton, 1627.*Of Poets and Poesie.*

Next these, learn'd *Iohnson*, in this List I bring,
 Who had drunke deepe of the *Pierian* spring,
 Whose knowledge did him worthily prefer,
 And long was Lord here of the Theater,
 Who in opinion made our learn'st to sticke,
 Whether in Poems rightly dramatique,
 Strong *Seneca* or *Plautus*, he or they,
 Should beare the Buskin, or the Socke away.

[*The Battaile of Agincourt*, etc., 1627, p. 207.]

Tradition, before 1628.

Ben: Johnson was at a taverne and in comes Bishoppe Corbett (but not so then) into the next roome; Ben: Johnson calls for a quart of *raw* wine, gives it the tapster: "Sirrha," sayes he, "carry this to the gentleman in the next chamber, and tell him I *sacrifice* my service to him"; the fellow did so, and in those words: "Friend," sayes Dr. Corbett, "I thanke him for his love; but pr'y thee tell hym from me hee's mistaken, for *sacrifices* are allwayes *burn't*."

[Printed from Sir Nicholas L'Estrange, *Merry Passages and Jests*, Harl. MS. 6395, by William J. Thoms, in *Anecdotes and Traditions*, Camden Society, 1839, pp. 29-30.]

London City Records, 1628.

Martis secundo die Septembris 1628 Annoque R Rs Caroli Angliae, etc., quarto.

Item: this daie Beniamyn Johnson Gent is by this Court admitted to be the Citties Chronologer in place of Mr. Thomas Middleton deceased, to have hold exercise and enioye the same place and to have and receive for that his service out of the Chamber of London the some of one hundred Nobles per annum to contynue duringe the pleasure of this Court and the First quarters payment to beginn att Michaelmas next.

[Extract from the City Records, Rep. No. 42, fol. 271.]

Examination, 1628.

Examination of Benjamin Jonson, of Westminster, gent., taken by Attorney General Heath. Saw certain verses beginning, "Enjoy thy bondage," and ending, "England's ransom here doth lie," and entitled, "To his confined Friend, &c.," at Sir Robert Cotton's house at Westminster. Coming there, as he often does, these verses lying on the table after dinner, he was asked concerning them as if he had been their author. Protests the contrary, on his Christianity and hope of salvation. Heard of them with detestation. Heard by common fame that one Zouch Townley made them, a scholar and a divine, and a student of Christ Church, Oxford. On a Sunday after examinant had

heard Mr. Townley preach at St. Margaret's in Westminster, Mr. Townley taking a liking to a dagger with a white haft which examinant wore at his girdle, examinant gave it to him two nights after, being invited by Townley to supper, but without any relation to these verses.

[*Calendar of State Papers*, vol. cxix, no. 33, October 26, 1628.]

William Davenant, 1629.

Flo[rello]. D'ye walk like Neptune in a masque
Attended on by two o' th' calm winds?

[*The Just Italian*, IV. i. The allusion is to Jonson's *Fortunate Isles*.]

Thomas May, 1629.

To my worthy friend, John Ford.

'Tis said, from Shakspeare's mine your play you drew:
What need?—when Shakspeare still survives in you;
But grant it were from his vast treasury reft,
That plund'rer Ben ne'er made so rich a theft.

[Reprinted in Malone's *Shakspeare*, ed. Boswell, 1821, i, 405. The play referred to is *The Lover's Melancholy*. Cf. the entry "Eudymion Porter, before 1635."]

Francis Lenton, 1629.

He better loves Ben Johnson's booke of playes,
But that therein of wit he finds such plenty,
That hee scarce understands a jest of twenty.

[*The Young Gallants Whirligigg*, 1629; in Shakespeare Society Publications, 1846, p. 126.]

Sir Henry Herbert, 1629.

1628-9, January 19. *The New Inn*, by Ben Jonson, licensed.

[*The Dramatic Records of Sir Henry Herbert*, ed. J. Q. Adams, p. 32.]

Treasurer of Westminster Abbey, 1629.

Jan. 19, 1628[9]. Given by Dr. Price to Mr. Benjamin Jhonson in his sickness and want; wth consent of Dr. Price, Dr. Sutton, Dr. Grant, Dr. Holt, Dr. Darel, and my Lord of Lincoln's good likinge signified by Mr. Osbalston 5^{li}.

This I sent to Dr. Price, February 24, by Tho. Bush.

[An Entry in the Accounts of the Treasurer of Westminster Abbey;
see *The Antiquary*, xli, 70.]

Joseph Webbe, 1629.

A Letter breefly touching the large extent & infinite use, of yt little booke called Entheatus Materialis primus, lately written by ye Author of yt booke, to his deare & lovinge frend Mr. Benjamin Johnson. And his answere.

Mr. Benjamin Johnson, eldest sonne of our Brittainē musēs:
J. W. wisheth Bayes; a marble, or some brasen statua; &
perpetuall memory.

Deare Brother

Within ye circuite of my best acquaintance, I find none of Apollo's Judges to grace more ye seate of his Justice either with gravity of person, multiciplicitie of reading, or depht of understanding; than you doe. Nor find I any, from w'm I should more joyfull receive applause for good; or more patiently tolerate, rebuke for ill; than from ye doome of yours discretion. Give mee therefore leave to intreate none but you to lift the Balance betweene my last booke, & some ill Savouring breath of Malice, now call'd emulation; & to make a just report of both theyre valeswes.

[Webbe then goes on to complain of the envious strictures that have been passed upon him, to ask Jonson to judge between him and his critics, to give a complex mathematical demonstration of the principle of his book, and at length concludes:]

Though much more may be sayde in ye behalfe of this little booke: yet let this suffice for ye present. And let report & it bee judg'd by your opinion. Meane while I rest.

Your devoted frend

and brother

Joseph. Webbe.

Glassenbury house
in Smithfield, Jan:
20, 1628[-9]:

[Sl. MS. 1466 ff., 203 f., printed by W. D. Briggs, *Modern Philology*, xi, 286. Jonson's answer appears to be lost.]

James Shirley, 1629.

To the Right Honourable Francis, Earl of Rutland, &c.

My most honoured Lord,

When the age declineth from her primitive virtue, and the silken wits of the time, (that I may borrow from our acknowledged master, learned *Jonson*) disgracing nature, and harmonious poësy, are transported with many illiterate and prodigious births, it is not safe to appear without protection. . . .

[Dedication of *The Grateful Servant*, 1629.]

William Habington, 1629.

. . . Go forward still; and when his Muse expires,
Whose English stains the Greek and Latin lyres,
Divinest Jonson, live to make us see
The glory of the stage reviv'd in thee.

[Gratulatory poem to James Shirley, prefixed to *The Grateful Servant*, 1629.]

Thomas Randolph, about 1629.

*An Answer to Master Ben. Jonson's Ode, to persuade
him not to leave the Stage.*

Ben, do not leave the stage,
'Cause 'tis a loathsome age;
For pride and impudence will grow too bold
When they shall hear it told
They frightened thee. Stand high, as is thy cause;
Their hiss is thy applause.
More just were thy disdain,
Had they approv'd thy vein.
So thou for them and they for thee were born,
They to incense, and thou as much to scorn.

Wilt thou engross thy store
Of wheat, and pour no more
Because their bacon-brains have such a taste
As more delight in mast?
No; set 'em forth a board of dainties full,
As thy best muse can cull;

While they the while do pine
And thirst 'midst all their wine.
What greater plague can hell itself devise,
Than to be willing thus to tantalise?

Thou canst not find them stuff
That will be bad enough
To please their palates; let 'em thine refuse
For some Pie-Corner muse.
She is too fair a hostess, 'twere a sin
For them to like thine Inn.
'Twas made to entertain
Guests of a nobler strain,
Yet if they will have any of thy store,
Give 'em some scraps, and send them from thy door.

And let those things in plush,
Till they be taught to blush,
Like what they will, and more contented be
With what Broome swept from thee.
I know thy worth, and that thy lofty strains
Write not to clothes, but brains.
But thy great spleen doth rise,
'Cause moles will have no eyes;
This only in my Ben I faulty find;
He's angry, they'll not see him that are blind.

Why should the scene be mute,
While thou canst touch a lute,
And string thy Horace? let each Muse of nine
Claim thee, and say [that] thou art mine.
'Twere fond to let all other flames expire
To sit by Pindar's fire:
For by so strange neglect,
I should myself suspect
The palsy were as well thy brains disease,
If they could shake thy muse which way they please.

And though thou well canst sing
 The glories of thy king,
 And on the wings of verse his chariot bear
 To heaven, and fix it there;
 Yet let thy muse as well some raptures raise
 To please him as to praise,
 I would not have thee choose
 Only a treble muse;
 But have this envious, ignorant age to know:
 Thou, that canst sing so high, canst reach as low.

[*Poetical and Dramatic Works of Thomas Rundolph*, ed. W. Carew Hazlitt, 1875, p. 581; printed from the Kingsborough-Haslewood MS., vol. i, fol. 115.]

I. C., about 1629.

Ode to Ben Jonson, upon his Ode to Himself.

Proceed in thy brave rage
 Which hath raised up our stage
 Unto that height as Rome, in all her state,
 Or Greece might emulate;
 Whose greatest senators did silent sit,
 Hear and applaud the wit,
 Which those intemperate times
 Used when it taxed their crimes;
 Socrates stood and heard with true delight
 All that the sharp Athenian Muse did write
 Against his supposed fault;
 And did digest the salt
 That from that full vein did so freely flow:
 And, though that we do know
 The Graces jointly strove to make that breast
 A temple for their rest,
 We must not make thee less
 Than Aristophanes.
 He got the start of thee in time and place,
 But thou hast gained the goal in art and grace.

But if thou make thy feasts
For the high-relished guests
And that a cloud of shadows shall break in,
It were almost a sin
To think that thou shouldst equally delight
Each several appetite;
Though Art and Nature strive
Thy banquets to contrive.
Thou art our whole Menander, and dost look
Like the old Greek; think then but on his cook.

If thou thy full cups bring
Out of the Muses' spring
And there are some foul mouths had rather drink
Out of the common sink,
There let them seek to quench th' hydropic thirst
Till the swoln humour burst.
Let him, who daily steals
From thy most precious meals,
Since thy strange plenty finds no loss by it,
Feed himself with the fragments of the wit.

And let those silken men,
That know not how or when
To spend their money or their time, maintain
With their consumed no-brain
Their barbarous feeding on such gross base stuff
As only serves to puff
Up the weak, empty mind,
Like bubbles full of wind,
And strive t' engage the scene with their damned oaths,
As they do with the privilege of their clothes.

Whilst thou takest that high spirit,
Well purchased by thy merit:
Great Prince of Poets, though thy head be gray,
Crown it with Delphic bay,
And from the chief (pin) in Apollo's choir
Take down thy best tuned lyre,

Whose sound shall pierce so far
 It shall strike out the star
 Which fabulous Greece durst fix in heaven, whilst thine
 With all due glory here on earth shall shine.

Sing, English Horace, sing
 The wonder of thy King;
 Whilst his triumphant chariot runs his whole
 Bright course about each pole.
 Sing down the Roman harper; he shall rain
 His bounties on thy vein,
 And with his golden rays
 So gild thy glorious bays,
 That Fame shall bear on her unwearied wing
 What the best Poet sung of the best King.

[From *Q. Horatius Flaccus: His Art of Poetry. Englished by Ben: Jonson*, 1640. Gifford assigns the poem to John Cleveland, but J. M. Berdan, in his edition of Cleveland's poems, 1903, p. 177, seriously questions the attribution.]

Thomas Carew, about 1629.

To Ben Jonson.

Upon occasion of his Ode of Defiance annexed to his
 Play of 'The New Inn.'

'Tis true, dear BEN, thy just chastising hand
 Hath fix'd upon the 'sotted Age a brand,
 To their swol'n pride and empty scribbling due;
 It can nor judge, nor write: and yet 'tis true
 Thy Comic Muse, from the exalted line
 Touch'd by thy '*Alchemist*,' doth since decline
 From that her zenith, and foretells a red
 And blushing evening, when she goes to bed;
 Yet such as shall outshine the glimmering light
 With which all stars shall gild the following night.
 Nor think it much, since all thy Eaglets may
 Endure the Sunny trial, if we say
 'This hath the stronger wing,' or, 'that doth shine
 Trick'd up in fairer plumes'; since all are thine.

Who hath this flock of cackling geese compar'd
 With thy tuned choir of swans? or who hath dared
 To call thy births deform'd? but if thou bind
 By City-Custom or by *Gavel-kind*
 In equal shares thy love on all thy race,
 We may distinguish of their sex and place;
 Though one hand shape them, and though one brain strike
 Souls into all, they are not all alike.

Why should the follies, then, of this dull Age
 Draw from thy pen such an immodest rage,
 As seems to blast thy else-immortal Bays,
 When thine own tongue proclaims thy itch of praise?
 Such thirst will argue drought. No, let be hurl'd
 Upon thy works by the detracting world
 What malice can suggest: let the Rout say
 'The running sands that—ere thou make a play—
 Count the slow minutes, might a *Goodwin* frame,
 To swallow when th' hast done thy shipwreck'd name.'
 Let them the dear expense of oil upbraid,
 Suck'd by thy watchful lamp, 'that hath betray'd
 To theft the blood of martyr'd authors, spilt
 Into thy ink, whilst thou growest pale with guilt.'

Repine not at thy thrifty taper's waste,
 That sleeks thy terser poems; nor is haste
 Praise, but excuse; and if thou overcome
 A knotty writer, bring thy booty home,
 Nor think it theft, if the rich spoils so torn
 From conquer'd authors be as Trophies worn.
 Let others glut on the extorted praise
 Of vulgar breath; trust thou to after days:
 Thy labour'd 'Works' shall live, when Time devours
 Th' abortive offspring of thy hasty hours.
 Thou art not of their rank, the quarrel lies
 Within thine own verge: then let this suffice—
 The wiser world doth greater Thee confess
 Than all men else, than Thy self only less.

[*Poems*, 1640.]

Anonymous, about 1629.*The Cuntry's Censure on Ben Johnsons New Inn.*

Listen (decaying Ben) and Counsell heare
 Wittes have their date and strength of braines may weare
 Age, steept In sacke, hath quencht, thy Enthean fier
 Wee pittye now, whom once, wee did Admire:
 Surrender then thy right to th' stage; forbear
 To dare to wright, what others Loath to heare
 and Justlye, since thy Crazye Muse doth now
 To quitte her Spartane province; fayntly knowe
 Swear not by God tis good; for yff you doe:
 The world will taxe your zeale, and Judgment too;
 for In a Poett, yf that's last regarded
 New Inn's discretion, hath the quite discarded:
 From Aganippes pale, and pluct the Amonge
 Not the giddy headed; but the unbrowed Throne.
 Rayle not att the Actors; doe not them Abuse,
 Action to dullness; Cannott Life Infuse;
 For Velvett, Scarlett, Plush, doe tell you true,
 'Twas not their Cloathes; but they did blush for you;
 To see; and was not that, Just cause of rage;
 Weakenes and Impudence possest the stage,
 Iniurde the strength of witt; now cloyde and dry;
 Goodstucke, Prue, Frampole, Stuffell, Burst typ: fly;
 And their Comrades, whose Language but to heare;
 Might stricke A surffett, Into A gentle eare,
 but lett me tell thee this, Ben; by the way,
 Thy Argument's as tedious as thy play;
 Thou saist noe Palsye doth thy Brayne pan vex,
 I praye the tell me what; an Apoplex:
 Thy Pegasus can stirr, yett thy best Care,
 Makes hur but shuffle; lyke the parson mare
 Who from his owne side witt; sayes thus by mee,
 Hee hath bequeathed his bellye unto thee,
 To holde that little Learning, whiche is fled;
 Into thy Guttes; from out thy Emptye head;

Yett thou art Confident; & darst still sweare,
 The fault's not In thy Brain, but In their care;
 What dismale fate is this thus on the seaseth;
 Thy worth doth fayle; thy Arrogance Increaseth;
 Pride and presumption, hath dethronde thy witt,
 And set upp Philantie; In place of ytt;
 Thy Inbred Darling, whose stronge selfe Concept,
 Forstalling prayse, did thy Just prayse defeate,
 Worth being selfe praisd, doth fall, hee is the best Poett;
 Can Justly merritt Prayse; & yett scarce knowe ytt;
 But tis New Inn's disaster; not to knowe
 What or thy selfe, or others Can Allow
 Wee wronge the nott, for take thy enraged Appeale
 Twill rather foster thy Mad wound then heale
 For knowe; what Justly doth dispise,
 Doth prove, A greater scandell to our eyes;
 And sure that sensure must Impartiall bee
 Whear readers, and spectators both agree;
 Yett, yll pure need Inforce thee, to this shame,
 Wee proner are to Advise thee, then to blame,
 Since wittes doe fayle, thou wert best pore Crackt braine else;
 To turne myne host; and keepe new Inn thy selfe;
 But Change thy signe, yll thou'lt, bee ruld by me
 Noe more Light hart, but light Brayne; lett yt bee.

[MS. Ashmole 38, fol. 79, 80.]

Owen Feltham, about 1629.

An answer to the Ode, Come leave the loathed Stage, &c.

Come leave this sawey way
 Of baiting those that pay
 Dear for the sight of your declining Wit;
 'Tis known it is not fit,
 That a Sale Poet, just contempt once thrown,
 Should cry up thus his own.
 I wonder by what Dower,
 Or Patent, you had power
 From all to rape a judgment. Let't suffice,
 Had you been modest, y'ad been granted wise.

'Tis known you can do well,
And that you do excell.
As a Translator: But when things require
A *Genius*, and Fire,
Not kindled heretofore by others pains;
As oft y've wanted Brains
And Art to strike the White,
As you have levell'd right:
Yet if Men vouch not things Apochryphal,
You bellow, rave, and spatter round your Gall.

Jug, Pierce, Peek, Fly, and all
Your Jests so nominal,
Are things so far beneath an able Brain,
As they do throw a Stain
Thro' all th' unlikely Plot, and do displease
As deep as *Pericles*.
While yet there is not laid
Before a Chamber-maid
Discourse so weigh'd as might have serv'd of old
For Schools, when they of Love and Valour told.

Why Rage then? when the Show
Should Judgment be and Know-
Ledge, there are in *Pluck* who scorn to drudge
For Stages, yet can judge
Not only Poets looser Lines, but Wits,
And all their Perquisites,
A Gift as rich, as high
Is Noble *Poesies*:
Yet tho' in sport it be for *King*: a Play,
'Tis next *Mechanicks*: when it works for pay.

Alcæus: Lute had none,
Nor loose *Anacreon*.
Ere taught so bold assuming of the Bay-
When they deserv'd no praise.
To rail Men into Approbation,
Is new to yours alone:

And prosper not: For know,
 Fame is as coy, as you
 Can be disdainful; and who dares to prove
 A rape on her, shall gather scorn, not Love.

Leave then this humour vain,
 And this more humorous Strain,
 Where Self-conceit, and Choler of the Blood
 Eclipse what else is good:
 Then if you please those Raptures high to touch,
 Whereof you boast so much;
 And but forbear your Crown,
 Till the World puts it on:
 No doubt from all you may amazement draw,
 Since braver Theme no *Phæbus* ever saw.

[*Lusoria; or Occasional Pieces*, first printed as an addition to the eighth edition of *Feltham's Resolves*, 1661, folio.]

Richard Brome, after 1629.

The Prologue.

Quot quot adestis Sakete saketote.

The Schoolemaster that never yet besought yee,
 Is now become a suitor, that you'll sit,
 And exercise your Judgement with your wit,
 On this our Comedy, which in bold Phrase,
 The Author sayes has past with good applause
 In former times. For it was written, when
 It bore just Judgement, and the seal of *Ben*.
 Some in this round may have both seen 't, and heard,
 Ere I, that beare its title, wore a Beard. . . .

[Prologue to Richard Brome's *The City Wit*, acted 1629, printed 1653.]

James Howell, 1629.

To my Father, Mr. Ben. Johnson.

Father *Ben*. *Nullum fit magnum ingenium sine mixtura de-
 mentia*, there's no great Wit without some mixture of madness;
 so saith the Philosopher: Now was he a fool who answer'd,

nec parvum sine mixtura stultitiæ, nor small wit without some allay of foolishness. Touching the first, it is verifi'd in you, for I find that you have been oftentimes mad; you were mad when you writ your *Fox*, and madder when you writ your *Alchymist*; you were mad when you writ *Catilin*, and stark mad when you writ *Sejanus*; but when you writ your *Epigrams*, and the *Magnetick Lady*, you were not so mad: Insomuch that I perceive there be degrees of madness in you. Excuse me that I am so free with you. The madness I mean is that divine Fury, that heating and heightning Spirit which *Ovid* speaks of.

Est Deus in nobis, agitante calescimus illo: That true Enthusiasm which transports, and elevates the souls of Poets above the middle Region of vulgar conceptions, and makes them soar up to Heaven to touch the Stars with their laurell'd heads, to walk in the *Zodiac* with *Apollo* himself, and command *Mercury* upon their errand.

I cannot yet light upon Dr. *Davies Welsh Grammar*, before *Christmas* I am promis'd one: So, desiring you to look better hereafter to your Charcoal-fire and Chimney, which I am glad to be one that preserv'd it from burning, this being the second time that *Vulcan* hath threaten'd you, it may be because you have spoken ill of his Wife, and been too busy with his Horns; I rest—Your Son, and contiguous Neighbour, J. H.
Westm., 27 June 1629.

[*Epistolæ Ho-Eliaæ: Familiar Letters Domestic and Foreign*, ed. J. Jacobs, 1892, p. 267. Though probably not genuine letters, it has seemed best to insert these under the dates assigned to them.]

James Howell, 1630.

To Mr. Ben. Johnson.

Father *Ben*, you desir'd me lately to procure you Dr. *Davies's Welsh Grammar*, to add to those many you have; I have lighted upon one at last, and I am glad I have it in so seasonable a time that it may serve for a New-year's-gift, in which quality I send it you. . . .

—Your Son and Servitor, J. H.
Cal. Apr. 1629.

[*Epistolæ Ho-Eliaæ*, ed. J. Jacobs, 1892, p. 276. Cf. the preceding entry.]

Royal Grant, 1630.

Charles, R.

CHARLES, by the grace of God, Kinge of England, Scotland, Fraunce, and Ireland, defender of the faith, &c. to the Theasurer, Chancellour, under Theasurer, Chamberlens, and Barons of the Exchequer of us, our heirs and successours, now beinge, and that hereafter shall be; and to all others to whom these presents shall come, or to whom it shall or may apperteyn, greeting. Whereas our late most deare father King James of happy memorie, by his letters pattents under the great seale of England, bearing date at Westminster, the first day of February, in the thirteenth year of his reign of England (for the considerations therein expressed) did give and graunt unto our well beloved servaunt, Benjamin Johnson, one annuitie or yearly pension of one hundred marks of lawful money of Englande, during his life, to be paid out of the said Exchequer, at the feast of the Anunciation of the blessed Virgin Mary, the Nativity of St. John Baptist, St. Michael the Archangel, and the birth of our Lord God, quarterly, as by the said letters patents more at large may appear. Which annuity or pension, together with the said letters patents, the said Benjamin Johnson hath lately surrendered unto us. Know yee now, that wee, for divers good considerations us at this present especially movinge, and in consideration of the good and acceptable service, done unto us and our said father by the said Benjamin Johnson, and especially to encourage him to proccede in those services of his witt and penn, which wee have enjoined unto him, and which we expect from him, are graciously pleased to augment and encrease the said annuitie or pension of one hundred marks, unto an annuitie of one hundred pounds of lawful money of England for his life. And for the better effecting thereof of our especial grace, certen knowledge and meer motion, we have given and graunted, and by these presents for us, our heirs and successors, upon the surrender aforesaid, do give and graunt unto the said Benjamin Johnson, one annuitie or yearly pension of one hundred pounds of England by the year, to have, hold, and yearly to receive the said annuitie or yearly pension of one hundred pounds of lawful money of England by the year,

unto the said Benjamin Johnson or his assignes, from the feast of our Lord God last past, before the date hereof, for and during the natural life of him the said Benjamin Johnson. . . . And further know yee, that wee of our more especial grace, certain knowledge and meer motion, have given and granted, and by these presents for us, our heires and successors, do give and graunt unto the said Benjamin Johnson and his assigns, one terse of Canary Spanish wine yearly: to have, hold, perceive, receive, and take the said terse of Canary Spanish wine unto the said Benjamin Johnson and his assigns during the term of his natural life out of our store of wines yearly, and from time to time remayninge at or in our cellers within or belonging to our palace of Whitehall. And for the better effecting of our will and pleasure herein, we do hereby require and command all and singular officers and ministers whom it shall or may concerne, or who shall have the care or charge of our said wines, that they or some one of them do deliver or cause to be delivered the said terse of wine yearly, and once in every year unto the said Benjamin Johnson or his assignes, during the terme of his natural life, at such time and times as he or they shall demand or desire the same. And these presents or the inrollment thereof shall be unto all men whom it shall concerne a sufficient warrant and discharge in that behalf, although express mention, &c. In witness, &c.

Ex per Ro. Heath.

Witness, &c.

Maie it please your most excellent Majestie,

This conteyneth your majestie's graunte unto Benjamin Johnson, your majestie's servaunte, during his life, of a pension of 100 £ *per annum*, and of a terse of Spanish wine yearly out of your majestie's store remaining at White-hall.

And is done upon surrender of a former letters patents granted unto him by your late royal father, of a pension of 100 marks *per annum*.

Signified to be your Majestie's pleasure by the Lord Theasurer.

Ro. Heath.

[Endorsed thus:]

March 1630.

Expl. apud Westm' vicesimo sexto die Martii anno R Ris Caroli quinto,

per Windebank.

[Reprinted from *The Works of Ben Jonson*, ed. P. Whalley, 1756, i, lviii-lxi.]

Exchequer Accounts, 1630.

Exchequer account of receipts and issues from this day to the 16th inst. Among the payments occurs, "Ben Jonson, 25 £."

[*Calendar of State Papers, Domestic, Charles I*, vol. clxx, no. 43, July 9, 1630.]

Anonymous, about 1630?

Big Benjamin hath had a cup of sacke
 So often at his mouth that now his backe
 Is almost brooke; whereas if hee his cup
 In his sack's mouth had closely tyed up:
 Hee might have had a blessing and have bin
 As fortunate as little Beniamin—
 Though hee bee broake, and broake, and broke in twaine
 The Parliament hath peiced him againe.

[Harl. MS. 4955, fol. 84, reproduced in Peter Cunningham's *Extracts from the Accounts of the Revels at Court*, 1842, p. xlix.]

The Stationers' Registers, 1630.

John Spencer

3^o Julij 1630.

Assigned ouer unto him by Mistris Bur[re] by a note
 under her hand and consent of master Purfoot warden,
 the copies followinge.....iiij^s

Narcissus the fountaine of [self] love. [Jonson]

A mad world my masters.

The Alchemist [Jonson]

The preachers travelles [Cartwright]

Silent Woman [Jonson]

Od[e] combes Complaint [T. Coryat]

Ignoramus [G. Ruggle]

An Introduction to a devout life.

Conclave Ignatij [J. Donne]

[Arber's *Transcript*, iv, 238.]

Thomas Carew, 1630.

Now noise prevails, and he is tax'd for drouth
Of wit, that, with the cry, spends not his mouth . . .
These are the men in crowded heaps that throng
To that adulterate stage, where not a tongue
Of th'untun'd Kennel can a line repeat
Of serious sense: but, like lips meet like meat;
Whilst the true brood of Actors, that alone
Keep natural unstrain'd action in her throne,
Behold their benches bare, though they rehearse
The terser Beaumont's or great Johnson's verse.
Repine not thou then, since this churlish fate
Rules not the stage alone; perhaps the State
Hath felt this rancour, where men great and good
Have by the rabble been misunderstood.
So was thy Play, whose clear, yet lofty strain,
Wisemen, that govern Fate, shall entertain.

[*To my worthy Friend, M. D'avenant, upon his excellent Play, The Just Italian*, prefixed to *The Just Italian*, 1630.]

Thomas Randolph, 1630.

*A gratulatory to Master Ben. Johnson, for his adopting
him to be his son.*

I was not born to Helicon, nor dare
Presume to think myself a Muse's heir.
I have no title to Parnassus Hill
Nor any acre of it by the will
Of a dead ancestor, nor could I be
Ought but a tenant unto poetry.
But thy adoption quits me of all fear,
And makes me challenge a child's portion there.
I am akin to heroes, being thine,
And part of my alliance is divine,

Orpheus, Musaeus, Homer too, beside
Thy brothers by the Roman mother's side;
As Ovid, Virgil, and the Latin lyre
That is so like thee, Horace; the whole quire
Of poets are, by thy adoption, all
My uncles; thou hast given me power to call
Phoebus himself my grandsire; by this grant
Each sister of the Nine is made my aunt.
Go, you that reckon from a large descent
Your lineal honours, and are well content
To glory in the age of your great name,
Though on a herald's faith you build the same:
Though you may bear a gorgon on your crest
By direct line from Perseus; I will boast
No further than my father; that's the most
I can, or should be proud of; and I were
Unworthy his adoption, if that here
I should be dully modest; boast I must,
Being son of his adoption, not his lust.
And, to say truth, that which is best in me
May call you father; 'twas begot by thee.
Have I a spark of that celestial flame
Within me? I confess I stole the same,
Prometheus-like, from thee; and may I feed
His vulture, when I dare deny the deed.
Many more moons thou hast, that shine by night,
All bankrupts, were't not for a borrow'd light,
Yet can forswear it; I the debt confess,
And think my reputation ne'er the less.
For, father, let me be resolv'd by you:
Is't a disparagement from rich Peru
To ravish gold; or theft, for wealthy ore
To ransack Tagus' or Pactolus' shore?
Or does he wrong Alcinous, that for want
Doth take from him a sprig or two, to plant
A lesser orchard? Sure, it cannot be:
Nor is it theft to steal some flames from thee.

Grant this, and I'll cry guilty, as I am,
 And pay a filial reverence to thy name,
 For when my muse upon obedient knees
 Asks not a father's blessing, let her lese
 The fame of this adoption; 'tis a curse
 I wish her, 'cause I cannot think a worse.
 And here, as piety bids me, I entreat
 Phoebus to lend thee some of his own heat,
 To cure thy palsy; else I will complain
 He has no skill in herbs; poets in vain
 Make him the god of Physic, 'twere his praise
 To make thee as immortal as thy bays—
 As his own Daphne, 'twere a shame to see
 The god not love his priest more than his tree.
 But if heaven take thee, envying us thy lyre,
 'Tis to pen anthems for an angel's quire.

[*Poetical and Dramatic Works*, ed. W. C. Hazlitt, 1875, p. 537; printed from the Kingsborough-Haslewood MS., vol. i, fol. 128.]

Sir George Gresley, 1631.

Letter to . . . , Essex House, February 2, 1631.

The Queen and her ladies do practise the masque [Jonson's *Chlorida*], which they intend to perform at Shrovetide, twice a-week.

[Thomas Birch, *The Court and Times of Charles the First*, 1848, ii, 95; the letter is inadvertently dated 1632.]

Sir Thomas Colepepper, 1631.

Letter to Sir Francis Nethersole, at The Hague, February 15, 1631.

Everybody is busy about the performance of the Queen's mask [*Chlorida*] on Shrovetide next. All the Court ladies are daily practitioners.

[*Calendar of State Papers, Domestic, Charles I*, clxxxv, no. 5. See also no. 23.]

The Lord Chamberlain's Warrant-Book, 1631.

Warrant to Edmund Taverner Esq. for £600 to be employed towards the Queen's Masque [*Chloridia*] at Shrove-tide next. Feb. 14th 1630-1.

Warrant for £ 200 extra to be paid Taverner for the same Masque. Feb. 19. 1630.

[Extracts from the Lord Chamberlain's Warrant-Book, v, 93, pp. 228, 231; reproduced in *Jahrbuch der Deutschen Shakespeare-Gesellschaft*, xlv, 95.]

Sir Henry Herbert, 1631.

Received of Mr. Taylor and Lowins, in the name of their company, for the benefitt of my winter day, upon the second day of Ben Jonson's play of *Every Man in his Humour*, this 18 day of February, 1630—12*l.* 4*s.* 0*d.*

[*The Dramatic Records of Sir Henry Herbert*, ed. J. Q. Adams, p. 44.]

Title-pages, 1631.

Loues Triumph through Callipolis. Performed in a Masque at Court 1630. By his Maiestie with the Lords, and Gentlemen assisting. The Inuentors. Ben. Ionson. Jnigo Iones. . . . I.N. for Thomas Walkley. 1630.

Chloridia. Rites to Chloris and her Nymphs. Personated in a Masque, at Court. By the Queenes Maiesty And her ladies. At Shroue-tide. 1630. . . . for Thomas Walkley.

[These two masques were presented at Court on January 9, 1631 and February 22, 1631 respectively. The second bears no date of printing, but both were published by Thomas Walkley, and both, probably, appeared before March 23, 1630-31.]

The Stationers' Registers, 1631.

Thomas Alchorne

17^{mo} die Aprilis 1631.

Entred for his Copye under the handes of Sir Henry Herbert and Master Kingston warden a Comedy Called *New Inne* written by Ben: Johnson vj^d

[Arber's *Transcript*, iv, 251.]

Title-page, 1631.

The New Inne. Or, The light Heart. A Comoedy. As it was never acted, but most negligently play'd, by some, the King's Servants. And more squeamishly beheld, and censured by others, the Kings Subiects. 1629. Now, at last, set at liberty

to the Readers, his Mat^{ies} Servants, and Subiects, to be iudg'd.
1631. By the Author, B. Ionson. . . . London, printed by
Thomas Harper, for Thomas Alchorne, . . . MDCXXXI.

R. Goodwin, 1631.

Vindiciae Jonsonianae.

Since, what past Ages onlie had begun,
and ventur'd at, Thou hast exactlie done;
And that the Ancients, more precede not thee
in Time, then thou dost them, in Poësie:
Staine not that Well-gaind Honour, with the Crude,
or the rash Censure, of a Multitude
Of Silken fooles; who cannot Understand
(for they were borne not to have wit, but Land)
Thy sublim'd Soule: but daily doe preferre
those, who almost as diligentlie erre,
as thou dost write; more Comick rules mistake,
then thou observ'dst of old, or new dost make;
Revenge those wrongs with pittie; for wee see,
'tis Ignorance in them, noe Crime in thee,
that moulds their Judgments. who ere chanc't to see,
that vast prodigious Louvre-Gallerie,
but at his Entrance (judging by his Eyes)
Would thinke the roof inclin'de, the floore did rise!
And, at the end, each Equidistant Side,
mett in one Point! though, there, they bee as wide
as where he stood; soe they who now adaies
Come to behold, not understand thy Plaies;
With weake-ey'd Judgment, easelie may deprese
thy loftie Muse, extoll the Lowlines,
of trampled Poets; with Sinister Witt,
Contract thy Dexterous vaine to answeare it,
and be deceav'd like him, or as those Eyes,
which, through grosse Vapours, and thick ayre that flies
Close to the earth, the riseing Sun can view,
and with deluded Sence doe judge it true,
that, then, hee's twice as Great, as when hee hath ran,
and is inthron'd, in their Meridian.

Though at that time, he was more distant farre,
 then the Whole Earth's Semidiameter;
 Even so these Gallants, when they chance to heare
 A new Witt peeping in their Hemisphere,
 Which they can apprehend, their clouded Braines,
 Will straight admire, and Magnifie his Straines,
 farre above thine; though all that he hath done,
 is but a Taper, to thy brighter Sun;
 Wound them with scorne! Who greives at such Fooles tongues,
 doth not revenge, but gratifie their Wrongs.
 Who's doom'd to erre, Unto himself must bee
 An Heretique, if he judge right of Thee:
 Icterick-eyes, all different colours thinke
 the same; What feaverish Palates drinke,
 tast's ill; though nere so good; wee find by Sence,
 ev'en Contraries may have Coincidence.
 for, to a Smileing Statue, let a hand
 adde some few Teares, though all the lines els stand,
 and Liniaments untouch't, it will appeare,
 like Sorrowes figure, and the lively chere
 Drown'd into Sadnes: soe when these bold Men,
 blindlie misled, shall temerate thy Pen,
 Adding their Censures; thou maist seeme to bee,
 as different from Thy selfe, as they from Thee.
 Wer't not the Sence I had of sacred witt,
 I should have call'd it Blasphemy 'gainst witt,
 And Sacriledge 'gainst Art; but when I see
 They little knowe themselves, & farr lesse Thee,
 Their dislike is thine Honour; Hee that's mov'd,
 With such mens censures; graunteth it half prov'd
 that he is guiltie; Innocence no Lawes,
 Vertue feares no Detraction; 'tis no cause,
 Yet Argument of worth, in that 'tis true,
 Your Witt cannot suite them, nor their Braines you.
 Could such poore Intellectualls as theirs,
 But reach thy pitch, the Mind, that now admires,
 Would then contemne Thee; Hee's esteem'd by none,
 that can be understood by every one;

Fear'st then, thy Fame that warr's 'gainst Tyme; Thy Pen,
that triumph's, can be foil'd by Out-side Men?
Such Aromaticque Trees? is 't such a Grace
t'have pretious Barkes, when as the Timber's base?
Had they been halfe soe vers'd in witt; soe bred
in Learned Authors, as they're deepe lie read
in subtill Shop-Bookes, I confesse their Doome,
that give's thee a laurell now, had giv'n thee a Tombe.
But scorne to stand, feare not to fall, by Votes
of such imbroydered—glittering—Silver Coates!
The Capitol was sav'd, I doe confesse
by watchfull Geese; but when Roomes thankfulnes;
a silver goose erected, which there stood,
did that discover foes, or doe Roome good?
Nor can these Gilt-men, Thee. Thy dareing Pen,
that may contend with Fate, can that feare men?
When Roome, that quel'd the world, to thee had beene
a debtor for her Safetie (had she seene,
or beene so blest, as to have heard one Lyne,
Which thy Pen wrote of bloody Cataline)
More, then to that Vaine Consulls glorieing Style,
Whose every period seemes a German myle;
Whose fluent tongue, more lively, at that time,
express his owne vaine-glorie, then their Crime;
for words and Actions, might be easely knowne,
the thought's were only Cataline's, and thine owne.
And thou didst write, what he durst think, or dare:
Could wee now Question Cataline, and compare
Him with thy writeings, wee should sweare, almost,
Thy Muse had beene Confessor to his Ghost;
And his soules Characters in his Front had read,
Which threatned death, when he himself was dead.
Had shee read thy Sejanus life, and fate;
World's second Head! that Tympany of State!
She had a wonder seene, farre greater, then,
then was himselfe! him, equall'd by thy Pen!
Nay more a miracle; for on thy Stage,
Cæsar's out done in Crafte, Rome in her rage.

The other workes, rais'd by thy skillfull hand,
 pittying the Worlds old wonders, they shall stand
 As Monuments of thee, more firme, amidst
 all envies blasts, then Ægypt's Pyramids
 Those burthens of the Earth, 'gainst laboring stormes;
 Thus, then secur'd above the reach of Harmes,
 Low Soules can meditate; use not that pen,
 that could affright the world, 'gainst such poore Men.
 Hee is more foole, then Tyrant, that would kill,
 His Enemie at once: too great an Ill
 It is to them, they cannot hurt thee: bee
 then wise to them as they are fooles to Thee.
 For if those men that built th' Ephesian Pile,
 did feed the toil'd out Asses all the while,
 on publique charge, whose younger strength did bring,
 Materialls to that Structure (as a thinge
 As great in Charity, for them to yield
 food to those beasts, as Piety to builde
 Their Goddesses such a Temple) shal't be thought
 that the ridiculous Asses, which once brought,
 Thee such Materials, as have made thy Stage,
 to be the Greatest wonder of our Age,
 Should not at last (tyr'd-out in Follies) gett,
 Licence to banquet, their Decrepit Witt,
 on Offall Poets? on the Comon Store,
 and Scraps of witt? Nay greive there are no more,
 to please their Tasts. for when Fooles plentie bee,
 Wise men are Miracles. When Rome did see,
 at Cæsar's Triumph, all the figures there,
 of rich Materials, Gold and Silver were:
 And in the Triumph, next to his, not one,
 but carv'd in wood, in Ivory, or Stone;
 They did conceive, the last which they had seen,
 serv'd as a case to keepe great Cæsars in:
 Soe after thy rare peeces, when wee heare
 such blockish Poëms, doe they not appeare
 like dark-foiles, closely sett? which cannot shine,
 Yet give what in themselves they want, to thine,

Lustre and life; as they were only showne,
 to lock thy Memory up in, not their owne;
 and that soe safelie too; that Fate from Thee
 Cannot take life; it may Mortalitie;
 Other Oblivion, then, thou ne're shalt find,
 then that, which, with Thee must put out Mankind.

[Harl. MS. 4955; reproduced by W. D. Briggs, *Anglia*, xxxvii, 479.]

John Selden, 1631.

But of the Crown of Laurell given to Poets, hitherto. And thus haue I, by no unseasonable digression, performed a promise to you my beloved *Ben. Jonson*. Your curious learning and judgement may correct where I have erred, and adde where my notes and memory have left me short. You are

—*omnia Carmina doctus*

Et calles Mythw̃n plasmata & Historiam.

And so you both fully know what concernes it, and your singular Excellencie in the Art most eminently deserves it.

[*Titles of Honor*, second, and revised, edition, 1631. The above passage does not appear in the first edition of 1614.]

Edmund Howes, 1631.

Our moderne, and present excellent Poets which worthily flourish in their owne workes, and all of them in my owne knowledge lived together in this Queenes raigne, according to their Priorities as neere as I could, I have orderly set downe (viz) *George Gascoigne* Esquire, *Thomas Churchyard* Esquire, Sir *Edward Dyer* Knight, *Edmond Spencer* Esquire, Sir *Philip Sidney* Knight, Sir *John Harrington* Knight, Sir *Thomas Challoner* Knight, Sir *Frauncis Bacon* Knight, & Sir *John Davie* Knight, Master *Iohn Lillie* Gentleman, Master *George Chapman* Gentleman, M. *W. Warner* Gentleman, Mast. *Wil. Shakespeare* Gentleman, *Samuell Daniell* Esquire, *Michaell Draiton* Esquire, of the Bath, Master *Christopher Marlo* Gen., M. *Benjamin Johnson* Gentleman, *Iohn Marston* Esquire, Master *Abraham Frauncis* Gent., Master *Frauncis Meers* Gentle., Master *Josua Siluester* Gentle., Master *Thomas Decker* Gentleman, M. *John Flecher*

Gentle., Mast. *John Webster* Gentleman, Ma. *Thomas Heywood* Gentleman, M. *Thomas Middleton*, Master *George Withers*.

[*Annales, or Generall Chronicle of England*, 1631, p. 811.]

James Shirley, 1631.

Hip[polito]. . . . Are you melancholy? a masque is prepared, and music to charm Orpheus himself into a stone; numbers presented to your ear that shall speak the soul of the immortal English Jonson . . .

[*Love's Cruelty*, II, ii.]

Lucius Carey, Viscount Falkland, 1631.

So let His liegiers with the poets joyne;
Both having shares, both must in grief combine:
Whil'st Johnson forceth with his elegie
Teares from a griefe-unknowing Scythian's eye,
(Like Moses, at whose stroke the waters gusht
From forth the rock and like a torrent rusht).

[*An Elegy on Dr. Donne*, reprinted in *Miscellanies of The Fuller Worthies' Library*, ed. A. B. Grosart, iii, 381.]

The Stationers' Registers, 1631.

Master Allott

7^o September.

Assigned over unto him by a note under the hand of
Master John Waterson a booke called *The stapell of*
Newes written by Master Ben: Johnsonvj^d

this note was subscribed by Master
Islip and master Smithwicke Wardens

[*Arber's Transcript*, iv, 260.]

Proposed Edition, 1631?

Bartholomew Fayre: A Comedie, Acted in the Yeare, 1614.
By the Lady Elizabeths Servants. And then dedicated to King
Iames, of most Blessed Memorie; By the Author, Benjamin
Iohnson. . . . London, Printed by I. B. for Robert Allot, and
are to be sold at the signe of the Beare, in Pauls Church-yard.
1631.

The Diuell is an Asse: A Comedie Acted in the Yeare, 1616.
By His Maiesties Servants. The Author Ben: Iohnson. . . .
London, Printed by I. B. for Robert Allott . . . 1631.

The Staple of Newes. A Comedie Acted in the Yeare, 1625.
By His Maiesties Servants. The Author Ben: Iohnson. . . .
London, Printed by I. B. for Robert Allot . . . 1631.

[These three plays, printed in folio, with continuous signatures, seem to have been designed for a second volume of Jonson's *Workes* as originally issued in 1616; some copies were apparently bound up, without a general title-page (a copy, thus originally bound, is in the possession of one of the editors of this Allusion-Book). All three plays were later included in the folio volume of 1640, which, though it contains in addition *The Magnetic Lady*, *A Tale of a Tub*, *The Sad Shepherd*, and *Mortimer His Fall*, has the title *The Workes of Benjamin Jonson. The Second Volume. Containing these Playes, Viz. 1 Bartholomew Fayre. 2 The Staple of Newes. 3 The Diuell is an Asse.*]

Thomas Heywood, 1631.

To the Reader.

Curteous Reader, my plaies have not beene exposed to the publicke view of the world in numerous sheets, and a large volume, but singly (as thou seest) with great modesty and small noise.

[Prefixed to *The Fair Maid of the West*. Heywood elsewhere takes occasion to refer adversely to Jonson's issuing his plays under the title of *Workes*.]

London City Records, 1631.

Jovis decimo die novembris 1631, Annoque Regni Regis Caroli Angliae, etc., septimo.

Item: it is ordered by this Court that Mr. Chamberlen shall forbear to pay any more fee or wages unto Benjamine Johnson the Citties Chronologer until he shall have presented unto this Court some fruits of his labours in that his place.

[Extract from the City Records, Rep. No. 46, fol. 8. See Jonson's interesting letter to the Earl of Newcastle, December 10, 1631, printed in the Shakespeare Society Papers, 1844, vol. i: "Yesterday the barbarous Court of Aldermen have withdrawn their Chanderly Persion for Verjuice and Mustard, 33^{li} 6 s."]

Sir Henry Herbert, 1631.

Received of Mr. Blagrave, in the name of the kings company, for the benefitt of my winter day, taken upon *The Alchemiste*, this 1 of Decemb. 1631,—13*l.* os. od.

[*The Dramatic Records of Sir Henry Herbert*, ed. J. Q. Adams, p. 44.]

John Pory, 1632.

Letter to Sir Thomas Puckering, January 12, 1632.

The last Sunday at night, the king's Mask was acted in the banquetting house, the queen's being suspended till another time, by reason of a soreness which fell into one of her delicate eyes.

The inventor or poet of this Mask was Mr. Aurelian Townshend, sometime toward [steward] to the Lord Treasurer Salisbury; Ben Jonson being, for this time, discarded by reason of the predominant power of his antagonist, Inigo Jones, who, this time twelve-month, was angry with him for putting his own name before his in the title-page: which Ben Jonson has made the subject of a bitter satire or two against Inigo.

Jan. 12, 1631.

[Reprinted from the Gifford-Cunningham ed. of Jonson, 1871, i, lv.]

John Milton, 1632.

Then to the well-trod stage anon,
If Jonson's learned sock be on.

[*L'Allegro*, ll. 131-32.]

Sir Aston Cokaine, 1632.

Thou more than Poet, our *Mercurie* (that art
Apollo's Messenger, and do'st impart
His best expressions to our eares) live long
To purifie the slighted English tongue
That both the *Nymphes* of *Tagus*, and of *Poe*,
May not henceforth despise our language so.
Nor could they doe it, if they ere had seene
The matchlesse features of the faerie Queene;
Read *Johnson*, *Shakespeare*, *Beaumont*, *Fletcher*, or
Thy neat-limnd peeces, skilfull *Massinger*.

[Commendatory verses prefixed to Massinger's *Emperor of the East*, 1632.]

Lucius Carey, Viscount Falkland, 1632.

*An Anniversary Epistle on Sir Henry Morison, with an Apostrophe
to my Father Jonson.*

Noble Father.

I must imitate Mr: Gamaliel Du: both in troubling you, wth ill verses, and the intention of professing my service to you by them. It is an Anniversary on S^r Harry Morison. In w^{ch};, because there is something concernes, some way, an Antagonist of yours, I have aplied it to you. Though he may be angry at it, I am yet certaine that, *tale temperamentum sequor ut de iis quaeri non poterit, si de se bene sentiat*. What here [sic] is ill in them (w^{ch} I feare is all) it belongs only to my self; if there be any thing tollerable, it is somethinge you drop't negligentlye some day at the Dogg, & I tooke up.

*Tu tantum accipies, ege te legisse putabo,
et tumidus Galla credulitate fruor.*

S^r: I am

Your Sonne, & Servant

This is Poëtique furie! when the pen
of such a Poet-paramont, as Ben,
Hath writt, to write againe! and dare to meane
(Where such a Sickle reapt before) to gleane!
But pardon Father for what I rehearse,
but imitates thy friendship, not thy Verse.
Thou of ¹ thy Mistresse; and ² his Mistresse, say;
his acts; Her beauties, let thy Muse display;
Shew us, he will fifth Henries acts repeat,
and prove a greater Charles, then Charles the Great!
how now hee governes, and will conquer men!
and write his Justice now; his triumphs then!
This is thy work! My 'Affection cannot bee
better expres't, then by ill Poëtrye.
Hee wrongs his Greif els, if he seeme t'have time
to change an Epithite, dislike a Rime.

¹ The King. ² The Queene. [Marginal notes in the manuscript.]

If what he writt he crosse, or it appeares
 his paper have a blott, but from his teares,
 Passion being strong, Invention should be weak.
 such verse as Quarles makes God-all-mighty speake
 Would serve a mourner; and admired bee
 for the no Care, and the Humility.
 And I am certaine, even what here is writt
 Will praise my freindship, though condemne my witt.

* * * *

Hee¹ to great Virgill, such affection tooke,
 he was no more his Reader, but his booke!
 Did Ovid's, and high Lucans praise display,
 Without beholdingnes to Sands or May!
 And next, his admiration fix't on thee,
 Our Metropolitane in Poëtry! . . .

[Harl. MS. 4955; reproduced by W. D. Briggs, *Anglia*, xxxvii, 474.]

Lucius Carey, Viscount Falkland, about 1632.

An Epistle to his Noble Father, Mr. Jonson.

The Fox the Lions sight extreamelie fear'd
 having his force, and feircenes onlie heard;
 And, the first time, was Ague-struck to see
 his dangerous Pawes, and King-like Majestie;
 The second meeting-time, approaching nere,
 A warmer courage thaw'd away his feare;
 The third, you would have thought, he had his Twin
 his Den-fellowe, or long acquaintance bin.
 'Twas onlie custome; for the Fox had skill
 to know the Lion, was a Lion, still.
 Such is my case: for when I first did see
 the Patent of your Imortalitie
 Your workes, by whose full Style, Strong Witt, I knew
 so long as English liv'd, so long would you!
 I should have quak'd, if I had thought to write
 to Phæbus, his owne wonder, Mans Delight!
 That which augments my Courage, with such Store,
 is not I like you lesse; But know you more;

¹ Morison. [Marginal note in the manuscript.]

I thought you proud, for I did surely knowe,
 had I Ben: Jonson, bene, I had beene soe.
 And thought it was forgiveable, nay fitt
 for him, whose Muse had such wit-wonders, writt.
 Now I recant; And doubt, whether your Store
 of Ingenuity, or Ingenie, be more!
 I wish your Wealth were equall to them both,
 You have deserv'd it: yet I should be loth
 that want, should a Quotidian trouble bee
 to such a Zeno, in Phylosophie;
 Shame's wants worst companie; and 'tis no shame
 to want in Mettall, and be rich in fame
 In Hell, it might Sejanus spirits raise
 that your pen spoke of him, although Dispraise.
 Hee sure would choose a mention from your Quill,
 rather, then t'have bene fix't a Favorite still.
 Hee may allow Tiberius thanks, not hate;
 his worser, hath begot his better Fate.
 Hee had not cause to joy, so in that hower
 he second was in place; but first, in power,
 of all the world! Then can there be a Blisse
 to be compar'd, nay to come neare to his?
 Whom this your Quill (not differing from your hart)
 hath often mencion'd, on the better part?
 Shall he that all els cures, himself not live?
 can you want that, you can to others give?
 None gives but what hee hath; that happines
 You deale abroad, still you your-self possesse:
 Though given to others, it becomes their Due:
 it, echo-like, reverberates to yow!

* * * *

that Man's most happie, that makes others soe.

Ipse ego qui nullos me affirmo scribere versus
Invenior Parthis mendacior, et prius orto
Sole, Vigil calamum, et chartas, et scrinia posco.

Your Sonne and servant.

Lucius Cary.

Anonymous, 1632.

In the yeere 1612 master Daniel Fealtie being in France, Chaplaine to the embassadour of our late soueraigne, there came to Paris one M. Kneuet, half-brother to M. John Foord, an honest and vertuous gentleman then living in that cittie. This M. Kneuet, being, upon his arrival there, put in mind, that he was mistaken in the matter of religion, . . . tould his brother (M. Foord) he would see one of ours defend it before M. Fealtie. . . . Withall he acquainted M. Fealtie with the busines, and with the point he meant should be discussed. M. Fealtie thinking himselfe alone hard enough for the whole church of Rome, undertooke it. . . . At leingth, upon the third of September, word was sent to M. D. Smith (who . . . was entreated to undertake the cause) that he should provide himselfe for the morrow. On the 4 of September there met at M. Kneuet's chamber M. D. Smith, and M. Fealty. With M. D. Smith came his cozen M. Rainer, . . . and with M. Fealty came one M. John Porie, who had beene a burgeois (as it was said) in the first parlament in king James his time. There were also present M. John Foord, M. Thomas Rant, M. Ben. Johnson, M. Henrie Constable and others, not English onlie but also French: for M. Fealty presuming the victory, had made the matter knowne.

[*The Summe of a Conference betwixt M. D. Smith now B. of Chalcedon, and M. Dan. Fealty Minister*, 1632; cited in Wood's *Athenæ Oxonienses*, ed. Philip Bliss, 1815, iii, 1254.]

Thomas Randolph, 1632.

Eclogue to Master Jonson.

TITYRUS [i.e. Jonson].

Under this beech why sitt'st thou here so sad,
 Son Damon, that was erst a jovial lad?
 These groves were wont to echo with the sound
 Of thy shrill reed, while every nymph danc'd round.
 Rouse up thy soul; Parnassus Mount stands high,
 And must be climb'd with painful industry.

DAMON [i.e. Randolph].

You, father, on his forked top sit still,
And see us panting up so steep a hill;
But I have broke my reed, and deeply swore
New with wax, never to joint it more.

TITYRUS.

Fond boy, 'twas rashly done: I meant to thee
Of all the sons I have, by legacy
To have bequeath'd my pipe. Thee, thee of all
I meant it should her second master call.

DAMON.

And do you think I durst presume to play
Where Tityrus had worn his lip away?
Live long thyself to tune it; 'tis from thee,
It has not from itself such harmony.
But if we ever such disaster have
As to compose our Tityrus in his grave;
Yonder, upon yon aged oak, that now
Old trophies bears on every sacred bough,
We'll hang it up a relic; we will do it,
And learned swains shall pay devotion to it.

TITYRUS.

Can'st thou farewell unto the Muses bid?
Then bees shall loathe the thyme, the new-wean'd kid
Browse on the buds no more; the teeming ewes
Henceforth the tender fallows shall refuse.

DAMON.

I by those ladies now do nothing set;
Let 'em for me some other servant get.
They shall no more be mistresses of mine,
No, though my pipe had hope to equal thine—
Thine, which the floods have stopp'd their course to hear;
To which the spotted lynx hath lent an ear.

Which while the several echoes would repeat,
 The music has been sweet, the art so great
 That Pan himself, amaz'd at thy deep airs,
 Sent thee of his own bowl to drown thy cares.
 Of all the Gods, Pan doth the pipe respect:
 The rest unlearned pleasures more affect.
 Pan can distinguish what thy raptures be
 From Bavius' loose, lascivious minstrelsy,
 Or Maeвиus' windy bagpipe—Maeвиus, he
 Whose wit is but a tavern timpany.
 If ever I flock of my own do feed,
 My fattest lambs shall on his altar bleed.

TITYRUS.

Two altars I will build him, and each year
 Will sacrifice two well-fed bullocks there:
 Two that have horns, that while they butting stand,
 Strike from their feet a cloud of numerous sand.
 But what can make thee leave the Muses, man,
 That such a patron hast as mighty Pan?
 Whence is this fury? Did the partial ear
 Of the rude vulgar, when they late did hear
 Egon and thee contend which best should play,
 Him victor deem, and give thy kid away?
 Does Amaryllis cause this high despair?
 Or Galatea's coyness breed thy care?

DAMON.

Neither of these: *the vulgar I contemn.*
Thy pipe not always, Tityrus, wins from them:
 And as for love, in sooth I do not know
 Whether he wears a bow and shafts, or no.
 Or did I, I a way could quickly find
 To win the beauteous Galatea's mind,
 Or Amaryllis. I to both could send
 Apples that with Hesperian fruit contend:
 And on occasion could have quickly guess'd
 Where two fair ring doves built their amorous nest.

TITYRUS.

If none of these, my Damon, then a-reed,
What other cause can so much passion breed?

DAMON.

Father, I will; in those indulgent ears
I dare unload the burden of my fears. . . .

[*The Poetical and Dramatic Works of Thomas Randolph*, ed. W. C. Hazlitt, 1875, p. 605. The poem is too long to be quoted here in full.]

John Marriot, 1633.

All men, we know, delight in Benjamin.

[The Booke-seller, to the Reader, prefixed to *Poems*. By Robert Gomersall, London, 1633.]

Thomas Heywood, 1633.

My Playes are not exposed unto the world in Volumes, to
beare the title of Works, as others.

[To the Reader, prefixed to *The English Traveller*, 1633. This is one of many jibes at Jonson's publication of his plays under the title of *Workes*.]

Thomas Bancroft, 1633.

But the chast bay not euery songster weares,
Nor of Appollo's sonnes prooue all his heires:
'Tis not for all to reach at *Shakespeares* height,
Or thinke to grow to solid *Iohnsons* weight,
To bid so faire as *Chapman* for a fame,
Or match (your family) the *Beaumonts* name.

[Verses prefixed to his *Glutton's Feaver*, 1633.]

Shackerley Marmion, 1633.

Enter CARELESS, drunk.

Car. . . . Save you, fair lady.

Æmi[lia]. Save you, Master Careless.

Car. Will you hear me speak any wise sentences?

I am now as discreet in my conceit

As the seven Sophies of Greece, I am full

Of oracles, I am come from Apollo;
 Would he had lent me his tripos to stand upon,
 For my two legs can hardly carry me.

Æmi. Whence come you? from Apollo?

Car. From the heaven

Of my delight, where the boon Delphic god
 Drinks sack, and keeps his Bacchanalias,
 And has his incense, and his altars smoking,
 And speaks in sparkling prophecies; thence do I come!
 My brains perfum'd with the rich Indian vapour,
 And height'ned with conceits, from tempting beauties,
 From dainty music and poetic strains,
 From bowls of nectar, and ambrosiac dishes:
 From witty varlets, fine companions,
 And from a mighty continent of pleasure,
 Sails thy brave Careless.

[*A Fine Companion*, 1633, II, iv. The passages gives an interesting description of Jonson's gatherings with his "sons" at the Apollo.]

Sir Henry Herbert, 1633.

R. for allowinge of *The Tale of the Tubb*, Vitru Hoop's parte wholly strucke out, and the motion of the tubb, by commande from my lorde chamberlin: exceptions being taken against it by Inigo Jones, surveyor of the kings workes, as a personal injury unto him. May 7, 1633.—2*l.* o. o.

1633, October 18. On friday the nineteenth [an error for "eighteenth"] of October, 1633, I send a warrant by a messenger of the chamber to suppress *The Tamer Tamd*, to the Kings players, for that afternoone, and it was obeyed; upon complaints of foule and offensive matters conteyned therein.

They acted *The Scornful Lady* instead of it.

[*The Dramatic Records of Sir Henry Herbert*, ed. J. Q. Adams, pp. 34, 20.]

Thomas Nabbes, 1633.

Jam[es]. How shall we spend the day, *Sam*?

Sam. Let's home to our studies and put cases.

Jam. Hang cases and bookes that are spoyle'd with them.

Give me *Johnson* and *Shakespeare*; there's learning for a gentleman. I tell thee, *Sām*, were it not for the dancing-schoole and Playhouses, I would not stay at the Innes of Court for the hopes of a chiefe Justice-ship. (III, i.)

* * * * *

Wife. . . . There was a Tub at *Tottenham*; you know the successe of it. (V, iv.)

[*Tottenham Court*, 1633. The second passage seems to be an allusion to Jonson's *Tale of a Tub*.]

John Pory, 1633.

Letter to Sir Thomas Puckering, September 20, 1633.

Ben Jonson (who I thought had been dead) hath written a play against next term called the *Magnetick Lady*.

[Reprinted in J. P. Collier's *Annals of the Stage*, 1879, i, 471.]

Sir Henry Herbert, 1633.

Received of Knight, for allowing of Ben Johnsons play called *Humours Reconcil'd, or the Magnetic Lady*, to be acted, this 12th of Octob, 1632 [Malone's error for 1633?], 2l. o. o.

1633, October 24. Upon a second petition of the players to the High Commission court, wherein they did mee right in my care to purge their plays of all offense, my lords Grace of Canterbury bestowed many words upon mee, and discharged mee of any blame, and layd the whole fault of their play, called *The Magnetick Lady*, upon the players. This happened the 24 of Octob. 1633, at Lambeth. In their first petition they would have excused themselves on mee and the poett.

[*The Dramatic Records of Sir Henry Herbert*, ed. J. Q. Adams, pp. 34, 21.]

Alexander Gill, 1633.

To B Johnson on his Magnetick Lady.

Is this y^r Load-stone Ben that must attract
Applause and laughter at each scene and act?

Is this the child of your bed-ridden witt
And none but y^e black-friers to foster it?

If to the fortune you had sent yovr Lady,
Mongst prentises or applewives, it may be

• Your Rosy foole might have some sport begott
 With his strang habit & indefinite nott,
 But when as silke and push & all the witts
 Are cal'd to see, and censure as befits;
 And if your folly take not, they perchance
 Must here themselves stil'd Gentle Ignorance.
 Foh how it stinkes! what generall offence
 Gives thy prophaneness such gross impudence?
 O how y^r freind Natt: Butter gan to melt
 When at the pooreness of your platt he smelt
 And Inigo with laughter then grew fatt
 That ther was nothing ther worth laughing att.
 And yet thou crazy wretch art confident
 Belching out full-mouth'd oathes wth foule intent
 Calling vs fooles and rogues vnletterd men
 Poore narrow soules y^t cannot judge of Ben.
 Yet what is worse after three shamefull foyles
 The printer must be put to further toyles
 Whereas indeede to vindicate thy fame
 Th' hadst better given thy pamp[h]let to y^e flame,
 Oh what a strange prodigious yeare t'wil bee!
 If this thy play come forth in thirtie three;
 Let Domes Day rather come on newe years eve
 And of thy paper plague y^e world bereave.
 Which plague I feare worse than a Serjant's bitt
 Worst then infection or an ague fitt,
 Worse then the Astronomers Divining lipps
 Worse then three suns, a comet, or eclips:
 Or if thy learned brother Allestree
 (Whose Homer vnto thee for Poetrie)
 Should tell of raine vpon St Swithins day.
 And y^t should wash our harvest quite away.
 As for y^e press if thy play must come to it
 Let Tho: Purfoote or John Trundle do it,
 In such dull characters, as for releifes
 Of fires and wracks wee find in begging breifes,

And in Cap-paper let it printed bee;
 (Indeede brown paper is to good for thee)
 But let it then be soe Apocryphall
 As not to dare to venter on a stall
 Vnless of Druggers, Grocers, Chandlers, Cooks,
 Victuallers, Tobacco men, & such like rookes;
 From bucklers bury let it not be bar'd
 But thinke not of Duck lane, or Pauls-church-yard:
 But to advise thee Ben in this strict age
 A Brick-kilne's better for thee then a stage
 Tho[u] better knowest a grounsel how to lay
 Then lay the plott or groundworke of a play;
 And better canst direct to cappe a chimney
 Then to converse wth Clio or Polyhymny,
 Fall to thy trade in thy old age agen,
 Take vp thy trugge and trowell gentle Ben;
 Let playes alone, or if thou needs will write
 And thrust thy feeble muse forth into light,
 Lett Lowin cease and Taylor fear to touch
 The loathed stage, for now thou makst it such.

[From a seventeenth century commonplace-book in the possession of one of the editors of this volume; see *Modern Language Review*, vii, 296. A slightly imperfect copy, with some variant readings, from the Ashmole MSS., is printed in *The Works of Ben Jonson*, ed. Gifford-Cunningham, 1871, ii, 437.]

Zouch Townley, 1633.

*To Mr. Ben Johnson against Mr. Alexander Gill's verses wrighten
 by hym against the play called The Magnettick Ladye.*

Itt cannott move thy frind, firme Ben, that hee
 Whome the starr-chamber censur'd, rayles at thee.
 I gratulate the methood of thy fate,
 That joyn'd the next, in malice, to the state;
 Thus Nero, after parricidall guilt,
 Brookes noe delayes till Lucan's blood bee spilte,
 Nor could his mischife finde a second crime
 Unles hee slew the poett of the tyme.
 But, thanks to Hellicon, here are no blowes,
 This drone noe more of stinge than honye shewes;

His verses shall be counted censures, when
 Cast malefactors are made jurie-men.
 Meane-while rejoyce, that soe disgrac't a quill
 Tempted to wound that worth, tyme cannot kill.
 And thou who darst to blast fame fully blowne,
 Lye buried in the ruines of thyne owne,
 Vex not thyne ashes, open nott the deepe,
 The goste of thyne slayne name would rather sleep.

[MS. Ashmole 38 (6907), fol. 59. Printed in Wood's *Athenæ Oxonienses*, ed. Philip Bliss, 1815, ii, 600, and in Gifford's edition of Jonson. The verses are found also in the commonplace-book mentioned in the preceding entry, where they are entitled "To B Johnson on Gil's rayling."]

George Chapman, 1633?

An Invective written by Mr. George Chapman against Mr. Ben. Jonson.

Great, learned, witty Ben, be pleased to light
 The world with that three-forked fire; nor fright
 All us, thy sublearn'd, with luciferous boast
 That thou art most great, most learn'd, witty most
 Of all the kingdom, nay of all the earth;
 As being a thing betwixt a human birth
 And an infernal; no humanity
 Of the divine soul shewing man in thee,
 Being all of pride composed and surquedry.
 Thus it might argue; if thy petulant will
 May fly-blow all men with thy great swan's-quill,
 If it can write no plays, if thy plays fail,
 All the earnest of our kingdom straight must vail
 To thy wild fury; that, as if a fiend
 Had sharp'd his sickle, shew'st thy breast is spleen'd,
 Frisking so madly that 'gainst Town and Court
 Thou plant'st thy battery in most hideous sort.
 If thy pied humours suffer least impair,
 And any vapour vex thy virulent air,
 The Dunkerks keep not our coal ships in awe
 More than thy moods are thy admirers' law;

All else, as well the grafters of thy paws
With panic terrors fly, bed-rid of cause,
And let the swinish itch of thy fell wreak
Rub 'gainst the presence-royal without check.
How must state use thee if thy veins thus leak,
Thou must be muzzled, ring'd, and led in chains,
Lest dames with child abide untimely pains,
And children perish; didst thou not put out
A boy's right eye that cross'd thy mankind pout?
If all this yet find pardon, fee, and grace,
The happiest outlaw th' art that ever was.
Goodness to virtue is a godlike thing,
And man with God joins in a good-doing king
But to give vice her rein; and on all his
(As their pure merits) to confer all this
Who will not argue it redounds? Whatever
Vice is sustain'd withal, turns pestilent fever,
What nourishes virtue, evermore converts
To blood and spirits of nothing but deserts;
And shall a viper hanging on her hand
By his own poison his full swindge command?
How shall grave virtue spirit her honour'd fame
If motley mockery may dispose her shame
Never so dully, nor with such adust
And clouted choler? 'tis the foulest lust
That ever yet did violate actions just.
But if this weigh'd, proved vile, and saucy spirit,
Depraving every exemplary merit,
May yet nought less all his fat hopes inherit—
(When men turn harpies, their blood standing lakes
Green-bellied serpents, and black-freckled snakes,
Crawling in their unwieldy clotter'd veins:
Their tongues grown forked, and their sorcerous pens
Like pictures prick'd, and hid in smoking dunghills
Vex'd with the sun) 'tis time I think to banish
And cast out such unhallowedly disloyal
From blood thrice sacred and divinely royal.

There's an invention mountebank enough
To make petards to blow up men's good names,
Virtues and dignities, for vice's pleasure;
Take but an idle and ridiculous crew
Of base back-biters that it never knew
Virtue or worth to manage; great flesh-flies
Slight all the clear and sound parts where they pass
And dwell upon the sores; and call to them
The common learned gatherer of poisons
For envied merits that we cannot equal;
And let them glean from malice and foul mouths
Devices long since done, and set them down
With spleen, stupid and dead as brutish rests,
Transforming all most wrathful fumes to jests,
Letting the king his royal ear allow;
And there's a reputation broke as small
And with as mighty arguments let fall
As the Greek man's pure bodies genital;
So that if scandals false bear free their spite
All guiltless forms are forced with rape and flight,
And shall all other raisers of their names
T'airs highest region by such short-wing'd fames
Hold not their titles, and whole states-like tenures?
May we not humblest things with highest rate
And least with great'st, where right must moderate?
Now to your parts call'd good; your sacred desk,
The wooden fountain of the mighty Muses,
Alas! is burn'd; and there all their wealth fail'd
That never can with all time be retail'd.
Why then as good not name them? yes, O yes,
Ten times repeated will all brave things please,
Not with their titles yet, and poor self-praises.
He lives yet (heaven be praised!) that can write
In his ripe years much better, and new-born
In spite of Vulcan, whom all true pens scorn.
Yet let me name them in meantime to cheer
His greedy followers with a prick'd-up ear,

It does himself ease, and why them no good?
Come serve it in then: give him golden food.
Nobody, he dares say, yet have sound parts
Of profound search and mastery in the arts;
And perfect then his *English Grammar* too
To teach some what their nurses could not do,
The purity of language, and among
The rest his Journey into Scotland sung,
And twice-twelve-years stored-up humanity,
With humble gleanings in Divinity
After the Fathers, and those wiser guides
That faction had not drawn to steady sides:
Canst thou lose these by fire, and live yet able
To write past Jove's wrath, fire, and air, things stable,
Yet curse as thou wert lost for every bable?
Some poor thing write new; a rich casket, Ben,
All of rich gems, t'adorn most learned men;
Or a reclaim of most facete supposes
To teach full-habited men to blow their noses.
Make the king merry; would'st thou now be known
The Devil and the Vice, and both in one
Thou doest things backwards, are men thought to know
Masteries in th' arts, with saying they do so,
And crying fire out in a dream to kings,
Burn things unborn, and that way generate things,
Write some new lactean way to thy high presence
And make not ever thy strong fancy essence
To all thou would'st be thought in all worlds' worth,
Or else like Hercules Furens breaking forth
Biting the green-cloth, as a dog a stone
And for ridiculous shadow of the bone
Hazard the substance; will thy fortune still,
Spite of all learning, back the wit thy will,
Though thy play genius hang his broken wings
Full of sick feathers, and with forced things,
Imp thy scenes, labour'd and unnatural,
And nothing good comes with thy thrice-vex'd call

Comest thou not yet, not yet? O no, nor yet;
Yet are thy learn'd admirers so deep set
In thy preferment above all that cite
The sun in challenge for the heat and light
Of both heaven's influences which of you two knew
And have most power in them; Great Ben, 'tis you.
Examine him, some truly-judging spirit,
That pride nor fortune hath to blind his merit,
He match'd with all book-fires, he ever read
His dusk poor candle-rents; his own fat head
With all the learn'd world's, Alexander's flame
That Caesar's conquest cow'd, and stript his fame,
He shames not to give reckoning in with his;
As if the king pardoning his petulancies
Should pay his huge loss too in such a score
As all earth's learned fires he gather'd for.
What think'st thou, just friend? equall'd not this pride
All yet that ever Hell or Heaven defied?
And yet for all this, this club will inflict
His faultful pain, and him enough convict
He only reading show'd; learning, nor wit;
Only Dame Gilian's fire his desk will fit.
But for his shift by fire to save the loss
Of his vast learning, this may prove it gross:
True Muses ever vent breaths mixt with fire
Which, form'd in numbers, they in flames expire
Not only flames kindled with their own bless'd breath
That give th' unborn life, and eternize death.
Great Ben, I know that this is in thy hand
And how thou fix'd on heaven's fix'd star dost stand
In all men's admirations and command;
For all that can be scribbled 'gainst the sorter
Of thy dead repercussions and reporter.
The kingdom yields not such another man;
Wonder of men he is; the player can
And bookseller prove true, if they could know
Only one drop, that drives in such a flow.

Are they not learned beasts, the better far
 Their drossy exhalations a star
 Their brainless admirations may render;
 For learning in the wise sort is but lender
 Of men's prime notion's doctrine; their own way
 Of all skills' preceptible forms a key
 Forging to wealth, and honour-soothed sense,
 Never exploring truth or consequence,
 Informing any virtue or good life
 And therefore Player, Bookseller, or Wife
 Of either, (needing no such curious key)
 All men and things, may know their own rude way.
 Imagination and our appetite
 Forming our speech no easier than they light
 All letterless companions; t'all they know
 Here or hereafter that like earth's sons plough
 All under-worlds and ever downwards grow.
 Nor let your learning think, egregious Ben,
 These letterless companions are not men
 With all the arts and sciences indued,
 If of man's true and worthiest knowledge rude,
 Which is to know and be one complete man,
 And that not all the swelling ocean
 Of arts and sciences, can pour both in:
 If that brave skill then when thou didst begin
 To study letters, thy great wit had plied,
 Freely and only thy disease of pride
 In vulgar praise had never bound thy [hide].

[From a common-place book preserved among the Ashmole MSS. in the Bodleian Library; see *The Works of George Chapman: Poems and Minor Translations*, ed. A. C. Swinburne, 1875, p. 432.]

John Rogers, 1633.

Si cadus expletus meritò Jonsonius audit,
 (Nunc licèt exhaustum declamet nescia turba)
 Tûte Caballini fis jure Tricongio fontis.

[Commendatory verses prefixed to Peter Hausted's *Senile Odium*, 1633.
 The allusion is to the failure of Jonson's *Magnetic Lady*.]

Edward Kemp, 1633.

Trutinam plebis amove,
 Et tolle lances: Bellua (Jonsoni) hæc tui
 Magneticam socci vim, & arduam ecstasin
 Contemnere audet: merita nec satis æstimat
 Inops tribus tua, verticis gaudet nives
 Spectare, canitiémque parentis:———
 —— Laureati (quam dolet!)
 Properavit horum contumaciâ Senis
 Paralysis; en! Infamiæ (Potens) cadis
 Reus invidendæ; chartularúmque veterum
 Concoctiones furta putantur.

[Commendatory verses prefixed to Peter Hausted's *Senile Odium*, 1633.]

Shackerley Marmion, 1633.

Crit[ic to the Author]. Oh, you are deaf to all
 Sounds but a plaudit, and yet you may
 Remember, if you please, what entertainment
 Some of your tribe have had that have took pains
 To be contemn'd, and laught at by the vulgar,
 And then ascrib'd it to their ignorance.
 I should be loth to see you move their spleens
 With no better success, and then with some
 Commendatory Epistles fly to the press,
 To vindicate your credit.

[Prologue to *A Fine Companion*, 1633. The allusion is clearly to Jonson.]

Anonymous, 1633?

Jonson that whilome brought the guilty age
 To suffer for her misdeeds on ye stage,
 Ruin'd by age now cannot hold out play,
 And must bee forc'd to throw his cards away:
 For since he so ill keeps what hee earst wonne,
 Since that his reputation's lost and gone,
 The age sweares she'll no longer hold him play
 With her attention; but without delay

Will rise, if some fresh Gamester will not fitte,
That's furnished with a better stocke of witte.

[These verses appear in a contemporary hand in a copy of the 1616 folio edition of Jonson, described in the Sale Catalogue of Lilly's books (page 160, item 1557); see J. M. Cowper, *The Times Whistle*, 1871, p. xii.]

Tradition, about 1633.

In a Conversation between Sir *John Suckling*, Sir William *D'Avenant*, *Endymion Porter*, Mr. *Hales of Eaton*, and *Ben Johnson*, Sir *John Suckling*, who was a profess'd admirer of *Shakespear*, had undertaken his Defence against *Ben. Johnson* with some warmth; Mr. *Hales*, who had sat still for some time, hearing *Ben* frequently reproaching him with the want of Learning, and Ignorance of the Antients, told him at last, 'That if Mr. *Shakespear* had not read the Antients, he had likewise not stollen any thing from 'em; (a fault the other made no Conscience of) and that if he would produce any one Topick finely treated by any of them, he would undertake to shew something upon the same Subject at least as well written by *Shakespear*.'

[Recorded by Nicholas Rowe, in his *Life of Shakespeare*, prefixed to his edition of Shakespeare, 1709, i, xiv. Charles Gildon, without mentioning Jonson, records the tradition with fuller details, in his *Miscellaneous Letters and Essays*, 1694. John Dryden also alludes to it in his *Essay of Dramatic Poesy*, 1668, as does Nahum Tate in the Dedication prefixed to his *Loyal General*, 1680. As for Hales, see P. Des Maizeaux, *Life of the Ever-memorable Mr. John Hales*, 1719.]

George Chapman, before 1634.

Epicure's Frugality.

Frugality is no philosophy
That is not gelt of pride and misery,
That hang him like a nasty boar behind,
And grunt him out of all the human kind;
That dares assume to free a man of God,
Without whom he's a rogue past period,
A spawn of lust, in sack and Jonson sod.

[*The Works of George Chapman: Poems and Minor Translations*, ed. A. C. Swinburne, 1875, p. 434.]

Sir Henry Herbert, 1634.

1633-4, January 14. *The Tale of the Tub* was acted on tuesday night at Court, the 14 Janua. 1633, by the Queenes players, and not likte.

[*The Dramatic Records of Sir Henry Herbert*, ed. J. Q. Adams, p. 54.]

London City Records, 1634.

Jovis xviii die septembris 1634 Annoque R Rs Caroli Angliae etc., decimo.

Item: this day Mr. Recorder and Sir James Hamersley Knight and Alderman declared unto this Court His Majesty's pleasure signified unto them by the right honorable the Earle of Dorsett for and in the behalfe of Beniamine Johnson the Cittyes Chronologer, Whereupon it is ordered by this Court that his yearely pencion of one hundred nobles out of the Chamber of London shalbe continued and that Mr. Chamberlen shall satisfie and pay unto him his arrerages thereof.

[Extract from the City Records, Rep. No. 46, fol. 443.]

Leonard Digges, before 1635.

Upon Master William Shakespeare, the Deceased Author, and his Poems.

Poets are borne not made, when I would prove
 This truth, the glad remembrance I must love
 Of never dying *Shakespeare*, who alone,
 Is argument enough to make that one.
 First, that he was a Poet none would doubt,
 That heard th'applause . . .
 So have I seen, when Cesar would appeare,
 And on the Stage at halfe-sword parley were,
Brutus and *Cassius*: oh how the Audience
 Were ravish'd, with what wonder they went thence,
 When some new day they would not brooke a line,
 Of tedious (though well laboured) *Catiline*;
Sejanus too was irkesome, they priz'de more
 Honest *Iago*, or the jealous Moore.

And though the Fox and subtill Alchemist,
 Long intermitted could not quite be mist,
 Though these have sham'd all the Ancients, and might raise,
 Their Authours merit with a crowne of Bayes.
 Yet these sometimes, even at a friends desire
 Acted, have scarce defrai'd the Seacoale fire
 And doore-keepers: when let but *Falstaffe* come,
Hall, *Poines*, the rest you scarce shall have a roome
 All is so pester'd: let but *Beatrice*
 And *Benedicke* be seene, loe in a trice
 The Cockpit, Galleries, Boxes, all are full
 To hear *Malvoglio*, that crosse garter'd Gull. . . .

[Printed in *Poems: Written by Wil. Shake-speare*, 1640. Digges died in 1635.]

Endymion Porter, before 1635.

Upon Ben Jonson, and his Zany, Tom Randolph.

Quoth Ben to Tom, the Lover's stole,

'Tis Shakspeare's every word;

Indeed, says Tom, upon the whole,

'Tis much too good for Ford.

Thus Ben and Tom, the dead still praise,

The living to decry;

For none must dare to wear the bays,

Till Ben and Tom both die.

Even Avon's swan could not escape

These letter-tyrant elves;

They on his fame contriv'd a rape,

To raise their pedant selves.

But after times with full consent

This truth will all acknowledge,—

Shakspeare and Ford from heaven were sent,

But Ben and Tom from college.

[From Boswell's *Variorum* ed. of Shakespeare, 1821, i, 405. Cf. the entry "Thomas May, 1629."]

Anonymous, about 1635.

Hax[ter]. I have, indeed, puissant sir, been in my time rallied amongst those blades; but it has been my scorn of late to engage my tuck upon unjust grounds.

Tim[on]. Tucca, thy valour is infinitely beholden to thy discretion.

[*Lady Alimony*, I, iii, in Hazlitt's ed. of Dodsley's *Old English Plays*, 1874, xiv, 284. Tucca, created by Jonson in *Poetaster*, appears also in Dekker's *Satiromastix*.]

James Howell, 1635.

To my Honour'd Friend and Fa[ther], Mr. Ben. Johnson.

Fa. Ben,

. . . I thank you for the last *reglo* you gave me at your musæum, and for the good company. I heard you censur'd lately at Court, that you have lighted too foul upon Sir *Inigo*, and that you write with a Porcupine's quill dipt in too much gall. Excuse me that I am so free with you; it is because I am, in no common way of Friendship—Yours,

J. H.

Westm., 3 of May 1635.

[*Epistolæ Hælianae*, ed. J. Jacobs, 1892, pp. 322-24.]

James Howell, 1635.

To Mr. B. J.

F. B. The Fangs of a Bear, and the Tusks of a wild Boar, do not bite worse, and make deeper gashes, than a Goose-quill, sometimes; no, not the Badger himself, who is said to be so tenacious of his bite, that he will not give over his hold till he feels his Teeth meet and the Bone crack. Your quill hath prov'd so to Mr. *Jones*; but the Pen wherewith you have so gash'd him, it seems, was made rather of a Porcupine than a Goose-quill, it is so keen and firm. You know, *Anser*, *Apis*, *Vitulus*, *Populos* & *Regna gubernant*.

The Goose, the Bee, and the Calf (meaning Wax, Parchment, and the Pen) rule the World; but, of the three, the Pen is the most predominant. I know you have a commanding one, but

you must not let it tyrannize in that manner, as you have done lately. Some give out there was a hair in 't, or that your Ink was too thick with Gall, else it would not have so bespatter'd and shaken the Reputation of a Royal Architect; for Reputation, you know, is like a fair Structure, long time a rearing, but quickly ruin'd. If your spirit will not let you retract, yet you shall do well to repress any more Copies of the Satire; for, to deal plainly with you, you have lost some ground at Court by it; and, as I hear from a good hand, the King, who hath so great a Judgment in Poetry (as in all other things else), is not well pleas'd therewith. Dispense with this freedom of—Your respectful S. and Servitor,

J. H.

Westm., 3 July 1635.[*Epistolæ Ilo-Elianae*, ed. J. Jacobs, 1892, p. 376.]**The Stationers' Registers, 1635.**

Master Stansby.

4°. Julij 1635.

Entred for his Copies by vertue of a noate under the hand of Walter Burre and master Mathew Lownes warden bearing date the 10th of June 1621 as thereby appeareth these Copies following (*viz^t.*) by order of a Court.....iijs. vjd

*Every Man in his humor**Cinthias Reuells**Seianus**The ffox**The Silent Woman**The Alchemist**Catalyne*[Arber's *Transcript*, iv, 342.]**Title-page, 1635.**

Cataline his Conspiracy. Written by Ben: Ionson. And now Acted by his Maiesties Servants with great Applause. . . . London. Printed by N. Okes, for I. S., . . . 1635.

Thomas Heywood, 1635.

Our moderne Poets to that passe are driven,
 Those names are curtal'd which they first had given;
 And, as we wisht to have their memories drown'd,
 We scarcely can afford them halfe their sound.
Greene, who had in both Academies ta'ne
 Degree of Master, yet could never gaine
 To be call'd more than *Robin*: who had he
 Profest ought save the *Muse*, Serv'd, and been Free
 After a seven yeares Prentiseship; might have
 (With credit too) gone *Robert* to his grave.
Marlo, renown'd for his rare art and wit,
 Could ne're attaine beyond the name of *Kit*;
 Although his *Hero* and *Leander* did
 Merit addition rather. Famous *Kid*
 Was called but *Tom*. *Tom Watson*, though he wrote
 Able to make Apollo's selfe to dote
 Upon his Muse; for all that he could strive,
 Yet never could to his full name arrive.
Tom Nash (in his time of no small esteeme)
 Could not a second syllable redeeme.
 Excellent *Bewmont*, in the formost ranke
 Of the rar'st Wits, was never more than *Franck*.
 Mellifluous *Shake-speare*, whose enchanting Quill
 Commanded Mirth or Passion, was but *Will*.
 And famous *Johnson*, though his learned Pen
 Be dipt in *Castaly*, is still but *Ben*.
Fletcher and *Webster*, of that learned packe
 None of the mean'st, yet neither was but *Jacke*.
Deckers but *Tom*; nor *May*, nor *Middleton*.
 And hee's now but *Jacke Foord*, that once were *John*.
 [The Hierarchie of the Blessed Angells, 1634, p. 206.]

Exchequer Accounts, 1635.

Account of receipts and payments of the Exchequer from 23rd October to this day. * * * and among fees,— * * * "Benjamin Johnson" 25 L.

[Calendar of State Papers, Domestic, Charles I, vol. ccci, no. 29, November 6, 1635.]

Title-page, 1636.

Annalia Dubrensia, Upon the yeerely celebration of Mr. Robert Dovers Olimpick Games upon Cotswold-Hills. Written by Michael Drayton, Esq., John Trussell, Gent., William Durham, Oxon., William Denny, Esq., Thomas Randall, Gent., Ben: Iohnson. . . . [Thirty-two authors are mentioned]. London. Printed by Robert Raworth, for Mathewe Walbancke. 1636.

Thomas Heywood, 1636.

But when *Ben: Iohnson*, and brave *Draytons* name
 Shall be Inscrib'd; I dare proclaime the same
 To be a worke ennobled: For who dare
 With them (and these here intermixt) compare.

["A Panegerick to the worthy Mr. Robert Dover," in *Annalia Dubrensia*, 1636, sig. K.]

Francis Izod, 1636.

ACHILLES! happy thrice, in his thrice happy *Acts*,
 More happy farr, in that those much renown'd *Facts*
 Of his stand on record; immortalized still,
 By sacred accent of that sweet *Meonian* quill;
 Great *Alexander* reades, and is with envie blowne,
 That such another was not left to blaze his owne.
Ben: Iohnsons sullen *Muse* (brave *Dover*) much envies
 To vie thy sports, with that *Olimpicke* Exercise:

["To his Noble Friend Mr. Robert Dover," in *Annalia Dubrensia*, 1636, sig. D₄.]

Sir Henry Herbert, 1636.

1635-6, February 18. *The Silent Woman* playd at Court of St. James on thursday y^e 18 Febr. 1635.

[*The Dramatic Records of Sir Henry Herbert*, ed. J. Q. Adams, p. 55.]

Actors' Bill for Plays at Court, 1636.

Playes acted before the Kinge and Queene this present yeare of the Lord 1636.

1. Easter munday at the Cockpitt the firste parte of Arviragus.
2. Easter tuesday at the Cockpitt the second parte of Arviragus.

3. The 4th of Aprill at the Cockpitt the Silent Woman. . . .

[From a bill presented by the King's Company for plays acted before the King and Queen in 1636. Twenty-two plays in all were acted, only one of which was by Jonson. See *The Dramatic Records of Sir Henry Herbert*, ed. J. Q. Adams, p. 75.]

James Howell, 1636.

To Sir Tho. Hawk, Knight.

Sir,

I was invited yesternight to a solemn Supper, by *B. J.*, where you were deeply remember'd; there was good company, excellent cheer, choice wines, and jovial welcome: One thing interven'd, which almost spoil'd the relish of the rest, that *B.* began to engross all the discourse, to vapour extremely of himself, and, by vilifying others, to magnify his own *Muse*. *T. Ca.* buzz'd me in the ear, that tho' *Ben.* had barrell'd up a great deal of knowledge, yet it seems he had not read the *Ethiques*, which, among other precepts of Morality, forbid self-commendation, declaring it to be an ill-favour'd solecism in good manners. . . . But for my part, I am content to dispense with the *Roman* infirmity of *B.* now that time hath snowed upon his *pericranium*. You know *Ovid*, and (your) *Horace* were subject to this humour, . . . as also *Cicero*. . . . There is another reason that excuseth *B.*, which is, that if one be allowed to love the natural issue of his Body, why not that of the Brain, which is of a spiritual and more noble extraction? . . . I am, Sir—Your very humble and most faithful Servitor,

J. H.

Westm., 5 Apr. 1636.

[*Epistolæ Ho-Eliaŋæ*, ed. J. Jacobs, 1892, p. 403.]

Philip Massinger, before 1637.

*The Copie of a Letter written upon occasion to the Earle of Pembroke
Lo: Chamberlaine.*

My Lord,

. . . I know

That Iohnson much of what he has does owe

To you and to your familie, and is never slow
To professe it. . . .

[MS. G. 2. 21 of Trinity College, Dublin, pp. 554-59, reproduced in *The Athenæum*, September 8, 1906, p. 273. In the Dublin MS. the poem is attributed to Massinger; but in the Gifford-Cunningham edition of Jonson, I, lix, this letter is said to have been written by Eliot and addressed to the Earl of Montgomery; it is quoted from his "*Poems*, p. 108."]

Anonymous, before 1637.

*An Elegie on the death of that famous Writer and Actor, M. William
Shakspeare.*

I dare not doe thy Memory that wrong,
Unto our larger griefes to give a tongue;
He onely sigh in earnest, and let fall
My solemne teares at thy great Funerall;
For every eye that raines a showre for thee,
Laments thy losse in a sad Elegie.
Nor is it fit each humble Muse should have,
Thy worth his subject, now th'art laid in grave;
No its a flight beyond the pitch of those,
Whose worthles Pamphlets are not sence in Prose.
Let learned *Johnson* sing a Dirge for thee,
And fill our Orbe with mournfull harmony:
But we neede no Remembrancer, thy Fame
Shall still accompany thy honoured Name,
To all posterity; and make us be,
Sensible of what we lost in losing thee:
Being the Ages wonder whose smooth Rhimes
Did more reforme than lash the looser Times. . . .

[Appended to *Poems: Written by Wil. Shake-speare*, 1640. Certain echoes of Jonson's verses to Shakespeare in the Folio of 1623 are obvious.]

Tradition, before 1637.

One day, being rallied by the Dean of Westminster about being buried in the Poets' Corner, the poet is said to have replied (we tell the story as current in the Abbey): "I am too poor for that, and no one will lay out funeral charges upon me. No, sir,

6 feet long by 2 feet wide is too much for me: 2 feet by 2 feet will do for all I want." "You shall have it," said the Dean, and thus the conversation ended.

[Peter Cunningham, *Handbook of London*. For a discussion of this eccentric request, and the citation of evidence to show that Jonson, in accordance with his request, was buried in an upright position, see Joseph Q. Adams, *The Bones of Ben Jonson*, in *Studies in Philology*, xvi, 289.]

Sir John Suckling, about 1637.

A Session of the Poets.

A session was held the other day,
And Apollo himself was at it, they say,
The laurel that had been so long reserv'd,
Was now to be given to him best deserv'd.

And

Therefore the wits of the town came thither,
'Twas strange to see how they flocked together,
Each strongly confident of his own way,
Thought to gain the laurel away that day.

The first that broke silence was good old Ben,
Prepared before with canary wine,
And he told them plainly he deserved the bays,
For his were called works, where others were but plays.

And

Bid them remember how he had purg'd the stage
Of errors, that had lasted many an age,
And he hoped they did not think the *Silent Woman*,
The *Fox* and the *Alchemist*, outdone by no man.

Apollo stopt him there, and bade him not go on,
'Twas merit, he said, and not presumption
Must carry 't, at which Ben turned about,
And in great choler offer'd to go out:

But

Those that were there thought it not fit
To discontent so ancient a wit;
And therefore Apollo call'd him back again,
And made him mine host of his own New Inn.

[*Fragmenta Aurea*, 1646.]

Anonymous, about 1637.*A Letter to Ben. Johnson.*

Die Johnson, crosse not our Religion so
As to be thought immortall; let us know
Thou art no God; thy works make us mistake
Thy person, and thy great creations make
Us Idoll thee, and cause we see thee do
Eternall things, think thee eternall too,
Restore us to our faith and dye, thy doome
Will do as much good as the fall of Rome:
'Twill crush an heresie, we ne're must hope
For truth till thou be gon, thou and the Pope.
And though we may be certaine in thy fall
To lose both wit and judgement, braines and all,
Thou Sack, nor Love, nor Time recover us,
Better be fooles than superstitious.
Dye! to what end should we thee now adore,
There is not Schollership to live to more,
Our language is refin'd: professors doubt
Their Greek and Hebrew both shall be put out
And we that Latin studied have so long
Shall now dispute and write in Johnsons tongue,
Nay, courtiers yeeld, and every beautious wench
Had rather speak thy English then her French.
But for thy matter fancy stands agast
Wondering to see her strength thus best at last.
Invention stops her course and bids the world
Look for no more; she hath already hurld
Her treasure all on one, thou hast out-done
So much our wit and expectation,
That were it not for thee, we scarce had known
Nature her selfe could ere so farre have gon.
Dye! seemes it not enough thy verse's date
Is endlesse; but thine own prolonged fate
Must equall it; for shame engross not age
But now (the fi[f]th Act ended) leave the stage.
And let us clap, we know the Stars that do
Give others one life, give a laureat two.

But thou, if thus thy body long survives,
 Hast two eternities, and not two lives.
 Die for thine own sake, seest thou not thy praise
 Is shortned onely by this length of daies.
 Men may talk this, and that, to part the strife,
 My tenet is, thou hast no fault but life.
 Old Authors do speed best, me-thinks thy warm breath
 Casts a thick mist betwixt thy worth, which death
 Would quickly dissipate. If thou wouldst have
 Thy Bayes to flourish, plant them on thy grave.
 Gold now is drosse, and Oracles are stuffe
 With us, for why? Thou art not low enough.
 We still look under thee. Stoop, and submit
 Thy glory to the meanest of our wit.
 The Rhodian Colossus, ere it fell,
 Could not be scan'd and measured, half so well.
 Lie leuell to our view, so shall we see,
 Our third and richest University.
 Art's length, Art's heighth, Art's depth, can ne're be found,
 Till thou art prostrate, stretch'd upon the ground.
 Learning no farther then thy life extends,
 With thee began all Arts, with thee it ends.

[*Wit-Restor'd In Severall Select Poems Not formerly publish't*, 1658,
 pp. 79-81.]

Benjamin Wright, 1637.

Letter to Endymion Porter, May 2, 1637.

2 May 1637. My service to Mr. Hobbes. Pray tell him Mr. Warner would make us believe miracles by a glass he can make. I doubt he will prove Ben's Doctor Subtle.

[From the Cavendish Papers; in the *Thirteenth Report of the Royal Commission on Historical Manuscripts*, 1892, ii, 131. The allusion is to a character in *The Alchemist*.]

Sir Edward Walker, 1637.

Anno 1637.—Thursday, 17 August.—Died at Westminster Mr. Benjamin Johnson, the most famous, accurate, and learned poet of our age, especially in the English tongue, having left

behind him many rare pieces which have sufficiently demonstrated to the world his worth. He was buried the next day following, being accompanied to his grave with all or the greatest part of the nobility and gentry then in the town.

[Notes from a MS. of Sir Edward Walker, Kt. Garter, in his own hand, *Notes and Queries*, 1st S., October 30, 1852, p. 405. Jonson died on August 6, Old Style; Walker is presumably using the new style.]

Act Book, 1637.

There can be little doubt of his identity with the 'Beniaminus Johnson, nuper civitatis Westmonasterii,' administration of whose goods—of the value of eight pounds eight shillings and tenpence—was granted on 22 August, 1637, to William Scandret, 'uni Creditorum.'

[Entry relating to Ben Jonson, in Act Book, 1637, folio 53, in the Commissary Court of Westminster, *Notes and Queries*, 10th S., February 18, 1905, p. 125.]

King Charles I, 1637.

Letter to the Lord Mayor and Aldermen of London, August (?), 1637.

We understand that the place of historian to the city of London is become void by the death of "Benjamin Johnson." We recommend Thomas May, whom we know to be every way qualified for that employment, expecting that you forthwith choose him to the said place.

[*Calendar of State Papers, Domestic, Charles I*, vol. ccclxvi, no. 66.]

The Stationers' Registers, 1637.

Henry Gosson

9°. Octobris 1637.

Entred for his Copie under the hands of master Baker and Master Aspley warden a Booke called *an Eligie upon the Death of Beniamin Johnson Poett.* by John Taylor.vj^d

[Arber's *Transcript*, iv, 394.]

Thomas Willford, 1637?

An Epitaph upon the most learned Comedian and Modern Poet, Benjamin Johnson, who left the Church and died Año Dom'i MDCXXX[VII].

Here Johnson lies, who spent his days,
 In making sport, and comicke plays:
 His life a Play, perform'd the worst,
 The last Act did disgrace the first,
 His part he plaid, exceeding well,
 A Catholike, untill he fell
 To Sects and Schismes, which he did chuse,
 Like to a fiction of his Muse.
 He staid there till the Scene was past,
 Without a Plaudit given at last:
 So ill he plaid, the later part,
 The Epilogue did breake his heart.
 When Death his bodie did surprise,
 The Fatall Sisters clos'd his eyes,
 And took him to his tyring roome;
 Where I will leave him to his doome;
 But wish that I could justly raise,
 Memorialls of eternall praise.
 But Ben, from whence thy mischief grew,
 I mourne, but must not say, Adue.

[Add. MS. 5541, a volume of verses, *Hyemall Pastimes*, by Thomas Willford; reproduced in *The Athenæum*, March 20, 1915, p. 272.]

Mildmay Fane, Earl of Westmorland, 1637.

In Obitum Ben Johns. Poetæ eximii.

He who began from Brick and Lime
 The Muses Hill to climbe;
 And whilom busied in laying Ston,
 Thirsted to drink of *Helicon*;
 Changing His Trowell for a Pen,
 Wrote straight the Temper not of Dirt but Men.

Now sithence that He is turn'd to Clay, and gone
 Let Those remain of th'occupation
 He honor'd once, square Him a Tomb may say
 His Craft exceeded farr a Dawbers way.

Then write upon't, He could no longer tarry,
But was return'd again unto the Quarry.

[*Poems of Mildmay*, in A. B. Grosart's *Unique or Very Rare Books*, 1879, x, 169. At the Anderson Galleries in New York was sold on April 29, 1920, Mildmay's own copy of Jonson's *Workes*, 1616, with this poem written on the inside cover.]

Sir Kenelm Digby, 1637.

To Doctor Duppa, the Dean of Christchurch, and the Prince's Tutor.

SIR,

I UNDERSTAND, with much gladness, you have been careful to gather what has been written upon Mr. Johnson since his death. It is an office well beseeing that excellent piety that all men know you by; yet were but half performed if you should let it rest here. As your own tenderness towards that worthy man hath made you seek to bathe yourself in his friends' tears, so your humanity towards the public, which good men rejoice to see you in the way so much to advance, ought not to be satisfied until you have given it a propriety in these collections. Besides, I believe, if care of earthly things touch souls happily departed, that these compositions delivered to the world by your hand, will be more grateful obsequies to his great ghost, than any other that could have been performed at his tomb; for no Court's decree can better establish a lawful claimer in the secure possession of his right, than this will him of his laurel, which, when he lived, he wore so high above all men's reach, as none could touch, much less shake from off his reverend head. I am writing, by this private incitement of you unto so just a work, to witness in a particular manner to yourself, who loved him dearly, the great value and esteem I have of this brave man; the honour of his age; and he that set a period to the perfection of our language: and will, as soon as I can do the like to the world, by making it share with me in those excellent pieces, alas that many of them are but pieces! which he hath left behind him, and that I keep religiously by me to that end. I promise myself that your goodness and friendliness to me will pardon me for that awhile diverting your thoughts, that are continually busied about what is of great consequence, knowing me to be,

Your most affectionate and humble servant.

[Harl. MS. 4153, f. 21, reproduced in *Private Memoirs of Sir Kenelm Digby*, 1827, pp. liii-iv.]

James Howell, 1638.

To Dr. Duppa, L. B. of Chichester, His Highness's Tutor at St. James.

My Lord,

It is a well-becoming and very worthy work you are about, not to suffer Mr. *Ben. Johnson* to go so silently to his grave, or rot so suddenly: Being newly come to Town, and understanding that your *Johnsonus Virbius* was in the Press, upon the solicitation of Sir *Thomas Hawkins*, I suddenly fell upon the ensuing *Decastic*, which if your Lordship please, may have room among the rest.

Upon my honoured Friend and F., Mr. Ben. Johnson.

And is thy Glass run out, is that oil spent
Which light to such strong sinewy Labours lent?
Well *Ben*, I now perceive that all the *Nine*,
Tho' they their utmost forces should combine,
Cannot prevail 'gainst *Night's three daughters*, but
One still must *spin*, one *wind*, the other *cut*.
Yet in despite of *distaff*, *clue*, and *knife*,
Thou in thy strenuous Lines hast got a Light,
Which like thy *Bays* shall flourish ev'ry age,
While *sock* or *buskin* shall attend the stage.

— *Sic vaticinatur* Hoellus.

So I rest, with many devoted respects to your Lordship, as being—Your very humble Servitor,

J. H.

Lond., 1 of May 1636 [1638].

[*Epistolæ Ho-Eliaæ*, ed. J. Jacobs, 1892, p. 332.]

Title-page, 1638.

Ionsonus Virbius: or the Memorie of Ben: Johnson Revived by the Friends of the Muses. London, printed by E. P. for Henry Seile. 1638.

E. P., 1638.

The Printer to the Reader.

It is now about six months since the most learned and judicious poet, B. Jonson, became a subject for these Elegies. The time interjected between his death and the publishing of these, shows that so great an argument ought to be considered, before handled; not that the gentlemen's affections were less ready to grieve, but their judgments to write. At length the loose papers were consigned to the hands of a gentleman [Dr. Bryan Duppa, Bishop of Winchester], who truly honored him (for he knew why he did so). To his care you are beholding that they are now made yours. And he was willing to let you know the value of what you have lost, that you might the better recommend what you have left of him, to your posterity.

Farewell,

E. P.

[Prefixed to *Jousonus Virbius*, 1638.]**Lucius Cary, Viscount Falkland, 1638.**

*An Eclogue on the Death of Ben Jonson, between Melibæus
and Hylas.*

Mel. Hylas, the clear day boasts a glorious sun,
Our troop is ready, and our time is come:
That fox who hath so long our lambs destroy'd,
And daily in his prosperous rapine joy'd,
Is earth'd not far from hence; old Ægon's son,
Rough Corilas, and lusty Corydon,
In part the sport, in part revenge desire,
And both thy tarrier and thy aid require.
Haste, for by this, but that for thee we stay'd,
The prey-devourer had our prey been made.

Hyl. Oh! Melibæus, now I list not hunt,
Nor have that vigor as before I wont;
My presence will afford them no relief,
That beast I strive to chase is only grief.

Mel. What mean thy folded arms, thy downcast eyes,
Tears which so fast descend, and sighs which rise?

What mean thy words which so distracted fall
As all thy joys had now one funeral?
Cause for such grief, can our retirements yield?
That follows courts, but stoops not to the field.
Hath thy stern step-dame to thy sire reveal'd
Some youthful act, which thou couldst wish conceal'd?
Part of thy herd hath some close thief convey'd
From open pastures to a darker shade?
Part of thy flock hath some fierce torrent drown'd?
Thy harvest fail'd, or Amarillis frown'd?

Hyl. Nor love nor anger, accident nor thief,
Hath rais'd the waves of my unbounded grief:
To cure this cause, I would provoke the ire
Of my fierce step-dame or severer sire,
Give all my herds, fields, flocks, and all the grace
That ever shone in Amarillis' face.
Alas, that bard, that glorious bard is dead,
Who, when I whilom cities visited,
Hath made them seem but hours, which were full days,
Whilst he vouchsafed me his harmonious lays:
And when he lived, I thought the country then
A torture, and no mansion, but a den.

Mel. JONSON you mean, unless I much do err,
I know the person by the character.

Hyl. You guess aright, it is too truly so,
From no less spring could all these rivers flow.

Mel. Ah, Hylas! then thy grief I cannot call
A passion, when the ground is rational.
I now excuse thy tears and sighs, though those
To deluges, and these to tempests rose:
Her great instructor gone, I know the age
No less laments than doth the widow'd stage,
And only vice and folly now are glad,
Our gods are troubled, and our prince is sad:
He chiefly who bestows light, health, and art,
Feels this sharp grief pierce his immortal heart,
He his neglected lyre away hath thrown,
And wept a larger, nobler Helicon,

To find his herbs, which to his wish prevail,
For the less love should his own favorite fail:
So moan'd himself when Daphne he ador'd,
That arts relieving all, should fail their lord.

Hyl. But say, from whence in thee this knowledge springs,
Of what his favor was with gods and kings.

Mel. Dorus, who long had known books, men, and towns,
At last the honor of our woods and downs,
Had often heard his songs, was often fir'd
With their enchanting power, ere he retir'd,
And ere himself to our still groves he brought,
To meditate on what his muse had taught:
Here all his joy was to revolve alone,
All that her music to his soul had shown,
Or in all meetings to divert the stream
Of our discourse; and make his friend his theme,
And praising works which that rare loom hath weav'd,
Impart that pleasure which he had receiv'd.
So in sweet notes (which did all tunes excell,
But what he praised) I oft have heard him tell
Of his rare pen, what was the use and price,
The bays of virtue and the scourge of vice:
How the rich ignorant he valued least,
Nor for the trappings would esteem the beast;
But did our youth to noble actions raise,
Hoping the meed of his immortal praise:
How bright and soon his Muse's morning shone,
Her noon how lasting, and her evening none.
How speech exceeds not dumbness, nor verse rose,
More than his verse the low rough times of those,
(For such, his seen, they seem'd), who highest rear'd,
Possest Parnassus ere his power appear'd.
Nor shall another pen his fame dissolve,
Till we this doubtful problem can resolve,
Which in his works we most transcendant see,
Wit, judgment, learning, art, or industry;
Which *till* is never, so all jointly flow,
And each doth to an equal torrent grow:

His learning such, no author old nor new,
Escap'd his reading that deserved his view,
And such his judgment, so exact his test,
Of what was best in books, as what books best,
That had he join'd those notes his labors took,
From each most prais'd and praise-deserving book,
And could the world of that choice treasure boast,
It need not care though all the rest were lost:
And such his wit, he writ past what he quotes,
And his productions far exceed his notes.
So in his works where aught inserted grows,
The noblest of the plants engrafted shows,
That his adopted children equal not,
The generous issue his own brain begot:
So great his art, that much which he did write,
Gave the wise wonder, and the crowd delight,
Each sort as well as sex admir'd his wit,
The he's and she's, the boxes and the pit;
And who less lik'd within, did rather choose,
To tax their judgments than suspect his muse.
How no spectator his chaste stage could call
The cause of any crime of his, but all
With thoughts and wills purg'd and amended rise,
From th' ethic lectures of his comedies,
Where the spectators act, and the sham'd age
Blusheth to meet her follies on the stage;
Where each man finds some light he never sought,
And leaves behind some vanity he brought;
Whose politics no less the minds direct,
Than these the manners, nor with less effect,
When his Majestic Tragedies relate
All the disorders of a tottering state,
All the distempers which on kingdoms fall,
When ease, and wealth, and vice are general,
And yet the minds against all fear assure,
And telling the disease, prescribe the cure:
Where, as he tells what subtle ways, what friends,
(Seeking their wicked and their wish'd-for ends)

Ambitious and luxurious persons prove,
Whom vast desires, or mighty wants do move,
The general frame to sap and undermine,
In proud Sejanus, and bold Catiline;
So in his vigilant Prince and Consul's parts,
He shows the wiser and the nobler arts,
By which a state may be unhurt, upheld,
And all those works destroyed, which hell would build.
Who (not like those who with small praise had writ,
Had they not call'd in judgment to their wit)
Us'd not a tutoring hand his to direct,
But was sole workman and sole architect.
And sure by what my friend did daily tell,
If he but acted his own part as well
As he writ those of others, he may boast,
The happy fields hold not a happier ghost.

Hyl. Strangers will think this strange, yet he (dear youth)
Where most he past belief, fell short of truth.
Say on, what more he said, this gives relief,
And though it raise my cause, it bates my grief,
Since fates decreed him now no longer liv'd,
I joy to hear him by thy friend reviv'd.

Mel. More he would say, and better, (but I spoil
His smoother words with my unpolish'd style)
And having told what pitch his worth attain'd,
He then would tell us what reward it gain'd:
How in an ignorant, and learn'd age he sway'd,
(Of which the first he found, the second made)
How he, when he could know it, reap'd his fame,
And long out-liv'd the envy of his name:
To him how daily flock'd, what reverence gave,
All that had wit, or would be thought to have,
Or hope to gain, and in so large a store,
That to his ashes they can pay no more,
Except those few who censuring, thought not so,
But aim'd at glory from so great a foe:
How the wise too, did with mere wits agree,

As Pembroke, Portland, and grave Aubigny;
Nor thought the rigid'st senator a shame,
To contribute to so deserv'd a fame:
How great Eliza, the retreat of those
Who, weak and injur'd, her protection chose,
Her subjects' joy, the strength of her allies,
The fear and wonder of her enemies,
With her judicious favors did infuse
Courage and strength into his younger muse.
How learned James, whose praise no end shall find,
(But still enjoy a fame pure like his mind)
Who favor'd quiet, and the arts of peace,
(Which in his halcyon days found large encrease)
Friend to the humblest if deserving swain,
Who was himself a part of Phœbus' train,
Declar'd great JONSON worthiest to receive
The garland which the Muses' hands did weave
And though his bounty did sustain his days,
Gave a more welcome pension in his praise.
How mighty Charles amidst that weighty care,
In which three kingdoms as their blessing share,
Whom as it tends with ever watchful eyes,
That neither power may force, nor art surprise,
So bounded by no shore, grasps all the main,
And far as Neptune claims, extends his reign;
Found still some time to hear and to admire,
The happy sounds of his harmonious lyre,
And oft hath left his bright exalted throne,
And to his Muse's feet combin'd his own;
As did his queen, whose person so diselos'd
A brighter nymph than any part impos'd,
When she did join, by an harmonious choice,
Her graceful motions to his powerful voice:
How above all the rest was Phœbus fired
With love of arts, which he himself inspired,
Nor oftener by his light our sense was cheer'd,
Than he in person to his sight appear'd,

Nor did he write a line but to supply,
With sacred flame the radiant god was by.

Hyl. Though none I ever heard this last rehearse,
I saw as much when I did see his verse.

Mel. Since he, when living, could such honors have,
What now will piety pay to his grave?
Shall of the rich (whose lives were low and vile,
And scarce deserv'd a grave, much less a pile)
The monuments possess an ample room,
And such a wonder lie without a tomb?
Raise thou him one in verse, and there relate
His worth, thy grief, and our deplored state;
His great perfections our great loss recite,
And let them merely weep who cannot write.

Hyl. I like thy saying, but oppose thy choice;
So great a task as this requires a voice
Which must be heard, and listened to, by all,
And Fame's own trumpet but appears too small,
Then for my slender reed to sound his name,
Would more my folly than his praise proclaim,
And when you wish my weakness, sing his worth,
You charge a mouse to bring a mountain forth.
I am by nature form'd, by woes made, dull,
My head is emptier than my heart is full;
Grief doth my brain impair, as tears supply,
Which makes my face so moist, my pen so dry.
Nor should this work proceed from woods and downs,
But from the academies, courts, and towns;
Let Digby, Carew, Killigrew, and Maine,
Godolphin, Waller, that inspired train,
Or whose rare pen beside deserves the grace,
Or of an equal, or a neighboring place,
Answer thy wish, for none so fit appears,
To raise his tomb, as who are left his heirs:
Yet for this cause no labor need be spent,
Writing his works, he built his monument.

Mel. If to obey in this, thy pen be loth,
It will not seem thy weakness, but thy sloth:

Our towns prest by our foes invading might,
 Our ancient druids and young virgins fight,
 Employing feeble limbs to the best use;
 So JONSON dead, no pen should plead excuse.
 For elegies, howl all who cannot sing,
 For tombs bring turf, who cannot marble bring,
 Let all their forces mix, join verse to rhyme,
 To save his fame from that invader, Time,
 Whose power, though his alone may well restrain,
 Yet to so wish'd an end, no care is vain;
 And time, like what our brooks act in our sight,
 Oft sinks the weighty, and upholds the light.
 Besides, to this, thy pains I strive to move
 Less to express his glory than thy love:
 Not long before his death, our woods he meant
 To visit, and descend from Thames to Trent,
 Mete with thy elegy his pastoral,
 And rise as much as he vouchsafed to fall.
 Suppose it chance no other pen do join
 In this attempt, and the whole work be thine?—
 When the fierce fire the rash boy kindled, reign'd,
 The whole world suffer'd; earth alone complain'd.
 Suppose that many more intend the same,
 More taught by art, and better known to fame?
 To that great deluge which so far destroy'd,
 The earth her springs, as heaven his showers employ'd.
 So may who highest marks of honor wears,
 Admit mean partners in this flood of tears;
 So oft the humblest join with loftiest things,
 Nor only princes weep the fate of kings.

Hyl. I yield, I yield, thy words my thoughts have fired,
 And I am less persuaded than inspired;
 Speech shall give sorrow vent, and that relief,
 The woods shall echo all the city's grief:
 I oft have verse on meaner subjects made,
 Should I give presents and leave debts unpaid?
 Want of invention here is no excuse,
 My matter I shall find, and not produce,

And (as it fares in crowds) I only doubt,
 So much would pass, that nothing will get out,
 Else in this work which now my thoughts intend
 I shall find nothing hard, but how to end:
 I then but ask fit time to smooth my lays,
 (And imitate in this the pen I praise)
 Which by the subject's power embalm'd, may last,
 Whilst the sun light, the earth doth shadows cast,
 And, feather'd by those wings, fly among men,
 Far as the fame of poetry and Ben.

[*Jonsonus Virbius*, 1638.]

Richard Sackville, Lord Buckhurst, 1638.

To the Memory of Benjamin Jonson.

If Romulus did promise in the fight,
 To Jove the Stator, if he held from flight
 His men, a temple, and perform'd his vow,
 Why should not we, learn'd Jonson, thee allow
 An altar at the least? since by thy aid,
 Learning, that would have left us, has been stay'd.
 The actions were different: that thing
 Requir'd some mark to keep't from perishing.
 But letters must be quite defaced, before
 Thy memory, whose care did them restore.

[*Jonsonus Virbius*, 1638.]

Sir John Beaumont, 1638.

*To the Memory of Him Who Can Never be Forgotten, Master
 Benjamin Jonson.*

Had this been for some meaner poet's herse,
 I might have then observ'd the laws of verse:
 But here they fail, nor can I hope to express
 In numbers, what the world grants numberless:
 Such are the truths, we ought to speak of thee,
 Thou great refiner of our poesy,
 Who turn'st to gold that which before was lead;
 Then with that pure elixir rais'd the dead!

Nine sisters who (for all the poets lies),
 Had been deem'd mortal, did not Jonson rise,
 And with celestial sparks (not stoln) revive
 Those who could erst keep winged fame alive:
 'Twas he that found (plac'd) in the seat of wit,
 Dull grinning ignorance, and banish'd it;
 He on the prostituted stage appears
 To make men hear, not by their eyes, but ears;
 Who painted virtues, that each one might know,
 And point the man, that did such treasure owe:
 So that who could in Jonson's lines be high,
 Needed not honors, or a riband buy;
 But vice he only shewed us in a glass,
 Which by reflection of those rays that pass,
 Retains the figure lively, set before,
 And that withdrawn, reflects at us no more;
 So, he observ'd the like decorum, when
 He whipt the vices, and yet spar'd the men:
 When heretofore, the Vice's only note,
 And sign from virtue was his party-coat;
 When devils were the last men on the stage,
 And pray'd for plenty, and the present age.

Nor was our English language only bound
 To thank him, for he Latin Horace found
 (Who so inspired Rome, with his lyric song)
 Translated in the macaronic tongue;
 Cloth'd in such rags, as one might safely vow,
 That his Mæcenas would not own him now:
 On him he took this pity, as to clothe
 In words, and such expression, as for both,
 There's none but judgeth the exchange will come
 To twenty more, than when he sold at Rome.
 Since then, he made our language pure and good,
 And us to speak, but what we understood,
 We owe this praise to him, that should we join
 To pay him, he were paid but with the coin
 Himself hath minted, which we know by this,
 That no words pass for current now, but his.

And though he in a blinder age could change
 Faults to perfections, yet 'twas far more strange
 To see (however times and fashions frame)
 His wit and language still remain the same
 In all men's mouths; grave preachers did it use
 As golden pills, by which they might infuse
 Their heavenly physic; ministers of state
 Their grave dispatches in his language wrate;
 Ladies made curt'sies in them, courtiers, legs,
 Physicians bills;—perhaps, some pedant begs
 He may not use it, for he hears 'tis such,
 As in few words a man may utter much.
 Could I have spoken in his language too,
 I had not said so much, as now I do,
 To whose clear memory I this tribute send,
 Who dead's my Wonder, living was my Friend.

[*Jonsonus Virbius*, 1638.]

Sir Thomas Hawkins, 1638.

To the Memory of Master Benjamin Jonson.

To press into the throng, where wits thus strive
 To make thy laurels fading tombs survive,
 Argues thy worth, their love, my bold desire,
 Somewhat to sing, though but to fill the quire:
 But (truth to speak) what muse can silent be,
 Or little say, that hath for subject, thee?
 Whose poems such, that as the sphere of fire,
 They warm insensibly, and force inspire,
 Knowledge, and wit infuse, mute tongues unloose,
 And ways not track'd to write, and speak disclose.

But when thou put'st thy tragic buskin on,
 Or comic sock of mirthful action,
 Actors, as if inspired from thy hand,
 Speak, beyond what they think, less, understand:
 And thirsty hearers, wonder-stricken, say,
 Thy words make that a truth, was meant a play
 Folly, and brain-sick humors of the time,
 Distemper'd passion and audacious crime,

Thy pen so on the stage doth personate,
 That ere men scarce begin to know, they hate
 The vice presented, and there lessons learn,
 Virtue, from vicious habits to discern.
 Oft have I seen thee in a sprightly strain,
 To lash a vice, and yet no one complain;
 Thou threw'st the ink of malice from thy pen,
 Whose aim was evil manners, not ill men.
 Let then frail parts repose, where solemn care
 Of pious friends their Pyramids prepare;
 And take thou, Ben, from Verse a second breath,
 Which shall create Thee new, and conquer death.

[*Jonsonus Virbius*, 1638.]

Henry King, 1638.

To the Memory of My Friend, Ben Jonson.

I see that wreath which doth the wearer arm
 'Gainst the quick strokes of thunder, is no charm
 To keep off death's pale dart; for, Jonson, then
 Thou hadst been number'd still with living men:
 Time's scythe had fear'd thy laurel to invade,
 Nor thee this subject of our sorrow made.

Amongst those many votaries that come
 To offer up their garlands at thy tomb,
 Whilst some more lofty pens in their bright verse,
 (Like glorious tapers flaming on thy herse)
 Shall light the dull and thankless world to see,
 How great a main it suffers, wanting thee;
 Let not thy learned shadow scorn, that I
 Pay meaner rites unto thy memory:
 And since I nought can add but in desire,
 Restore some sparks which leap'd from thine own fire.

What ends soever other quills invite,
 I can protest, it was no itch to write,
 Nor any vain ambition to be read,
 But merely love and justice to the dead,
 Which rais'd my fameless muse: and caus'd her bring
 These drops, as tribute thrown into that spring,

To whose most rich and fruitful head we owe
 The purest streams of language which can flow.
 For 'tis but truth; thou taught'st the ruder age,
 To speak by grammar; and reform'dst the stage;
 Thy comic sock induc'd such purged sense,
 A Lucrece might have heard without offence.
 Amongst those soaring wits that did dilate
 Our English, and advance it to the rate
 And value it now holds, thyself was one
 Help'd lift it up to such proportion,
 That, thus refined and robed, it shall not spare
 With the full Greek or Latin to compare.
 For what tongue ever durst, but ours, translate
 Great Tully's eloquence, or Homer's state?
 Both which in their unblemish'd lustre shine,
 From Chapman's pen, and from thy Catiline.

All I would ask for thee, in recompense
 Of thy successful toil and time's expense
 Is only this poor boon; that those who can,
 Perhaps, read French, or talk Italian;
 Or do the lofty Spaniard affect,
 (To shew their skill in foreign dialect)
 Prove not themselves so' unnaturally wise
 They therefore should their mother-tongue despise;
 (As if her poets both for style and wit,
 Not equall'd, or not pass'd their best that writ)
 Until by studying Jonson they have known
 The height, and strength, and plenty of their own.

Thus in what low earth, or neglected room
 Soe'er thou sleep'st, thy Book shall be thy tomb.
 Thou wilt go down a happy corse, bestrew'd
 With thine own flowers, and feel thyself renew'd,
 Whilst thy immortal, never-withering bays
 Shall yearly flourish in thy reader's praise:
 And when more spreading titles are forgot,
 Or, spite of all their lead and sear-cloth, rot;
 Thou wrapt and shrin'd in thine own sheets wilt lie,
 A Relic fam'd by all posterity.

[*Jonsonus Virbius*, 1638.]

Henry Coventry, 1638.*To the Memory of Benjamin Jonson.*

Might but this slender offering of mine,
 Crowd 'midst the sacred burden of thy shrine,
 The near acquaintance with thy greater name
 Might style me wit, and privilege my fame,
 But I've no such ambition, nor dare sue
 For the least legacy of wit, as due.
 I come not t' offend duty, and transgress
 Affection, nor with bold presumption press,
 'Midst those close mourners, whose nigh kin in verse,
 Hath made the near attendance of thy hearse.
 I come in duty, not in pride, to shew
 Not what I have in store, but what I owe;
 Nor shall my folly wrong thy fame, for we
 Prize, by the want of wit, the loss of thee.

As when the wearied sun hath stol'n to rest,
 And darkness made the world's unwelcome guest,
 We grovelling captives of the night, yet may
 With fire and candle beget light, not day;
 Now he whose name in poetry controls,
 Goes to converse with more refined souls,
 Like country gazers in amaze we sit,
 Admirers of this great eclipse in wit.
 Reason and wit we have to shew us men,
 But no hereditary beam of Ben.
 Our knock'd inventions may beget a spark,
 Which faints at least resistance of the dark;
 Thine like the fire's high element was pure,
 And like the same made not to burn, but cure.
 When thy enraged Muse did chide o' the stage,
 'Twas to reform, not to abuse the age.
 —But thou'rt requited ill, to have thy herse,
 Stain'd by profaner parricides in verse,
 Who make mortality a guilt, and scold,
 Merely because thou'dst offer to be old:
 'Twas too unkind a slight'ning of thy name,
 To think a ballad could confute thy fame;

Let's but peruse their libels, and they'll be
 But arguments they understood not thee.
 Nor is't disgrace, that in thee, through age spent
 'Twas thought a crime not to be excellent:
 For me, I'll in such reverence hold thy fame,
 I'll but by invocation use thy name,
 Be thou propitious, poetry shall know,
 No deity but Thee to whom I'll owe.

[*Jonsonus Virbius*, 1638.]

Thomas May, 1638.

An Elegy upon Benjamin Jonson.

Though once high Statius o'er dead Lucan's hearse,
 Would seem to fear his own hexameters,
 And thought a greater honor than that fear
 He could not bring to Lucan's sepulchre;
 Let not our poets fear to write of thee,
 Great Jonson, king of English poetry,
 In any English verse, let none whoe'er,
 Bring so much emulation as to fear:
 But pay without comparing thoughts at all,
 Their tribute—verses to thy funeral;
 Nor think whate'er they write on such a name,
 Can be amiss: if high, it fits thy fame;
 If low, it rights thee more, and makes men see,
 That English poetry is dead with thee;
 Which in thy genius did so strongly live.—
 Nor will I here particularly strive,
 To praise each well composed piece of thine;
 Or shew what judgment, art and wit did join
 To make them up, but only (in the way
 That Famianus honor'd Virgil) say,
 The Muse herself was link'd so near to thee,
 Whoe'er saw one, must needs the other see;
 And if in thy expressions aught seem'd scant,
 Not thou, but Poetry itself, did want.

[*Jonsonus Virbius*, 1638.]

Dudley Diggs, 1638.*An Elegy on Ben Jonson.*

I dare not, learned Shade, bedew thy herse
With tears, unless that impudence, in verse,
Would cease to be a sin; and what were crime
In prose, would be no injury in rhyme.
My thoughts are so below, I fear to act
A sin, like their black envy, who detract;
As oft as I would character in speech
That worth, which silent wonder scarce can reach.
Yet, I that but pretend to learning, owe
So much to thy great fame, I ought to shew
My weakness in thy praise; thus to approve,
Although it be less wit, is greater love:
'Tis all our fancy aims at; and our tongues
At best, will guilty prove of friendly wrongs.
For, who would image out thy worth, great Ben,
Should first be, what he praises; and his pen
Thy active brains should feed, which we can't have,
Unless we could redeem thee from the grave.
The only way that's left now, is to look
Into thy papers, to read o'er thy book;
And then remove thy fancies, there doth lie
Some judgment, where we cannot make, t' apply
Our reading: some, perhaps, may call this wit,
And think, we do not steal, but only fit
Thee to thyself; of all thy marble wears,
Nothing is truly ours, except the tears.

O could we weep like thee! we might convey
New breath, and raise men from their beds of clay
Unto a life of fame; he is not dead,
Who by thy Muses hath been buried.
Thrice happy those brave heroes, whom I meet
Wrapt in thy writings, as their winding sheet!
For, when the tribute unto nature due,
Was paid, they did receive new life from you;
Which shall not be undated, since thy breath
Is able to immortal, after death.

Thus rescued from the dust, they did ne'er see
True life, until they were entomb'd by thee.

You that pretend to courtship, here admire
Those pure and active flames, love did inspire:
And though he could have took his mistress' ears,
Beyond faint sighs, false oaths, and forced tears;
His heat was still so modest, it might warm,
But do the cloister'd votary no harm.
The face he sometimes praises, but the mind,
A fairer saint, is in his verse enshrin'd.

He that would worthily set down his praise,
Should study lines as lofty as his plays.
The Roman worthies did not seem to fight
With braver spirit, than we see him write;
His pen their valor equals; and that age
Receives a greater glory from our stage.
Bold Catiline, at once Rome's hate and fear,
Far higher in his story doth appear;
The flames those active furies did inspire,
Ambition and Revenge, his better fire
Kindles afresh; thus lighted, they shall burn,
Till Rome to its first nothing do return.
Brave fall, had but the cause been likewise good,
Had he so, for his country, lost his blood!

Some like not Tully in his own; yet while
All do admire him in thy English style,
I censure not; I rather think, that we
May well his equal, thine we ne'er shall see.

[*Jonsonus Virbius*, 1638.]

George Fortescue, 1638.

To the Immortality of My Learned Friend, Master Jonson

I parlied once with death, and thought to yield,
When thou advised'st me to keep the field;
Yet if I fell, thou wouldst upon my herse,
Breathe the reviving spirit of thy verse.

I live, and to thy grateful Muse would pay
A parallel of thanks, but that this day

Of thy fair rights, through th' innumerable light,
 That flows from thy adorers, seems as bright,
 As when the sun darts through his golden hair,
 His beams' diameter into the air.
 In vain I then strive to encrease thy glory,
 These lights that go before make dark my story.
 Only I'll say, heaven gave unto thy pen
 A sacred power, immortalizing men,
 And thou dispensing life immortally,
 Does now but sabbatise from work, not die.

[*Jonsonus Virbius*, 1638.]

William Habington, 1638.

*An Elegy upon the Death of Ben Jonson, the Most Excellent
 of English Poets.*

What doth officious fancy here prepare? —
 Be't rather this rich kingdom's charge and care
 To find a virgin quarry, whence no hand
 E'er wrought a tomb on vulgar dust to stand,
 And thence bring for this work materials fit:
 Great Jonson needs no architect of wit;
 Who forc'd from art, receiv'd from nature more
 Than doth survive him, or e'er liv'd before.

And, poets, with what veil soe'er you hide,
 Your aim, 'twill not be thought your grief, but pride,
 Which, that your cypress never growth might want,
 Did it near his eternal laurel plant.

Heaven at the death of princes, by the birth
 Of some new star, seems to instruct the earth,
 How it resents our human fate. Then why
 Didst thou, wit's most triumphant monarch, die
 Without thy comet? Did the sky despair
 To teem a fire, bright as thy glories were?
 Or is it by its age, unfruitful grown,
 And can produce no light, but what is known,
 A common mourner, when a prince's fall
 Invites a star t' attend the funeral?

But those prodigious sights only create
 Talk for the vulgar: Heaven, before thy fate,
 That thou thyself might'st thy own dirges hear,
 Made the sad stage close mourner for a year;
 The stage, which (as by an instinct divine,
 Instructed) seeing its own fate in thine,
 And knowing how it ow'd its life to thee,
 Prepared itself thy sepulchre to be;
 And had continued so, but that thy wit,
 Which as the soul, first animated it,
 Still hovers here below, and ne'er shall die,
 Till time be buried in eternity.

But you! whose comic labors on the stage,
 Against the envy of a froward age
 Hold combat! how will now your vessels sail,
 The seas so broken and the winds so frail,
 Such rocks, such shallows threat'ning every where
 And Jonson dead, whose art your course might steer?

Look up! where Seneca and Sophocles,
 Quick Plautus and sharp Aristophanes,
 Enlighten yon bright orb! doth not your eye,
 Among them, one far larger fire, descry,
 At which their lights grow pale? 'tis Jonson, there
 He shines your Star, who was your Pilot here.

[*Jonsonus Virbius*, 1638.]

Edmund Waller, 1638.

Upon Ben Jonson, the Most Excellent of Comic Poets.

Mirror of poets! mirror of our age!
 Which her whole face beholding on thy stage,
 Pleas'd and displeas'd with her own faults endures,
 A remedy, like those whom music cures.
 Thou not alone those various inclinations,
 Which nature gives to ages, sexes, nations,
 Hast traced with thy all-resembling pen,
 But all that custom hath impos'd on men,
 Or ill-got habits, which distort them so,
 That scarce the brother can the brother know,

Is represented to the wondering eyes,
 Of all that see or read thy Comedies.
 Whoever in those glasses looks may find,
 The spots return'd, or graces of his mind;
 And by the help of so divine an art,
 At leisure view, and dress his nobler part.
 Narcissus cozen'd by that flattering well,
 Which nothing could but of his beauty tell,
 Had here, discovering the deform'd estate
 Of his fond mind, preserv'd himself with hate.
 But virtue too, as well as vice, is clad
 In flesh and blood so well, that Plato had
 Beheld what his high fancy once embraced,
 Virtue with colors, speech, and motion graced.
 The sundry postures of thy copious muse,
 Who would express, a thousand tongues must use:
 Whose fate's no less peculiar than thy art;
 For as thou couldst all characters impart,
 So none can render thine, who still escapes,
 Like Proteus in variety of shapes,
 Who was nor this nor that, but all we find,
 And all we can imagine in mankind.

[*Jonsonus Virbius*, 1638.]

James Howell, 1638.

*Upon the Poet of His Time, Benjamin Jonson, His Honored Friend
 and Father. ~*

And is thy glass run out? is that oil spent,
 Which light to such tough sinewy labors lent?
 Well, Ben, I now perceive that all the Nine,
 Though they their utmost forces should combine,
 Cannot prevail 'gainst Night's three daughters, but,
 One still will spin, one wind, the other cut.
 Yet in despite of spindle, clue, and knife,
 Thou, in thy strenuous lines, hast got a life,
 Which, like thy bay, shall flourish every age,
 While sock or buskin move upon the stage.

[*Jonsonus Virbius*, 1638. Cf. the entry "James Howell, 1638" on page 202.]

John Vernon, 1638.

An Offertory at the Tomb of the Famous Poet Ben Jonson.

If souls departed lately hence do know
 How we perform the duties that we owe
 Their reliqués, will it not grieve thy spirit
 To see our dull devotion? thy merit
 Profaned by disproportion'd rites? thy herse
 Rudely defiled with our unpolish'd verse? —
 Necessity's our best excuse: 'tis in
 Our understanding, not our will, we sin;
 'Gainst which 'tis now in vain to labor, we
 Did nothing know, but what was taught by thee.

The routed soldiers when their captains fall
 Forget all order, that men cannot call
 It properly a battle that they fight;
 Nor we (thou being dead) be said to write.
 'Tis noise we utter, nothing can be sung
 By those distinctly that have lost their tongue;
 And therefore whatsoe'er the subject be,
 All verses now become thy ELEGY:
 For, when a lifeless poem shall be read,
 Th' afflicted reader sighs, Ben Jonson's dead.
 This is thy glory, that no pen can raise
 A lasting trophy in thy honor'd praise;
 Since fate (it seems) would have it so exprest,
 Each muse should end with thine, who was the best:
 And but her flights were stronger, and so high,
 That time's rude hand cannot reach her glory,
 An ignorance had spread this age, as great
 As that which made thy learned muse so sweat,
 And toil to dissipate; until, at length,
 Purg'd by thy art, it gain'd a lasting strength;
 And now secur'd by thy all-powerful writ,
 Can fear no more a like relapse of wit:
 Though (to our grief) we ever must despair,
 That any age can raise thee up an heir.

[*Jonsonus Virbius*, 1638.]

Anonymous, 1638.*To the Memory of Ben Jonson.*

The Muses' fairest light in no dark time;
 The wonder of a learned age; the line
 Which none can pass; the most proportion'd wit,
 To nature, the best judge of what was fit;
 The deepest, plainest, highest, clearest pen;
 The voice most echo'd by consenting men:
 The soul which answer'd best to all well said
 By others, and which most requital made;
 Tuned to the highest key of ancient Rome,
 Returning all her music with his own,
 In whom with nature, study claim'd a part,
 And yet who to himself ow'd all his art:

Here lies Ben Jonson! Every age will look
 With sorrow here, with wonder on his Book.

[*Jonsonus Virbius*, 1638.]**John Cleveland, 1638.***To the Same.*

Who first reform'd our stage with justest laws,
 And was the first best judge in your own cause:
 Who, when his actors trembled for applause,

Could (with a noble confidence) prefer
 His own, by right, to a whole theatre;
 From principles which he knew could not err.

Who to his Fable did his persons fit,
 With all the properties of art and wit,
 And above all, that could be acted, writ.

Who public follies did to covert drive,
 Which he again could cunningly retrace,
 Leaving them no ground to rest on, and thrive,

Here Jonson lies, whom, had I nam'd before,
 In that one word alone, I had paid more
 Than can be now, when plenty makes me poor.

[*Jonsonus Virbius*, 1638.]

Jasper Mayne, 1638.*To the Memory of Ben Jonson.*

As when the vestal hearth went out, no fire
 Less holy than the flame that did expire,
 Could kindle it again: so at thy fall
 Our wit, great Ben, is too apocryphal
 To celebrate the loss, since 'tis too much
 To write thy Epitaph, and not be such.
 What thou wert, like th' hard oracles of old,
 Without an extasy cannot be told.
 We must be ravish'd first; thou must infuse
 Thyself into us both the theme and muse.
 Else, (though we all conspir'd to make thy herse
 Our works) so that't had been but one great verse,
 Though the priest had translated for that time
 The liturgy and buried thee in rhyme,
 So that in metre we had heard it said,
 Poetic dust is to poetic laid:
 And though, that dust being Shakspeare's, thou might'st have
 Not his room, but the poet for thy grave;
 So that, as thou didst prince of numbers die
 And live, so now thou might'st in numbers lie.
 'Twere frail solemnity: verses on thee
 And not like thine, would but kind libels be;
 And we (not speaking thy whole worth) should raise
 Worse blots, than they that envied thy praise.
 Indeed, thou need'st us not, since above all
 Invention, thou wert thine own funeral.
 Hereafter, when time hath fed on thy tomb,
 Th' inscription worn out, and the marble dumb,
 So that 'twould pose a critic to restore
 Half words, and words expir'd so long before;
 When thy main'd statue hath a sentenced face,
 And looks that are the horror of the place,
 That 'twill be learning, and antiquity,
 And ask a Selden to say, this was thee,
 Thou'lt have a whole name still, nor need'st thou fear
 That will be ruin'd, or lose nose, or hair.

Let authors write so thin, that they can't be
Authors till rotten, no posterity
Can add to thy works; they had their whole growth then
When first borne, and came aged from thy pen.
Whilst living thou enjoy'dst the fame and sense
Of all that time gives, but the reverence.
When thou'rt of Homer's years, no man will say
Thy poems are less worthy, but more gray:
'Tis bastard poetry, and of false blood
Which can't, without succession, be good.
Things that will always last, do thus agree
With things eternal; th' at once perfect be.
Scorn then their censures, who gave out, thy wit
As long upon a comedy did sit
As elephants bring forth; and that thy blots
And mendings took more time than Fortune plots:
That such thy drought was, and so great thy thirst,
That all thy plays were drawn at the Mermaid first;
That the king's yearly butt wrote, and his wine
Hath more right than thou to thy Catiline.
Let such men keep a diet, let their wit
Be rack'd, and while they write, suffer a fit:
When they've felt tortures which out-pain the gout,
Such, as with less, the state draws treason out;
Though they should the length of consumptions lie
Sick of their verse, and of their poem die,
'Twould not be thy worse scene, but would at last
Confirm their boastings, and shew made in haste.

He that writes well, writes quick, since the rule's true,
Nothing is slowly done, that's always new.
So when thy Fox had ten times acted been,
Each day was first, but that 'twas cheaper seen;
And so thy Alchemist played o'er and o'er,
Was new o' the stage, when 'twas not at the door.
We, like the actors, did repeat; the pit
The first time saw, the next conceiv'd thy wit:
Which was cast in those forms, such rules, such arts,
That but to some not half thy acts were parts:

Since of some silken judgments we may say,
They fill'd a box two hours, but saw no play.
So that th' unlearned lost their money; and
Scholars sav'd only, that could understand.
Thy scene was free from monsters; no hard plot
Call'd down a God t' untie th' unlikely knot;
The stage was still a stage, two entrances
Were not two parts o' the world, disjoin'd by seas.
Thine were land-tragedies no prince was found
To swim a whole scene out then o' the stage drown'd;
Pitch'd fields, as Red-bull wars, still felt thy doom;
Thou laid'st no sieges to the music room;
Nor wouldst allow, to thy best Comedies,
Humors that should above the people rise.
Yet was thy language and thy style so high,
Thy sock to th' ancle, buskin reach'd to th' thigh;
And both so chaste, so 'bove dramatic clean,
That we both safely saw, and liv'd thy scene.
No foul loose line did prostitute thy wit,
Thou wrot'st thy comedies, didst not commit.
We did the vice arraign'd not tempting hear,
And were made judges, not bad parts by th' ear.
For thou ev'n sin did in such words array,
That some who came bad parts, went out good play.
Which, ended not with th' epilogue, the age
Still acted, which grew innocent from the stage.
'Tis true thou hadst some sharpness, but thy salt
Serv'd but with pleasure to reform the fault:
Men were laugh'd into virtue, and none more
Hated Face acted than were such before.
So did thy sting not blood, but humors draw,
So much doth satire more correct than law;
Which was not nature in thee, as some call
Thy teeth, who say thy wit lay in thy gall:
That thou didst quarrel first, and then, in spite,
Didst 'gainst a person of such vices write;
That 'twas revenge, not truth, that on the stage
Carlo was not presented, but thy rage:

And that when thou in company wert met,
 Thy meat took notes, and thy discourse was net.
 We know thy free vein had this innocence,
 To spare the party, and to brand th' offence;
 And the just indignation thou wert in
 Did not expose Shift, but his tricks and gin.
 Thou mightst have us'd th' old comic freedom, these
 Might have seen themselves play'd like Socrates;
 Like Cleon, Mammon might the knight have been,
 If, as Greek authors, thou hadst turn'd Greek spleen;
 And hadst not chosen rather to translate
 Their learning into English, not their hate:
 Indeed this last, if thou hadst been bereft
 Of thy humanity, might be call'd theft;
 The other was not; whatsoe'er was strange,
 Or borrow'd in thee, did grow thine by the change,
 Who without Latin helps hadst been as rare
 As Beaumont, Fletcher, or as Shakspeare were:
 And like them, from thy native stock could'st say,
 Poets and kings are not born every day.

[*Jonsonus Virbius*, 1638.]

William Cartwright, 1638.

In the Memory of the Most Worthy Benjamin Jonson.

Father of poets, though thine own great day,
 Struck from thyself, scorns that a weaker ray
 Should twine in lustre with it, yet my flame,
 Kindled from thine, flies upwards tow'rds thy name.
 For in the acclamation of the less
 There's piety, though from it no access.
 And though my ruder thoughts make me of those,
 Who hide and cover what they should disclose;
 Yet, where the lustre's such, he makes it seem
 Better to some, that draws the veil between.
 And what can more be hoped, since that divine
 Free filling spirit took its flight with thine?
 Men may have fury, but no raptures now;
 Like witches, charm, yet not know whence, nor how;

And, through distemper, grown not strong but fierce,
Instead of writing, only rave in verse:
Which when by thy laws judg'd, 'twill be confess'd,
'Twas not to be inspir'd, but be possess'd.

Where shall we find a muse like thine, that can
So well present and shew man unto man,
That each one finds his twin, and thinks thy art
Extends not to the gestures but the heart?
Where one so shewing life to life, that we
Think thou taught'st custom, and not custom thee?
Manners, that were themes to thy scenes still flow
In the same stream, and are their comments now:
These times thus living o'er thy models, we
Think them not so much wit, as prophecy;
And though we know the character, may swear
A Sybil's finger hath been busy there.

Things common thou speak'st proper, which though known
For public, stamp by thee grow thence thine own:
Thy thoughts so order'd, so express'd, that we
Conclude that thou didst not discourse, but see,
Language so master'd, that thy numerous feet,
Laden with genuine words, do always meet
Each in his art; nothing unfit doth fall,
Shewing the poet, like the wiseman, All.
Thine equal skill thus wresting nothing, made
Thy pen seem not so much to write as trade.

That life, that Venus of all things, which we
Conceive or shew, proportion'd decency,
Is not found scatter'd in thee here and there,
But, like the soul, is wholly everywhere.
No strange perplexed maze doth pass for plot,
Thou always dost untie, not cut the knot.
Thy labyrinth's doors are open'd by one thread
That ties, and runs through all that's done or said:
No power comes down with learned hat and rod,
Wit only, and contrivance is thy god.

'Tis easy to gild gold; there's small skill spent
Where even the first rude mass is ornament:

Thy muse took harder metals, purg'd and boil'd,
Labor'd and tried, heated, and beat and toil'd,
Sifted the dross, filed roughness, then gave dress,
Vexing rude subjects into comeliness.

Be it thy glory then, that we may say,
Thou run'st where th' foot was hinder'd by the way.

Nor dost thou pour out, but dispense thy vein,
Skill'd when to spare, and when to entertain:
Not like our wits, who into one piece do
Throw all that they can say, and their friends too;
Pumping themselves, for one term's noise so dry,
As if they made their wills in poetry.
And such spruce compositions press the stage,
When men transcribe themselves, and not the age:
Both sorts of plays are thus like pictures shewn,
Thine of the common life, theirs of their own.

Thy models yet are not so fram'd, as we
May call them libels, and not imag'ry,
No name on any basis: 'tis thy skill
To strike the vice, but spare the person still.
As he, who when he saw the serpent wreath'd
About his sleeping son, and as he breath'd,
Drink in his soul, did so the shot contrive,
To kill the beast, but keep the child alive:
So dost thou aim thy darts, which, even when
They kill the poisons, do but wake the men;
Thy thunders thus but purge, and we endure
Thy lancings better than another's cure;
And justly too: for th' age grows more unsound
From the fool's balsam, than the wiseman's wound.

No rotten talk brokes for a laugh; no page
Commenc'd man by th' instructions of thy stage;
No bargaining line there; provoc'tive verse;
Nothing but what Lucretia might rehearse;
No need to make good countenance ill, and use
The plea of strict life for a looser muse.
No woman ruled thy quill; we can descry
No verse born under any Cynthia's eye:

Thy star was judgment only, and right sense
Thyself being to thyself an influence.
Stout beauty is thy grace; stern pleasures do
Present delights, but mingle horrors too:
Thy muse doth thus like Jove's fierce girl appear.
With a fair hand, but grasping of a spear.

Where are they now that cry, thy lamp did drink
More oil than the author wine, while he did think?
We do embrace their slander: thou hast writ
Not for dispatch but fame; no market wit:
'Twas not thy care, that it might pass and sell,
But that it might endure, and be done well:
Nor wouldst thou venture it unto the ear,
Until the file would not make smooth, but wear;
Thy verse came season'd hence, and would not give;
Born not to feed the author, but to live:
Whence 'mong the choicer judges risse a strife,
To make thee read as classic in thy life.
Those that do hence applause, and suffrage beg,
'Cause they can poems form upon one leg,
Write not to time, but to the poet's day:
There's difference between fame, and sudden pay.
These men sing kingdoms' falls, as if that fate
Used the same force to a village, and a state;
These serve Thyestes' bloody supper in,
As if it had only a sallad been:
Their Catilines are but fencers, whose fights rise
Not to the fame of battle, but of prize.
But thou still put'st true passions on; dost write
With the same courage that tried captains fight;
Giv'st the right blush and color unto things,
Low without creeping, high without loss of wings;
Smooth, yet not weak, and by a thorough care,
Big without swelling, without painting fair.
They, wretches, while they cannot stand to fit
Are not wits, but materials of wit.
What though thy searching wit did rake the dust
Of time, and purge old metals of their rust?

Is it no labor, no art, think they, to
Snatch shipwrecks from the deep, as divers do?
And rescue jewels from the covetous sand,
Making the seas hid wealth adorn the land?
What though thy culling muse did rob the store
Of Greek, and Latin gardens to bring o'er
Plants to thy native soil? their virtues were
Improv'd far more, by being planted here.
If thy still to their essence doth refine
So many drugs, is not the water thine?
Thefts thus become just works; they and their grace
Are wholly thine: thus doth the stamp and face
Make that the king's, that's ravish'd from the mine;
In others then 'tis ore, in thee 'tis coin.

Blest life of authors! unto whom we owe
Those that we had, and those that we want too:
Thou art all so good, that reading makes thee worse,
And to have writ so well's thine only curse.
Secure then of thy merit, thou didst hate
That servile base dependence upon fate:
Success thou ne'er thoughtst virtue, nor that fit,
Which chance, and the age's fashion did make hit;
Excluding those from life in after time,
Who into poetry first brought luck and rhyme;
Who thought the people's breath good air; styled name
What was but noise; and, getting briefs for fame,
Gather'd the many's suffrages, and thence
Made commendation a benevolence.
Thy thoughts were their own laurel, and did win
That best applause of being crown'd within.

And though th' exacting age, when deeper years
Had interwoven snow among thy hairs,
Would not permit thou shouldst grow old, 'cause they
Ne'er by thy writings knew thee young; we may
Say justly, they're ungrateful, when they more
Condemn'd thee, 'cause thou wert so good before.
Thine art was thine art's blur, and they'll confess
Thy strong perfumes made them not smell thy less.

But, though to err with thee be no small skill,
 And we adore the last draughts of thy quill:
 Though those thy thoughts, which the now queasy age
 Doth count but clods, and refuse of the stage,
 Will come up porcelain-wit some hundreds hence,
 When there will be more manners, and more sense;
 'Twas judgment yet to yield, and we afford
 Thy silence as much fame, as once thy word:
 Who like an aged oak, the leaves being gone,
 Wast food before, art now religion;
 Thought still more rich, though not so richly stor'd,
 View'd and enjoy'd before, but now ador'd.

Great soul of numbers, whom we want and boast
 Like curing gold, most valued now thou art lost!
 When we shall feed on refuse offals, when
 We shall from corn to acorns turn again;
 Then shall we see that these two names are one,
 Jonson and Poetry, which now are gone.

[*Jonsonus Virbius*, 1638.]

Joseph Rutter, 1638.

An Elegy upon Ben Jonson.

Now thou art dead, and thy great wit and name
 Is got beyond the reach of chance or fame,
 Which none can lessen, nor we bring enough
 To raise it higher, through our want of stuff,
 I find no room for praise, but elegy,
 And there but name the day when thou didst die:
 That men may know thou didst so, for they will
 Hardly believe disease or age could kill
 A body so inform'd, with such a soul,
 As, like thy verse, might fate itself control.

But thou art gone, and we like greedy heirs,
 That snatch the fruit of their dead father's cares,
 Begin to enquire what means thou left'st behind
 For us, pretended heirs unto thy mind:
 And myself, not the latest 'gan to look
 And found the inventory in thy Book;

A stock for writers to set up withal:
 That out of thy full comedies, their small
 And slender wits by vexing much thy writ
 And their own brains, may draw good saving wit;
 And when they shall upon some credit pitch,
 May be thought well to live, although not rich.
 Then for your songsters, masquers, what a deal
 We have! enough to make a commonweal
 Of dancing courtiers, as if poetry
 Were made to set out their activity.
 Learning great store for us to feed upon,
 But little fame; that, with thyself, is gone,
 And like a desperate debt, bequeath'd, not paid
 Before thy death has us the poorer made.
 Whilst we with mighty labor it pursue,
 And after all our toil not find it due.

[*Jonsonus Virbius*, 1638.]

Owen Feltham, 1638.

To the Memory of Immortal Ben.

To write is easy; but to write of thee
 Truth, will be thought to forfeit modesty.
 So far beyond conceit thy strengths appear,
 That almost all will doubt, what all must hear.
 For, when the world shall know, that Pindar's height,
 Plautus his wit, and Seneca's grave weight,
 Horace his matchless nerves, and that high phrase
 Wherewith great Lucan doth his readers maze,
 Shall with such radiant illustration glide,
 (As if each line to life were propertied)
 Through all thy works; and like a torrent move,
 Rolling the muses to the court of Jove,
 Wit's general tribe will soon entitle thee
 Heir to Apollo's ever verdant tree.
 And 'twill by all concluded be, the stage
 Is widow'd now; was bed-rid by thy age.
 As well as empire, wit his zenith hath,
 Nor can the rage of time, or tyrant's wrath

Encloud so bright a flame: but it will shine
In spight of envy, till it grow divine.
As when Augustus reign'd, and war did cease,
Rome's bravest wits were usher'd in by peace:
So in our halcyon days, we have had now
Wits, to which, all that after come, must bow.
And should the stage compose herself a crown
Of all those wits, which hitherto she has known:
Though there be many that about her brow,
Like sparkling stones, might a quick lustre throw;
Yet, Shakspeare, Beaumont, Jonson, these three shall
Make up the gem in the point vertical.
And now since Jonson's gone, we well may say,
The stage hath seen her glory and decay.
Whose judgment was't refined it? or who
Gave laws, by which hereafter all must go,
But solid Jonson? from whose full strong quill,
Each line did like a diamond drop distil,
Though hard, yet clear. Thalia that had skipt
Before, but like a maygame girl, now stript
Of all her mimic jigs, became a sight
With mirth to flow each pleas'd spectator's light,
And in such graceful measures, did discover
Her beauties now, that every eye turn'd lover.

Who is't shall make with great Sejanus' fall,
Not the stage crack, but th' universe and all?
Wild Catiline's stern fire, who now shall show,
Or quench'd with milk, still'd down by Cicero?
Where shall old authors in such words be shown,
As vex their ghosts, that they are not their own?

Admit his muse was slow. 'Tis judgment's fate
To move, like greatest princes, still in state.
Those planets placed in the higher spheres,
End not their motion but in many years;
Whereas light Venus and the giddy moon,
In one or some few days their courses run.
Slow are substantial bodies: but to things
That airy are, has nature added wings.

Each trivial poet that can chant a rhyme,
 May chatter out his own wit's funeral chime:
 And those slight nothings that so soon are made,
 Like mushrooms, may together live and fade.
 The boy may make a squib; but every line
 Must be consider'd, where men spring a mine:
 And to write things that time can never stain,
 Will require sweat, and rubbing of the brain.
 Such were those things he left. For some may be
 Eccentric, yet with axioms main agree.
 This I'll presume to say. When time has made
 Slaughter of kings that in the world have sway'd:
 A greener bays shall crown Ben Jonson's name,
 Than shall be wreath'd about their regal fame.
 For numbers reach to infinite. But he
 Of whom I write this, has prevented me,
 And boldly said so much in his own praise,
 No other pen need any trophy raise.

[*Jonsonus Virbius*, 1638.]

George Donne, 1638.

To the Memory of Ben Jonson.

I do not blame their pains, who did not doubt
 By labor, of the circle to find out
 The quadrature; nor can I think it strange
 That others should prove constancy in change.
 He studied not in vain, who hoped to give
 A body to the echo, make it live,
 Be seen, and felt; nor he whose art would borrow
 Belief for shaping yesterday, to-morrow:
 But here I yield; invention, study, cost,
 Time, and the art of Art itself is lost.
 When any frail ambition undertakes
 For honor, profit, praise, or all their sakes,
 To speak unto the world in perfect sense,
 Pure judgment, Jonson, 'tis an excellence
 Suited his pen alone, which yet to do
 Requires himself, and 'twere a labor too

Crowning the best of Poets: say all sorts
 Of bravest acts must die, without reports,
 Count learned knowledge barren, fame abhorr'd,
 Let memory be nothing but a word;
 Grant Jonson the only genius of the times,
 Fix him a constellation in all rhymes,
 All height, all secrecies of wit invoke
 The virtue of his name, to ease the yoke
 Of barbarism; yet this lends only praise
 To such as write, but adds not to his bays:
 For he will grow more fresh in every story,
 Out of the perfum'd spring of his own glory.

[*Jonsonus Virbius*, 1638.]

Shackerley Marmion, 1638.

*A Funeral Sacrifice to the Sacred Memory of his Thrice Honored
 Father, Ben Jonson.*

I cannot grave, nor carve; else would I give
 Thee statues, sculptures, and thy name should live
 In tombs, and brass, until the stones, or rust
 Of thine own monument mix with thy dust:
 But nature has afforded me a slight
 And easy muse, yet one that takes her flight
 Above the vulgar pitch. Ben, she was thine,
 Made by adoption free and genuine;
 By virtue of thy charter, which from heaven,
 By Jove himself, before thy birth was given.
 The sisters nine this secret did declare,
 Who of Jove's counsel, and his daughters are.
 These from Parnassus' hill came running down,
 And though an infant did with laurels crown.
 Thrice they him kist, and took him in their arms,
 And dancing round, encircled him with charms.
 Pallas her virgin breast did thrice distil
 Into his lips, and him with nectar fill.
 When he grew up to years, his mind was all
 On verses; verses, that the rocks might call

To follow him, and hell itself command,
And wrest Jove's three-fold thunder from his hand.
The satyrs oft-times hemm'd him in a ring,
And gave him pipes and reeds to hear him sing;
Whose vocal notes, tun'd to Apollo's lyre,
The syrens and the muses did admire.
The nymphs to him their gems and corals sent;
And did with swans and nightingales present
Gifts far beneath his worth. The golden ore,
That lies on Tagus or Pactolus' shore,
Might not compare with him, nor that pure sand
The Indians find upon Hydaspes' strand.
His fruitful raptures shall grow up to seed,
And as the ocean does the rivers feed,
So shall his wit's rich veins, the world supply
With unexhausted wealth, and ne'er be dry.
For whether he, like a fine thread does file
His terser poems in a comic style,
Or treats of tragic furies, and him list,
To draw his lines out with a stronger twist:
Minerva's, nor Arachne's loom can shew
Such curious tracts; nor does the spring bestow
Such glories on the field, or Flora's bowers,
As his work smile with figures, and with flowers.
Never did so much strength, or such a spell
Of art, and eloquence of papers dwell.
For whilst that he in colors, full and true, . . .
Men's natures, fancies, and their humors drew
In method, order, matter, sense and grace,
Fitting each person to his time and place;
Knowing to move, to slack, or to make haste,
Binding the middle with the first and last:
He framed all minds, and did all passions stir,
And with a bridle guide the theatre.

To say now he is dead, or to maintain
A paradox he lives, were labor vain:
Earth must to earth. But his fair soul does wear
Bright Ariadne's crown; or is placed near

Where Orpheus' harp turns round with Læda's swan:
 Astrologers, demonstrate where you can,
 Where his star shines, and what part of the sky
 Holds his compendious divinity.
 There he is fix'd; I know it, 'cause from thence,
 Myself have lately receiv'd influence.
 The reader smiles; but let no man deride
 The emblem of my love, not of my pride.

[*Jonsonus Virbius*, 1638.]

John Ford, 1638.

On the Best of English Poets, Ben Jonson, Deceased.

So seems a star to shoot: when from our sight
 Falls the deceit, not from its loss of light;
 We want use of a soul, who merely know
 What to our passion, or our sense we owe:
 By such a hollow glass, our cozen'd eye
 Concludes alike, all dead, whom it sees die.
 Nature is knowledge here, but unrefin'd,
 Both differing, as the body from the mind;
 Laurel and cypress else, had grown together,
 And wither'd without memory to either:
 Thus undistinguish'd, might in every part
 The sons of earth vie with the sons of art.
 Forbid it, holy reverence, to his name,
 Whose glory hath fill'd up the book of fame!
 Where in fair capitals, free, uncontroll'd,
 Jonson, a work of honor lives enroll'd:
 Creates that book a work; adds this far more,
 'Tis finish'd what unperfect was before.
 The muses, first in Greece begot, in Rome
 Brought forth, our best of poets hath call'd home,
 Nurst, taught, and planted here; that Thames now sings
 The Delphian altars, and the sacred springs.
 By influence of this sovereign, like the spheres,
 Moved each by other, the most low (in years)
 Consented in their harmony; though some
 Malignantly aspected, overcome

With popular opinion, aim'd at name
 More than desert: yet in despite of shame
 Even they, though foil'd by his contempt of wrongs,
 Made music to the harshness of their songs.

Drawn to the life of every line and limb,
 He (in his truth of art, and that in him)
 Lives yet, and will, whilst letters can be read;
 The loss is ours; now hope of life is dead.
 Great men, and worthy of report, must fall
 Into their earth, and sleeping there sleep all:
 Since he, whose pen in every strain did use
 To drop a verse, and every verse a muse,
 Is vow'd to heaven; as having with fair glory,
 Sung thanks of honor, or some nobler story.
 The court, the university, the heat
 Of theatres, with what can else beget
 Belief, and admiration, clearly prove
 Our Poet first in merit, as in love:
 Yet if he do not at his full appear,
 Survey him in his Works, and know him there.

[*Jonsonus Virbius*, 1638.]

Ralph Brideoake, 1638.

Upon the Death of Master Ben Jonson.

'Tis not secure to be too learn'd, or good,
 These are hard names, and now scarce understood:
 Dull flagging souls with lower parts, may have
 The vain ostents of pride upon their grave,
 Cut with some fair inscription, and true cry,
 That both the man and Epitaph there lie!
 Whilst those that soar above the vulgar pitch,
 And are not in their bags, but studies rich,
 Must fall without a line, and only be
 A theme of wonder, not of poetry.
 He that dares praise the eminent, he must
 Either be such, or but revile their dust;
 And so must we, great Genius of brave verse!
 With our injurious zeal profane thy herse.

It is a task above our skill, if we
 Presume to mourn our own dead elegy;
 Wherein, like bankrupts in the stock of fame,
 To patch our credit up, we use thy name;
 Or cunningly to make our dross to pass,
 Do set a jewel in a foil of brass:
 No, 'tis the glory of thy well-known name,
 To be eternized, not in verse but fame.
 Jonson! that's weight enough to crown thy stone:
 And make the marble piles to sweat and groan
 Under the heavy load! a name shall stand
 Fix'd to thy tomb, till time's destroying hand
 Crumble our dust together, and this all
 Sink to its grave, at the great funeral.

If some less learned age neglect thy pen,
 Eclipse thy flames, and lose the name of Ben,
 In spite of ignorance thou must survive
 In thy fair progeny; that shall revive
 Thy scatter'd ashes in the skirts of death,
 And to thy fainting name give a new breath;
 That twenty ages after, men shall say .
 (If the world's story reach so long a day,)
 Pindar and Plautus with their double quire
 Have well translated Ben the English lyre.

What sweets were in the Greek or Latin known.
 A natural metaphor has made thine own:
 Their lofty language in thy phrase so drest,
 And neat conceits in our own tongue exprest,
 That ages hence, critics shall question make
 Whether the Greeks and Romans English spake.
 And though thy fancies were too high for those
 That but aspire to Cockpit-flight, or prose,
 Though the fine plush and velvets of the age
 Did oft for sixpence damn thee from the stage,
 And with their mast and acorn stomachs ran
 To the nasty sweepings of thy serving-man,
 Before thy cates, and swore thy stronger food,
 'Cause not by them digested, was not good;

These moles thy scorn and pity did but raise,
 They were as fit to judge as we to praise.
 Were all the choice of wit and language shown
 In one brave epitaph upon thy stone,
 Had learned Donne, Beaumont, and Randolph, all
 Surviv'd thy fate, and sung thy funeral,
 Their notes had been too low; take this from me,
 None but thyself could write a verse for thee.

[*Jonsonus Virbius*, 1638.]

Richard West, 1638.

On Master Ben Jonson.

Poet of princes, Prince of poets (we,
 If to Apollo, well may pray to thee),
 Give glow-worms leave to peep, who till thy night
 Could not be seen, we darken'd were with light.
 For stars t' appear after the fall of the sun,
 Is at the least modest presumption.
 I've seen a great lamp lighted by the small
 Spark of a flint, found in a field or wall.
 Our thinner verse faintly may shadow forth
 A dull reflection of thy glorious worth:
 And (like a statue homely fashion'd) raise
 Some trophies to thy memory, though not praise.
 Those shallow sirs, who want sharp sight to look
 On the majestic splendor of thy book,
 That rather choose to hear an Archy's prate,
 Than the full sense of a learn'd laureat,
 May, when they see thy name thus plainly writ,
 Admire the solemn measures of thy wit,
 And like thy works beyond a gaudy show
 Of boards and canvas, wrought by Inigo.
 Ploughmen who puzzled are with figures, come
 By tallies to the reckoning of a sum;
 And milk-sop heirs, which from their mother's lap
 Scarce travell'd, know far countries by a map.
 Shakspeare may make grief merry, Beaumont's style
 Ravish and melt anger into a smile;

In winter nights, or after meals they be,
I must confess, very good company:
But thou exact'st our best hours industry;
We may read them; we ought to study thee:
Thy scenes are precepts, every verse doth give
Counsel, and teach us not to laugh, but live.

Thou that with towering thoughts presum'st so high,
(Swell'd with a vain ambitious tympany)
To dream on sceptres, whose brave mischief calls
The blood of kings to their last funerals,
Learn from Sejanus his high fall, to prove
To thy dread sovereign a sacred love;
Let him suggest a reverend fear to thee,
And may his tragedy thy lecture be.
Learn the compendious age of slippery power
That's built on blood; and may one little hour
Teach thy bold rashness that it is not safe
To build a kingdom on a Cæsar's grave.

Thy plays were whipt and libell'd, only 'cause
They are good, and savor of our kingdom's laws.
Histrio-Mastix (lightning like) doth wound
Those things alone that solid are and sound.
Thus guilty men hate justice; so a glass
Is sometimes broke for shewing a foul face.
There's none that wish thee rods instead of bays,
But such, whose very hate adds to thy praise.

Let scribblers (that write post, and versify
With no more leisure than we cast a dye)
Spur on their Pegasus, and proudly cry,
This verse I made in the twinkling of an eye.
Thou couldst have done so, hadst thou thought it fit;
But 'twas the wisdom of thy muse to sit
And weigh each syllable; suffering nought to pass
But what could be no better than it was.
Those that keep pompous state ne'er go in haste;
Thou went'st before them all, though not so fast.
While their poor cobweb-stuff finds as quick fate
As birth, and sells like almanacks out of date;

The marble glory of thy labor'd rhyme
Shall live beyond the calendar of time.
Who will their meteors 'bove thy sun advance?
Thine are the works of judgment, theirs of chance.
How this whole kingdom's in thy debt! we have
From others periwigs and paints, to save
Our ruin'd skulls and faces; but to thee
We owe our tongues, and fancies' remedy.
Thy poems make us poets; we may lack
(Reading thy Book) stolen sentences and sack.
He that can but one speech of thine rehearse,
Whether he will or no, must make a verse:
Thus trees give fruit, the kernels of that fruit,
Do bring forth trees, which in more branches shoot.

Our canting English, of itself alone,
(I had almost said a confusion)
Is now all harmony; what we did say
Before was tuning only, this is play.
Strangers, who cannot reach thy sense, will throng
To hear us speak the accents of thy tongue
As unto birds that sing; if't be so good
When heard alone, what is't when understood!
Thou shalt be read as classic authors; and,
As Greek and Latin, taught in every land.
The cringing Monsieur shall thy language vent,
When he would melt his wench with compliment.
Using thy phrases he may have his wish
Of a coy nun, without an angry pish!
And yet in all thy poems there is shown
Such chastity, that every line's a zone.
Rome will confess that thou mak'st Cæsar talk
In greater state and pomp than he could walk:
Catiline's tongue is the true edge of swords,
We now not only hear, but feel his words.
Who Tully in thy idiom understands,
Will swear that his orations are commands.

But that which could with richer language press
The highest sense, cannot thy worth express.

Had I thy own invention (which affords
 Words above action, matter above words)
 To crown thy merits, I should only be
 Sumptuously poor, low in hyperbole.

[*Jonsonus Virbius*, 1638.]

Robert Meade, 1638.

To the Memory of Benjamin Jonson.

Our bays, methinks, are wither'd, and they look
 As if, (though thunder-free) with envy, strook;
 While the triumphant cypress boasts to be
 Design'd, as fitter for thy company.

Where shall we now find one dares boldly write,
 Free from base flattery yet as void of spight?
 That grovels not in's satires, but soars high,
 Strikes at the mounting vices, can descry
 With his quick eagle's pen those glorious crimes,
 That either dazzle, or affright the times?
 Thy strength of judgment oft did thwart the tide
 O' the foaming multitude, when to their side
 Throng'd plush, and silken censures, whilst it chose
 (As that which could distinguish men from clothes,
 Faction from judgment) still to keep thy bays
 From the suspicion of a vulgar praise.

But why wrong I thy memory whilst I strive,
 In such a verse as mine to keep't alive?
 Well we may toil, and shew our wits the rack,
 Torture our needy fancies, yet still lack

Worthy expressions thy great loss to moan;
 Being none can fully praise thee but thy own.

[*Jonsonus Virbius*, 1638.]

H. Ramsay, 1638.

Upon the Death of Benjamin Jonson.

Let thine own Sylla, Ben, arise, and try
 To teach my thoughts an angry extasy,

That I may fright Contempt, and with just darts
 Of fury stick thy palsy in their hearts!
 But why do I rescue thy name from those
 That only cast away their ears in prose?
 Or, if some better brain arrive so high,
 To venture rhymes, 'tis but court balladry,
 Singing thy death in such an uncouth tone,
 As it had been an execution.
 What are his faults (O envy!)—That you speak
 English at court, the learned stage acts Greek?
 That Latin he reduced, and could command
 That which your Shakspeare scarce could understand?
 That he exposed you, zealots, to make known
 Your profanation, and not his own?
 That one of such a fervent nose, should be
 Posed by a puppet in Divinity?
 Fame, write them on his tomb, and let him have
 Their accusations for an epitaph:
 Nor think it strange if such thy scenes defy,
 That erect scaffolds 'gainst authority.
 Who now will plot to cozen vice, and tell
 The trick and policy of doing well?
 Others may please the stage, his sacred fire
 Wise men did rather worship than admire:
 His lines did relish mirth, but so severe,
 That as they tickled, they did wound the ear.
 Well then, such virtue cannot die, though stones
 Loaded with epitaphs do press his bones:
 He lives to me; spite of this martyrdom,
 Ben, is the self-same poet in the tomb.

You that can aldermen new wits create,
 Know, Jonson's skeleton is laureat.

[*Jonsonus Virbius*, 1638.]

Sir Francis Wortley, 1638.

En
 JONSONUS NOSTER
 Lyricorum Drammaticorumque
 Coryphæus
 Qui
 Pallade auspice
 Laurum â Græcia ipsaque Roma
 rapuit,
 Et
 Fausto omine
 In Britanniam transtulit
 nostram:
 Nunc
 Invidia major
 Fato, non Æmulis
 cessit.

Anno Dom. CLODXXXVII.

Id. Nonar.

[*Jonsonus Virbius*, 1638.]

Thomas Terrent, 1638.

In Obitu Ben Jonsoni Poetarum Facile Principis.

In quæ projicior discrimina? quale trementem
 Traxit in officium pietas temeraria musam?
 Me miserum! incusso pertentor frigore, et umbrâ
 Territus ingenti videor pars funeris ipse
 Quod celebros; famæ concepta mole fatisco,
 Exiguumque strues restringit prægravis ignem.
 Non tamen absistam, nam si spes talibus ausis
 Excitat, extabo laudum Jonsone tuarum
 Uberior testis: totidem quos secula norunt,
 Solus tu dignus, cujus præconia spiret,
 Deliquum musarum, et victi facta poetæ.
 Quis nescit, Romane, tuos in utrâque triumphos

Militiâ, laurique decus mox sceptrâ secutum?
Virgilius quoque Cæsar erat, nec ferre priorem
Noverat: Augustum fato dilatus in ævum,
Ut regem vatem jactares regia, teque
Suspiceres gemino prælustrem Roma monarcha.

En penitus toto divisos orbe Britannos,
Munera jactantes eadem, similique beatos
Fortuna; hæc quoque sæcla suum videre Maronem,
Cæsarei vixit qui lætus imagine sceptri,
Implevitque suum Romano carmine nomen.

Utque viam cernas, longosque ad summa paratus,
En series eadem, vatunque simillimus ordo.
Quis neget incultum Lucreti carmen, et Enni
Deformes numeros, musæ incrementa Latinæ?

Haud aliter nostri præmissa in principis ortum
Ludicra Chauceri, classisque incompta sequentum;
Nascenti apta parum divina hæc machina regno,
In nostrum servanda fuit tantæque decebat
Prælusisse Deos ævi certamina famæ;
Nec geminos vates, nec te Shakspeare silebo,
Aut quicquid sacri nostros coniecit in annos
Consilium fati: per seros ite nepotes
Illustres animæ, demissaque nomina semper
Candidior fama excipiat; sed parcite divi,
Si majora vocant, si pagina sanctior urget.
Est vobis decor, et nativæ gratia Musæ,
Quæ trahit atque tenet, quæ me modò læta remittit,
Excitum modò in alta rapit, versatque legentem.

Sed quàm te memorem vatum Deus: O nova gentis
Gloria et ignoto turgescens musa cothurno!
Quàm solidat vires, quàm pingui robore surgens
Invaditque hauritque animam: haud temerarius ille
Qui mos est reliquis, probat obvia, magnaue fundit
Felici tantum genio; sed destinat ictum,
Sed vafer et sapiens cunctator prævia sternit,
Furtivoque gradu subvectus in ardua, tandem
Dimittit pleno correptos fulmine sensus.

Huc, precor, accedat quisquis primo igne calentem
 Ad numeros sua musa vocat, nondumque subacti
 Ingenii novitate tumens in carmina fertur
 Non normæ legisve memor; quis ferre soluti
 Naufragium ingenii poterit, mentisque ruinam?
 Quanto pulchrior hic mediis qui regnat in undis,
 Turbine correptus nullo: cui spiritus ingens
 Non artem vincit: medio sed verus in æstro,
 Princeps insano pugnantem numine musam
 Edomat, et cudit suspensio metra furore.

In rabiem Catilina tuam conversus et artes
 Qualia molitur; quali bacchatur hiatu?
 En mugitum oris, conjurat æque Camœnæ,
 Divinas furias et non imitabile fulmen!
 O verum Ciceronis opus, linguæque disertæ
 Elogium spirans! O vox æterna Catonis,
 Cæsaream reserans fraudem, retrahensque sequaces
 Patricios in cædem, et funera certa reorum!
 Quis fando expediat primæ solennia pompæ,
 Et circumfusi studium plaususque theatri?
 Non tu divini Cicero dux inclyte facti,
 Romæ majores vidit servata triumphos.

Celsior incedis nostro, Sejane, cothurno
 Quàm te Romani, quàm te tua fata ferebant:
 Hinc magis insigni casu, celebrique ruina
 Volveris, et gravius terrent exempla theatri.

At tu stas nunquam ruituro in culmine vates,
 Despiciens auras, et fallax numen amici,
 Tutus honore tuo, genitæque volumine famæ.
 A Capreis verbosa et grandis epistola frustra
 Venerat, offenso major fruerere Tonante,
 Si sic crevisses, si sic, Sejane, stetisses.
 O fortunatum, qui te, Jonsone, sequutus
 Contextit sua fila, sui que est nominis author.

[*Jonsonus Virbius*, 1638.]

Robert Waring, 1638.*Vatum Principi Ben. Jonsono Sacrum.*

Poëtarum Maxime!

Sive tu mortem, sive ecstasin passus,

Jaces verendum et plus quam hominis funus.

Sic post receptam sacri furoris gloriam,

Cum exhaustum jam numen decoxit emerita vates

Jugique fluxu non reditura se prodegit anima,

Jacuit Sibyllæ cadaver,

Vel trepidis adhuc cultoribus consulendum.

Nulli se longius indulisit Deus, nulli ægrius valedixit;

Pares testatus flammæ,

Dum exul, ac dum incola.

Annorumque jam ingruente vespere,

Pectus tuum, tanquam poeseos horizonta,

Non sine rubore suo reliquit:

Vatibus nonnullis ingentia prodere; nec scire datur:

Magnum aliis mysterium, majus sibi,

Ferarum ritu vaticinantium

Inclusum jactant numen quod nesciunt,

Et instinctu sapiunt non intellecto.

Quibus dum ingenium facit audacia, prodest ignorare.

Tibi primo contigit furore frui proprio,

Et numen regere tuum.

Dum pari luctâ afflatibus indicium commisisti,

Bis entheatus:

Aliasque musis mutas addidisti, artes et scientias,

Tui plenus poeta.

Qui furorem insanie eximens

Docuisti, et sobrie Aonios latices hauriri.

Primus omnium,

Qui effrænem caloris luxuriem frugi consilio castigaveris,

Ut tandem ingenium sine veniâ placitum

Possideret Britannia,

Miraretur orbis,

Nihilque inveniret scriptis tuis donandum, præter famam.

Quod prologi igitur

Velut magnatum propylæa domini titulos proferunt,
Perpetuumque celebratur argumentum, ipse author,
Non arrogantis hoc est, sed judicantis,

Aut vaticinantis,

Virtutis enim illud et vatis est, sibi placere.
Proinde non invidiâ tantum nostrâ, sed laude tuâ
Magnum te prodire jusserunt fata.

Qui integrum nobis poetam solus exhibuisti,

• Unusque omnes exprimens.

Cum frondes alii laureas decerpunt, tu totum nemus vindicas,
Nec adulator laudas, nec invidus perstringis

Utrumque exosus,

Vel sacrificio tuo mella, vel medicinæ acetum immiscere.

Nec intenso nimis spiritu avenam dirupisti,

Nec exili nimis tubam emaculasti;

Servatis utrinque legibus, lex ipse factus.

Unâ obsequii religione imperium nactus es:

Rerum servus, non temporum.

Ita omnium musarum amasius,

Omnibus perpetuum certamen astas.

Sit Homeri gloria

Urbes de se certantes habere, de te disputant musæ.

Qui seu cothurno niteris, inter poetas tonans pater,

Sive soccum pede comples rotundo,

Et epigrammata dictas agenda,

Facetiasque manibus exprimendas,

Adoranda posteris ducis vestigia, et nobis unus es theatrum
metari.

Non arenæ spectacula scena exhibuit tua,

Nec poemata, sed poesin ipsam parturiit,

Populoque mentes, et leges ministravit,

Quibus te damnare possent, si tu poteras peccare.

Sic et oculos spectanti præstas, et spectacula;

Scenamque condis quæ legi magis gestiat quam spectari.

Non histrioni suum delitura ingenium,

Alii, queis nullus Apollo, sed Mercurius numen,

Quibus afflatus præstant vinum et amasia.

Truduntque in scenam vitia, morbo poetæ.
 Quibus musa pagis primisque plaustris apta,
 Præmoriturum vati carmen,
 Non edunt, sed abortiunt;
 Cui ipsum etiam prælum conditorium est,
 Novâque lucinæ fraude in tenebras emittuntur authores,
 Dum poemata sic ut diaria,
 Suo tantum anno et regioni effingunt,
 Sic quoque Plauti moderni sales,
 Ipsi tantum Plauto *σύγγραφοι*:
 Et vernaculæ nimium Aristophanis facetiæ
 Non extra suum theatrum plausus invenerunt:
 Tu interim
 Sæculi spiras quoque post futuri genium.
 Idemque tuum et orbis theatrum est.
 Dum immensum, cumque lectore crescens carmen,
 Et perenne uno fundis poema verbo,
 Tuas tibi gratulamur fœlices moras!
 Quanquam quid moras reprehendimus, quas nostri fecit reve-
 rentia?
 Æternum scribi debuit quicquid æternum legi.
 Poteras tu solus
 Stylo sceptris majore orbem moderari.
 Romæ Britannos subjugavit gladius,
 Romam Britannis calamus tuus,
 Quam sic vinci gestientem,
 Cothurno Angliaco sublimiorem quam suis collibus cernimus.
 Demum quod majus est, aetatem nobis nostram subjicis;
 Oraculique vicarius,
 Quod jussit Deus, fides præstat sacerdos,
 Homines seipsos noscere instituens.
 Lingua nostra
 Tibi collectanea tecum crevit,
 Vocesque patrias, et tuas simul formasti.
 Nec indigenam amplius, sed Jonsoni jactamus facundiam,
 Ut inde semper tibi contingat tuâ linguâ celebrari;
 Qui et Romam
 Disertiores docuisti voces.

Mancipiali denuò iocomatè superbientem,
 Græciamque etiam
 Orbis magistram excoluisti,
 Nunc aliâ quàm Atticâ Minervâ eloquentem.
 Te solo dives poteras aliorum ingenia contemnere,
 Et vel sine illis evasisses ingenii compendium:
 Sed ut ille pictor,
 Mundo daturus par ideæ exemplar,
 Quas hinc et inde pulchritudines
 Sparserat natura,
 Collegit artifex:
 Formæque rivulos palantes in unum cogens oceanum,
 Inde exire jussit alteram sine nævo Venerem.
 Ita tibi parem machinam molito,
 In hoc etiam ut pictura erat poesis:
 Alii inde authores materies ingenio tuo accedunt,
 Tu illis ars, et lima adderis.
 Et si poetæ audient illi, tu ipsa poesis;
 Authorum non alius calamus, sed author.
 Scriptores diu sollicitos teipso tandem docens,
 Quem debeat genium habere victurus liber.
 Qui præcesserunt, quotquot erant, viarum tantùm judices fue-
 runt:
 Tu solùm Columna.
 Quæ prodest aliis virtus, obstat domino;
 Et qui cæteros emendatiùs transcripseras
 Ipse transcribi nescis.
 Par prioribus congressus, futuris impar
 Scenæ Perpetuus Dictator.
 [Jonsonus Virbius, 1638.]

William Bew, 1638.

Epitaphium in Ben. Jonson.

Adsta, hospes! pretium moræ est, sub isto
 Quid sit, discere, conditum sepulchro.
 Socci delicæ; decus cothurni;
 Scenæ pompa; cor et caput theatri:

Linguarum sacer helluo; perennis
 Defluxus venerum; scatebra salsi
 Currens lene joci, sed innocentis;
 Artis perspicuum jubar; coruscum
 Sydus; judicii pumex, profundus
 Doctrinæ puteus, tamen serenus;
 Scriptorum genius; pœoticus dux,
 Quantum O sub rigido latet lapillo!

[*Jonsonus Virbius*, 1638.]

Samuel Evans, 1638.

In Obitum Ben. Jonson.

Nec sic excidimus: pars tantùm vilior audit
 Imperium Libitina tuum, cælestior urget
 .Æthereos tractus, mediasque supervolat auras,
 Et velut effusum spissa inter nubila lumen
 Ingenii strictura micat: fœlicior ille,
 Quisquis ab hoc victuram actavit lampada Phœbo,
 In famulante faces accendimus, idque severæ,
 Quod damus alterius vitæ, concedimus umbræ.
 Sic caput Ismarii, cæsa cervice, Poetæ,
 Nescio quid rapido vocale immurmurat Hebro,
 Memnonis adverso sic stridit chordula Phœbo,
 Datque modos magicos, tenuesque reciprocatur auras.
 Seu tu grandiloqui torques vaga frœna theatri,
 En tibi vox geminis applaudit publica palmis;
 Seu juvat in numeros, palantes cogere voces
 Mæoniâ Jonsone cheli, te pronus amantum
 Prosequitur cœtus, studioso imitamine vatum.
 Benjaminis insignis quondam quintuplice ditis
 Suffitu mensæ, densâque paropside, sed tu
 Millenâ plus parte alios excedis, et auctis
 Accumulas dapibus, propriâ de dote, placentam.

[*Jonsonus Virbius*, 1638.]

Ralph Brideoake, 1638.*In Ben. Jonson.*

Quod martes Epico tonat cothurno,
 Sive aptat Elegis leves amores,
 Seu sales Epigrammatum jocosos
 Promit, seu numerosiora plectro
 Jungit verba, sibi secundat orsa
 Cyrrhæus, nec Hyantiæ sorores
 Ulli dexterius favent poetæ,
 Hoc cum Mæonide sibi et Marone,
 Et cum Callimacho, et simul Tibullo
 Commune est, aliisque cum trecentis:
 Sed quòd Anglia quotquot eruditos
 Fecundo ediderit sinu poetas
 Acceptos referat sibi, sua omnes
 Hos industria finxerit, labosque
 Jonsoni, hoc proprium est suumque totum,
 Qui Poëmata fecit et Poetas.

[Jonsonus Virbius, 1638.]

Anonymous, 1638.

Ιωνσωνῷ ποτε φῦντι παρεστη ποτνια Μοῦσα,
 Καὶ Βρομιος, καὶ Ἐρως, καὶ Χαριτων θιασος,
 Εὐϊὸς ἀρτιτοκὸν λαβε νεβριδί, σπαιρξε τε κισσῶ,
 Λουσας καὶ ποτισας νεκταρ τῷ βοτρυνος.
 Κυσσαν δι' αἱ Χαριτες, καὶ αἰθαλεεσσι ῥοδοῖσιν
 Ἔστεφον, ἡδ' ἱεροῖς βακχαρίδος πεταλοῖς.
 Κεστον τυτθος ἔρως, συλησας μητερα δῶκεν,
 Ἄγνον θελξινοφ φίλτρον αἰδοπολῶ.
 Τοῖς δ' ἐπὶ Μῶσα σοφῶ ψιθυρισματι παιδ' ἐμνησε,
 Χρυσείας πτερυγας λικνου ὑπερσχομένη.
 Χαῖρε θεῶν κηρυξ, γαίης μέγα χαρμα Βρεταννῆς.
 Χαῖρ' ἐλπίς Σκηνῶν τῶν ἐτι γυμνοποδῶν.
 Αἷς συ χορηγήσων εἰτ' ἐμβαδῶς, εἴτε κοθορνοῦς,
 Ἑλλάδα καὶ Ῥωμὴν ἐς φθονὸν οἰστρελάσεις.
 Γαυρίων θριγκοῖσι νεοδμητοιο Θεατροῦ,
 Ἴκρι' ἀμειψάμενον μαρμαρεῶν ψαλιδῶν.

Η' και απιπταμενη, βρεφους παλαμῃσιν ἐνήκε
 Πλινθον, ἀρειοτερης συμβολον οικοδομῆς.

[Jonsonus Virbius, 1638.]

George Daniel, 1638.

*To the Memorie of the Best Dramaticke English Poet, Ben: Iouson:
 1638.*

Great Flame of English Poets gon! how shall
 Wee strew our flowers at thy Funerall?
 What obsequies performe! what rites prepare
 Unto thy Herse? What Monument but were
 Too narrow to Containe Thee! or what State
 But were beneath the honour of thy fate?
 Noe, rather, wee (remaining of the Tribe,
 Sad Orphans) can but wish what wee escribe
 Unto thy Merit. All wee bring to thee,
 Is but our Tears, our filial Pietie.

Great Lord of Arts, and Father of the Age!
 The first and best Informer of the Stage!
 How shall wee speake of him? what Numbers bring
 T'empassionate, and worthy Orgies Sing?
 What Shall we Say? Shall wee in a Iust Zeale,
 Rebuke the Age of Ignorance, and tell
 Aloud his Merits? Shall wee weepe, or boast
 His worth? or Losse? Shall wee say, when wee lost
 Him, a sad Night of follie did orespread
 This Island, as wee see, and wee are dead,
 Rather then Hee wee weep for? For Hee still
 Lives to instruct the Age with a Strong Quill.
 And as he did from Ignorance reduce
 Th' abusèd Stage, Soe has he left to us,
 (Who act upon this greater Theatre)
 Grave morall Pandects, Strong, & yet soe Cleare
 Hee is his owne Expositor; and wee
 (If sottishly not blind or worse), may see
 Vertue in Act; and everie gracefull Step
 She treads may be our Path; but wee all Sleepe,

Uncapable of what Hee taught; or how
 To vawle what Hee left us. I could bow
 (And would the Age might doo't without offence)
 To name him, with a Modest Reverence.
 For Shall wee kneele to Titles? and observe
 fformalities to those, who nought deserve?
 (More then their Name or painted outside give)
 And shall My Lord have a prerogative
 ffor vertue, in his Ancestors? (though hee
 Perhaps the Shame of all his Pedigree;)
 And our Great Lord of witt, where vertue in
 Her Sphere did move; where Art and Iudgment Shine.
 (Inseparable) bee with Common Men,
 And vulgar Mention named? oh! the Pen
 Of Witt and Truth forbid it! Rather let
 The worthles present Age his Name forget.
 For wee are Emulous fooles, and will admitt
 Noe Rivalls in the Claime wee lay to witt.

But After-Ages (more Iudicious,
 Unswaied by Passion, only Sedulous
 To honour vertue,) shall, (I will not Doubt)
 Advance his Name; when the despisèd Rout
 (His Scorene) shall perish, in the filthy Smoake
 Of their owne Follies. Then, all Eyes shall looke
 With Ioy and Admiration, to receive
 A Light their Fathers could not. I will leave
 Only this little: Iudgement shall Allow,
 (When Men have Eyes to see & witt to know
 Who merit most) the greatest Eulogie,
 For Language, Art, and all Dexteritie
 Of Witt, to Him: and happ'lie were the flame
 Extinct, wee might recover't in his Name.
 A Charme soe stronge, Who ever shall reherse
 Ben: Ionson, cannot chuse but make a verse.

[*The Poems of George Daniel*, ed. from the original MSS., by A. B. Grosart, 1878, i, 63-65.]

George Daniel, about 1638.*Upon Ben Ionson's Booke.*

Bee not Deceiv'd (Dull world) Hee is not Dead;
 Rumor is false; open His Booke, and read.
 It is Himselfe; there, Everie Scene affords
 Words above Action; Matter beyond Words.
 If, Readers, what I say, will not suffice
 T'evince your follies, I dare bid you twice
 What yet you have not Done; open and Read;
 Recant, or else 'tis You, not Hee, that's Dead.

[*The Poems of George Daniel*, edited by A. B. Grosart, 1878, i, 66.]**G. W., 1638.**

Immortal Ben is dead; and as that ball
 On Ida toss'd, so is his crown by all
 The Infantry of wit.

[Verses prefixed to Thomas Randolph's *Poems with the Muses Looking-Glass*, 1638; in *Poetical and Dramatic Works of Thomas Randolph*, ed. W. C. Hazlitt, 1875, p. 507.]**W. Markham, 1638.**

. . . My worthy Friend, this Play o' th' publick stage
 Hath gain'd such fair applause, as't did engage
 A nation to thy Muse; where thou shalt reign
 Vicegerent to Apollo, who doth deign,
 His darling Ben deceased, thou should'st be
 Declar'd the heir apparent to his tree.

[From verses prefixed to James Shirley's *Royal Master*, 1638; Shirley's *Works*, ed. A. Dyce, 1833, i, lxxxvi.]**Richard Brome, 1638.**

*To my Lord of Newcastle, on his Play called The Variety. He
 having commanded me to give him my true opinion of it.*

My Lord,
 I could not think these seven yeares, but that I
 In part a poet was, and so might lie,
 By the Poetick Licence. But I finde
 Now I am none, and strictly am confin'd

To truth, if therefore I *subpæna'd* were
 Before the Court of Chancerie to swear.
 Or if from thence I should be higher sent,
 And on my life unto a Parliament
 Of wit and judgement, there to certifie
 What I could say of your VARIETY:
 I would depose each Scene appear'd to me
 An Act of wit, each Act a Comedy,
 And all was such, to all that understood,
 As knowing *Johnson*, swore By God 'twas good.

[*The Weeding of the Covent-Garden*, 1658, sig. A4.]

Richard Brome, 1638.

But it is Known (peace to their Memories)
 The *Poets* late sublimed from our Age,
 Who best could understand, and best devise
 Workes, that must ever live upon the Stage
 Did well approve, and lead this humble way,
 Which we are bound to travaile in to night;
 And, though it be not trac'd so well, as they
 Discover'd it by true *Phoebean* light
 Pardon our just Ambition, yet, that strive
 To keep the weakest Branch o' th' Stage alive.

[From the Prologue to *The Antipodes*, acted 1638, printed 1640. The allusion to "The *Poets* late sublimed from our Age" surely points to Jonson, and possibly to Shakespeare.]

Actors' Bill for Plays at Court, 1638.

[*Plays acted*] before the king & queene this [*present*] yeare of our
 lord 1638.

At the Cocpit the 26th of march The lost ladie
 At the Cocpit the 27th of march Damboyes:
 At the Cocpit the 3^d of Aprill Aglaura
 * * * * *
 At the Cocpit the 8th of november The fox.

[From a bill for Court performances presented by the King's Men. The manuscript is slightly defective at the top, and words have been supplied, in brackets, from a similar bill presented by the King's Men in 1637. See *The Dramatic Records of Sir Henry Herbert*, ed. J. Q. Adams, p. 76.]

Sir Aston Cokaine, 1638-39.

. . . If y'are come to-day
 In expectation of a faultless play,
 Writ by learn'd Jonson, or some able pen
 Fam'd and approv'd of by the world, you then
 We disappoint. Our poet had never yet
 Hisses condemn, or hands commend his wit.
 [Prologue to *The Obstinate Lady*, acted 1638-39, printed 1657.]

Thomas Bancroft, 1639.

To Ben Jonson.

As Martial's Muse by Caesar's ripening rays
 Was sometimes cherished, so thy happier days
 Joy'd in the sunshine of thy royal JAMES,
 Whose crown shed lustre on thy Epigrams:
 But I, remote from favour's fostering heat,
 O'er snowy hills my Muses' passage beat,
 Where weeping rocks my harder fates lament,
 And shuddering woods whisper my discontent.
 What wonder then my numbers, that have rolled
 Like streams of Tigris, run so slow and cold!

To the Same.

Let Ignorance with Envy chat,
 In spite of both, thou fame shalt win;
 Whose mass of learning seems like that,
 Which Joseph gave to BENJAMIN.

[*Two Books of Epigrams*, 1639.]

Robert Davenport, 1639.

Anne. . . . I'me like the man that could endure no noise
 In th' *Silent Woman*, answer all in signs.

[*A New Trick to Cheat the Divell*, 1638, V, iii.]

John Taylor, 1639.

At a place called *Priors Thorns* . . . there dwelt a man named
Frier, who was rich in substance, but very poore and miserable

in his conditions: belike hee had read or heard of a Play that was written 40 years since by Master *Benjamin Johnson*, the Play is extant, and is called *Every Man out of his Humour*, in which Play was acted and personated a mizerly Farmer, that had much corne in his Barnes, and did expect a scant or barren Harvest, that through want and scarcity hee might sell his corne at what deare rates hee pleased, but (contrary to his wicked hopes) the Harvest proved abundantly plentiful, wherefore hee being in an extraordinary merry or mad veine, put himselfe to the charge of the buying of a two penny halter, and went into his Barn as secretly as he could, and putting the halter about his neck with a riding knot, he fastened the other end to a beam, and most neatly hang'd himself: But (as ill luck would have it) his man presently came into the Barne, and espyde his Master so bravely mounted, the unlucky knave drew his Knife and cut the halter, crying out for help as lowde as he could, rubbing and chafing his Master with all care and diligence to recover him to life again; at the last he awak'd out of his traunce and fetch'd a deep groan, began to stare and look about him; and taking the end of the cut halter in his hand, his first words to his man was Sirrah, who did cut this? O Master (said the fellow) it was I that did it, and I thank God that I came in good time to doe it, and I pray you to take God in your minde, and never more to hazard your soule and body in such a wicked manner: to which good counsell of the poor fellow, the Caitiffe replyde, Sirrah, If you would be meddling (like a sawcy busie rogue) you might have untyde it, that it might have serv'd another time; such an unthrifty rascall as thou will never be worth such a halter, it cost me two pence, and I will abate the price of it in thy quarters wages. And when the quarter day came, hee did abate the said two pence, for the which the fellow would dwell no longer with him, but went and got him another service: This was acted really and lately at the place aforesaid, in imitation of that part in the Play, of *Every Man out of his Humour*.

[Part of this *Summers Travels*, 1639; in the Spenser Society's reprint, 1870, p. 20.]

James Shirley, 1637-40.*A Prologue to The Alchemist.*

The Alchemist, a play for strength of wit,
 And true art, made to shame what hath been writ
 In former ages; I except no worth
 Of what or Greek or Latins have brought forth;
 Is now to be presented to your ear,
 For which I wish each man were a Muse here,
 To know, and in his soul be fit to be
 Judge of this masterpiece of comedy;
 That when we hear but once of Jonson's name,
 Whose mention shall make proud the breath of fame,
 We may agree, and crowns of laurel bring
 A justice unto him the poets' king.
 But he is dead: time, envious of that bliss
 Which we possess'd in that great brain of his,
 By putting out this light, hath darken'd all
 The sphere of poesy, and we let fall,
 At best, unworthy elegies on his hearse,
 A tribute that we owe his living verse;
 Which though some men, that never reach'd him may
 Decry, that love all folly in a play,
 The wiser few shall this distinction have,
 To kneel, not tread, upon his honour'd grave.

[From Shirley's *Poems*, 1646, under the heading "Prologues and Epilogues Written to several Plays presented in this Kingdom, and elsewhere"; reprinted in Dyce's ed., 1833, vi, 490. The prologue was designed for *The Alchemist* as performed in Ireland.]

Anonymous, before 1640.*His Mistris Shade.*

. . . Then stately *Virgil*, witty *Ovid* by,
 Whom faire *Corinna* stands, and doth comply
 With Ivory wrists, his Laureat head, and steepes,
 His eyes in dew of kisses while he sleeps.
 Then soft *Catullus*, sharpe fang'd *Martiall*,
 And towring *Lucan*, *Horace*, *Iuvinall*;

And snakie *Perseus*; these and those whom rage,
 (Dropt from the Iarre of heaven) fill'd to enrage
 All times unto their frensies, thou shalt there
 Behold them in an Amphitheater.

Amongst which Synod crown'd with sacred bayes,
 And flattering joy wee le have to recite their playes.

Shakespeare and *Beamond*, Swannes to whom the Spheares
 Listen, while they call backe the former yeares
 To teach the truth of Scenes, and more for thee,
 There yet remains brave soule than thou canst see
 By glimmering of a fancie: doe but come,
 And there Ile shew thee that illustrious roome,
 In which thy father *Johnson* shall be plac'd,
 As in a Globe of radiant fire, and grac'd,
 To be of that high Hyrarchy, where none
 But brave soules take illumination:
 Immediately from heaven. . . .

[In *Poems: Written by Wil. Shuke-speare*, 1640, "An Addition of some
 Excellent Poems . . . by other Gentlemen," sig. L₆.]

The Stationers' Registers, 1640.

John Benson

20°. Februarij. 1639 [*i.e.* 1640].

Entred for his Copie under the hands of doctor Wykes
 and Master Bourne warden a booke called *The Masque
 of the Gypsies* by Benjamin: Johnson vj^d

Master Crooke

and

Richard: Seirger

20°. Martij

Entred for their Copie under the hands of doctor Wykes
 and master ffetherston warden four Masques *viz^t*. . . vj^d

The Masque of Augures.

Tyme vindicated

Neptunes triumphes. and

*Panns Anniversary or the sheapards
 holy day.*

with *sundry Elegies and other Poems* by Benjamin: Johnson.

[Arber's *Transcript*, iv, 500, 503.]

Title-pages, 1640.

The Workes of Benjamin Jonson . . . London. Printed by Richard Bishop, and are to be sold by Andrew Crooke . . . 1640. [Folio, with the engraved portrait by Robert Vaugh, and verses by Abraham Holland, facing the elaborately engraved title-page by Hole.—Both the portrait and the engraved title-page are the same as in the 1616 folio, and the volume is a second edition of that work.]

The Workes of Beniamin Johnson. The second volume. Containing these Playes, Viz. 1 Bartholomew Fayre. 2 The Staple of Newes. 3 The Divell is an Asse. . . . London: Printed for Richard Meighen, 1640. [Folio. There was also another issue; see W. W. Greg, *Hand-List of English Plays*, p. 56.]

Q. Horatius Flaccus: His Art of Poetry. Englished by Ben: Ionson. With other Workes of the Author, never Printed before. . . . London. Printed by J. Okes for J. Benson. 1640. [12mo, with an engraved title, by W. M., containing bust of the poet crowned with laurel.]

Ben: Ionson's Execration against Vulcan With divers Epigrams by the same Author to severall Noble Personages in this Kingdom. Never Published before. London: Printed by J. O. for John Benson . . . 1640. [With the portrait by Robert Vaughan and verses by Abraham Holland, as in the folios of 1616 and 1640.]

William Hodgson, 1640.

On the Author of this Volume, the Poet Laureat, Ben Jonson.

Here is a poet! whose unmuddled strains
Shew that he held all Helicon in's brains.
What here is writ, is sterling; every line
Was well allowed of by the Muses nine.
When for the stage a drama he did lay,
Tragic or comic, he still bore away
The sock and buskin; clearer notes than his
No swan e'er sung upon our Thamesis;

For lyric sweetness in an ode, or sonnet,
 To *Ben* the best of wits might veil their bonnet.
 His genius justly, in an entreat rage,
 Oft lashed the dull-sworn factors for the stage:
 For Alchymy, though't make a glorious gloss,
 Compared with Gold is bullion and base dross.

On his elaborated Art-contrived Playes. An Epigram.

Each like an Indian ship or hull appears,
 That took a voyage for some certain years,
 To plough the sea, and furrow up the main,
 And brought rich ingots from his loaded brain.
 His art the sun; his labours were the lines;
 His solid stuff the treasure of his mines.

[Prefixed to *The Workes of Benjamin Jonson*, 1640.]

Edward Herbert, Lord of Cherbury, 1640.

To his Friend Ben Johnson, of his Horace made English.

It is not enough Ben Johnson to be thought
 Of English Poets best, but to have brought
 In greater state to their acquaintance one
 So equal to himself and thee, that none
 Might be thy second, while thy Glory is
 To be the Horace of our times and his.

[Prefixed to Jonson's *Q. Horatius Flaccus: His Art of Poetry*, 1640.]

Barton Holyday, 1640.

To Ben Jonson.

'Tis dangerous to praise; besides the task
 Which to do 't well, will ask
 An age of time and judgment; who can then
 Be praised, and by what pen?
 Yet, I know both, whilst thee I safely chuse
 My subject and my Muse.
 For sure, henceforth our poets shall implore
 Thy aid, which lends them more,
 Than can their tired Apollo, or the Nine
 She wits, or mighty wine.

The deities are bankrupts, and must be
 Glad to beg art of thee.
 Some they might once perchance on thee bestow:
 But now to thee they owe:
 Who dost in daily bounty more wit spend,
 Than they could ever lend.
 Thus thou didst build the Globe, which, but for thee,
 Should want its axle-tree;
 And, like a careful founder, thou dost now
 Leave rules for ever, how
 To keep't in reparations, which will do
 More good than to build two.
 It was an able stock thou gav'st before;
 Yet, lo, a richer store!
 Which doth, by a prevention, make us quit
 With a dear year of wit:
 Come when it will, by this thy name shall last
 Until Fame's utmost blast, . . .

[Prefixed to Jonson's *Q. Horatius Flaccus: His Art of Poetry*, 1640.]

Zouch Townley, 1640.

BEN,
 The world is much in debt, and though it may
 Some petty reck'nings to small poets pay:
 Pardon if at thy glorious sum they stick,
 Being too large for their arithmetic.
 If they could prize the genius of a scene,
 The learned sweat that makes a language clean,
 Or understand the faith of ancient skill,
 Drawn from the tragic, comic, lyric quill;
 The Greek and Roman denized by thee,
 And both made richer in their poetry;
 This they may know, and knowing this still grudge,
 That yet they are not fit of thee to judge.
 I prophesy more strength to after time,
 Whose joy shall call this isle the poets' clime,
 Because 'twas thine, and unto thee return
 The borrowed flames with which thy Muse shall burn.

Then when the stock of other's fame is spent,
Thy poetry shall keep its own old rent.

[Prefixed to Jonson's *Q. Horatius Flaccus: His Art of Poetry*, 1640.]

C. G., 1640.

To censuring Criticks, on the approved Comedy, The Antipodes.

Jonson's alive! the World admiring stands,
And to declare his welcome there, shake hands;
Apollo's Pensioners may wipe their eyes,
And stifle their abortive *Elegies*:
Taylor his Goose-quill may abjure againe,
And to make Paper deare, scribbling refraine;
For sure there's cause of neither. *Jonson's* ghost
Is not a Tenant i' the *Elizian* Coast:
But next with too much scorne, at your dispraise,
Silently stole unto a grove of Bayes;
Therefore bewaile your errorrs, and entreat
He will returne, unto the former seat,
When he was often pleas'd to feed your eare
With the choice dainties of his Theatre;
But *I* much feare, he'l not be easily wonne
To leave his Bower, where griefe and he alone
Do spend their time, to see how vainly wee
Accept old toys for a new Comedie.
Therefore repaire to him, and praise each line
Of his *Vulpone*, *Sejanus*, *Cateline*.
But stay, and let me tell you where he is;
He sojournes in his *Brome's* Antipodes.

[Prefixed to Richard Brome's *The Antipodes*, 1640.]

C. G., 1640.

I doe not wonder that great *Johnsons* Play
Was scorn'd so by the ignorant, that day
It did appeare in its most glorious shine;
And comely action grac'd each learned line.
There was some reason for it: 'twas above
Their reach, their envy; their applause or love:

When as the wiser few did it admire,
And warm'd their fancies at his genuine fire.

[Prefixed to Thomas Nabbes' *The Unfortunate Mother*, 1640.]

Richard Doddridge, 1640.

Thus (Friend) the bayes still flourish; *Johnson* dead,
Randolph deceas'd, they fall to crowne thy head;
Yet see, how full his flowing fancie meetes
With thy rich *Genius!* and sweetly greets
Thy first-borne infant, making almost one
A jealous, and a Fatall Union:
Thine is a full, stuff't, fluent wit, that speakes
Meerly it's owne; not like the running leakes
Of a crack't crazy braine, that dribbles forth
Either but *little*, or what's *little* worth;
His straines lift high too, thine mount; all confesse
Both tyre expression with a curious dresse,
And tricke it up so neatly, 't doth surpasse;
The *Muses* sure lent both a *looking-glasse*;
The difference (if any) this may be,
Chame brought him up, but *Isis* foster'd thee.

'Twixt thee and him (Great Ben!) a parallel
Would chance strike credit deafe, make envie swell,
Swell then who list, and burst; since deads thy *heire*,
He's to thy wit the sole *Executer:* (*T. Randolph.*)
The legacies being paid, all he assayes,
S'no more than what he well deserves, thy bayes:
His *Muse* but yet new borne hath felt thy fate;
And like thine glories in the rabbles hate;
As soone as shee had *life*, she was wish't *dead*,
Or under her owne *ashes* buried;

But *now* a glorious *Phænix* rais'd is shee
From *this* and *her* supposed *Tragedie*.

[Prefixed to Samuel Harding's *Sicily and Naples, or The Fatall Union*, 1640.]

Nicholas Downey, 1640.

BEN is deceas'd, and yet I dare avow,
 (*Without that booke*) BEN's *redivivus* now,
 I could beleeve a *Metempsychosis*,
 And that thy soule were not thine *owne*, but *his*
 Or else the *Genius* which did wait upon
 His worthy quill serves thee, now he is gone;
 But I observe this *difference*, thy braine
 Vents fancies with a pleasure, his with paine;
 His were *mature* indeed, they went *full time*
 Before they were *deliver'd* into rime;
 Thine were *conceiv'd*, *brought forth* at once, yet may
 As they are faire, be as long-liv'd as they;
 Who reads thy *play-worke* (Friend) needs not compell,
 Or force thy lines to make them parallel
 With his, unlesse 'cause thou contract'st in one
 Small part, what he in a whole play has done.

His *humorists* in thy *Alphonso* ly:
Sejanus, *Catiline's* damn'd treachery
 Lives in *Ursini's* treasons, there is not
 BEN's *Fox* can scape the policy o' th plot.

[Prefixed to Samuel Harding's *Sicily and Naples*, 1640.]

S. Hall, 1640.

Things hid in wide-sleeve gownes, all you can see
 Of Artists in them is, they'r come t' *A. B.*
 Men that thy play, as some new lesson con,
 And *hacke*, and *mangle* thy blest *Union*;
 Poore fooles! I pittie them; how would they looke.
 If at the barre BEN JOHNSON were their booke?
 His *Fox* would on these *geese* revenge thee so,
 We should no hissing but i'th *Common* know;
 Nor neede they other halter, *Catiline*
 Affords them *rope* enough, in each *strong line*: . . .

[From verses prefixed to Samuel Harding's *Sicily and Naples*, 1640.]

Sir John Suckling, 1640.

Hast thou seen the down i' th' air,
 when wanton blasts have tost it;
 Or the ship on the sea,
 when ruder waves have crost it?
 Hast thou mark'd the crocodile's weeping,
 or the fox's sleeping?
 Or hast view'd the peacock in his pride,
 or the dove by his bride,
 when he courts for his lechery?
 O, so fickle, O, so vain, O, so false, so false is she! . . .

[This "Song to a Lute," from Suckling's *The Sad One*, IV, iii, is imitated from the song in Jonson's *The Devil is an Ass*, II, ii.]

Richard West, 1640.

As twere the only office of a Friend
 To Rhyme, and 'gainst his Conscience to commend;
 And sweare like Poets of the Post, This Play
 Exceeds all Johnson's Works.

[From commendatory verses prefixed to James Ferrand's *EPŒTO-MANIA*, 1640.]

George Lynn, 1640.

For, when th' inticing pleasure of thy Line
 And teeming *Fancies* unexhausted Myne
 I view, me thinks the *Genius* of those *Three*
 Admired *Laureats* are ensphear'd in *Thee*,
 Smooth *Shakespeare*, neat *Randolph*, and wittie *Ben*,
 Flow in a mutuall sweetnesse from *Thy Pen*.

[From commendatory verses prefixed to John Tatham's *The Fancies Theater*, 1640.]

W. Ling, 1640.

Had I *Chapmans* Line or Learning, *Iohnsons* Art,
Fletchers more accurate Fancie, or that part
 Of *Beaumont* that's divine, *Dun's* profound skill,
 Making good Verses live, and damning ill:
 I then would prayse thy Verses, which sho'd last
 Whilst *Time* ha's sands to run, or *Fame* a blast.

[Commendatory verses prefixed to John Tatham's *The Fancies Theater*, 1640.]

Anonymous, 1640.*To Mr. Benjamin Johnson.*

Had Rome but heard her worthies speak so high,
 As thou hast taught them in thy Poesie;
 She would have sent her poets to obtain,
 (Tutor'd by thee) thy most majestique strain.

[*Wits Recreations*, 1640, Epigram 7.]**Anonymous, 1640.***B. J. approbation of a copy of verses.*

One of the witty sort of Gentlemen,
 That held society with learned *Ben*—
 Shew'd him some verses of a tragic sense
 Which did his ear much curious violence;
 But after *Ben* had been a kind partaker
 Of the sad lines, he needs must know the maker;
 What unjust man he was, that spent his time,
 And banish'd reason to advance his rime:
 Nay gentle *Ben*, replies the Gentleman,
 I see I must support the Poet than;
 Although these humble strains are not so fit
 For to please you, hee's held a pretty wit;
 Is he held so? (sayes *Ben*) so may a Goos,
 Had I the holding, I would let him loos.

[*Wits Recreations*, 1640, Epigram 330.]**Anonymous, 1640.***To Mr. Ben Johnson, demanding the reason why he call'd his plays works.*

Pray tell me Ben, where doth the mystery lurk,
 What others call a play, you call a work.

Thus answer'd by a friend in Ben Johnson's defence.

The Authors friend thus for the Author sayes,
 Bens playes are works, when others works are plays.

[*Wits Recreations*, 1640, Epigram 455.]

Anonymous, 1640.*On Ben Johnson.*

Here lyes *Johnson* with the rest
 Of the Poets; but the best.
 Reader, wo'dst thou more have known?
 Ask his story, not this stone;
 That will speak what this can't tell
 Of his glory. So farewell.

Another on Ben: J.

The Muses fairest light, in no dark time;
 The wonder of a learned Age; the line
 That none can passe; the most proportion'd wit
 To Nature: the best Judge of what was fit:
 The deepest, plainest, highest, clearest pen:
 The voyce most eccho'd by consenting men:
 The soul which answer'd best to all well said
 By others; and which most requitall made:
 Tun'd to the highest key of ancient Rome,
 Returning all her musick with her own.
 In whom with nature, study claim'd a part,
 And yet who to himselfe ow'd all his Art;
 Here lyes *Ben: Johnson*, every age will look
 With sorrow here, with wonder on his Book.

[*Wits Recreations*, 1640, Epitaphs 190, 191.]

Anonymous, 1640.*The vertue of Sack.*

Fetch me *Ben Johnsons* skull, and fill't with sack,
 Rich as the same he drank, when the whole pack
 Of jolly sisters pledg'd, and did agree,
 It was no sin to be as drunk as he:
 If there be any weaknesse in the wine,
 There's Virtue in the cup to make 't Divine.

[*Wits Recreations*, 1640; Hotten's reprint, p. 425. The poem was printed also in *Poems on Affairs of State*, 1704, iii, 15, as "Written in the year 1641."]

Sir John Suckling, 1640.

Drol[lío]. A Rare Mask no doubt, who contriv'd it?

Lep[ido]. Marry he that says 'tis good, howsoe'er he has made it, Signior *Multicarni*.

Drol. Who, the Poet *Laureat*?

Lep. The same.

Drol. O then 'twere Blasphemy to speak against it: What, are we full of *Cupids*?

Do we sail upon the vast, and resail,
And fetch the Mask from the Clouds?

Lep. Away, Critick, thou never understoodst him.

Drol. Troth I confess it, but my Comfort is,
Others are troubled with the same Disease,
'Tis Epidemical, *Lepido*, take't on my Word,
And so let's in, and see how Things go forward.

[*The Sad One*, Act V, scene 1, lines 458-9. The allusions seem to be to Ben Jonson and *Cynthia's Revels*.]

Nicholas Dixon, 1641.

Noble kinsemen 1634 . . .

Ben Jonsons Poems 4° 00-00-06

Beaumont's poems 4° 00-00-06 . . .

Shakespeare's poems 8° 00- 1-00 . . .

Received upon this Bill y^e 4th of march 1640, for y^e use of
mr mosely my maister . . . I say Received — —

Per me Nicholas Dixon.

[From a MS. in the Record Office, noted in the Catalogue of State Papers, Domestic Series, 1640-41. Dixon was a servant for the bookseller, Humphrey Mosely, and the bill relates to books supplied to a customer.]

Martin Parker, 1641.

All Poets (as adition to their fames)
Have by their Works eternized their names,
As Chaucer, Spencer, and that noble earle,
Of Surrie thought it the most precious pearle,
That dick'd his honour, to Subscribe to what
His high engenuie ever amed at

Sydney and Shaksspire, Drayton, Withers and
Renowned Jonson glory of our Land:
Deker, Learn'd Chapman, Haywood al thought good,
To have their names in publike understood, . . .

[*The Poet's Blindman's Bough*, 1641; ed. E. W. Ashbee, 1871, p. 3.]

Sir John Suckling, before 1642.

The sweat of learned *Johnson's* brain,
And gentle *Shakespear's* eas'er strain,
A hackney-coach conveys you to,
In spite of all that rain can do:
And for your eighteen pence you sit
The Lord and Judge of all fresh wit.

[*Fragmenta Aurea*, 1646; in *The Works of Sir John Suckling*, ed. A. H. Thompson, 1910, p. 27. These verses were addressed to John Hales.]

Abraham Cowley, 1642.

Aurelia. . . I shall never hear my Virginals when I play
upon 'um, for her daughter *Tabytha's* singing of Psalms. The
first pious deed will be, to banish *Shakespear* and *Ben Johnson*
out of the parlour, and to bring in their rooms *Marprelate*, and
Pryn's works. . . .

[*The Guardian*, acted March 12, 1641-42, IV, vii.]

James Shirley, 1642.

Prologue.

Does this look like a Term? I cannot tell;
Our poet thinks the whole town is not well,
Has took some physic lately, and, for fear
Of catching cold, dares not salute this air. . . .
I'll promise neither play nor poet live
Till ye come back. Think what you do; you see
What audiences we have, what company
"To *Shakespear* comes, whose mirth did once beguile
"Dull hours, and buskin'd, made even sorrow smile;
"So lovely were the wounds, that men would say,
"They could endure the bleeding a whole day."

He has but few friends lately; think o' that;
 He'll come no more; and others have his fate.
"Fletcher, the Muses' darling, and choice love
"Of Phoebus, the delight of every grove;
"Upon whose head the laurel grew, whose wit
"Was the times wonder, and example, yet:
 'Tis within memory, trees did not throng,
 As once the story said, to Orpheus' song.
"Johnson, t'whose name, wise art did bow, and wit
"Is only justified by honouring it;
"To hear whose touch, how would the learned quire
"With silence stoop! and when he took his lyre,
"Apollo dropp'd his lute, asham'd to see
"A rival to the god of harmony."
 You do forsake him too. We must deplore
 This fate, for we do know it by our door. . . .

[Prologue to *The Sisters*, licensed April 26, 1642.]

Henry Glapthorne, 1642.

Then that great wonder of the knowing age,
 Whose very name merits the amplest page
 In Fames faire book, admired Johnson stood
 Up to the chin in the Pierian flood
 Quaffing crownd bowles of Nectar, with his bayes
 Growing about his temples; chanting layes,
 Such as were fit for such a sacred Eare
 As his majestick Masters was; to heare,
 Whom he so oft pleas'd with (those mighty tasks
 Of wit and judgement) his well laboured Masks.

[From *White-Hall. A Poem. Written 1642.*, 1643; in *The Plays and Poems of Henry Glapthorne*, 1874, ii, 246.]

Sir Henry Herbert, 1642.

1641-2, January 6. On Twelfth Night, 1641, the prince had a play called *The Scornful Lady*, at the Cockpitt, but the king and queen were not there; and it was the only play acted at court in the whole Christmas.

[*The Dramatic Records of Sir Henry Herbert*, ed. J. Q. Adams, p. 58.]

Anonymous, 1643.

I am persuaded in time they [the Royalists] will go near to put down all preaching and praying, and have some religious masque or play instead of morning and evening prayer; it has been an old fashion at Court, amongst the Protestants there, to shut up the Sabbath with some wholesome piece of Ben Jonson or Davenant, a kind of comical divinity. "Aulicus," fie! are you not ashamed so many bishops and so many prelates at Oxford, and bring forth no better a reformation?

[From the newspaper, *Mercurius Britannicus*, 1643, no. 12, p. 89.]

Anonymous, 1643.

[*Addressing the Parliament.*]

We will not dare at your strange Votes to Jear,
Nor personate King *Pym* with his State-fleer.
Aspiring *Cataline* shall be forgot,
Bloody *Sejanus*, or who e're would Plot
Confusion to a State; . . .

[*Rump. An Exact Collection of the Choycest Poems and Songs relating to the late Times, from Anno 1639 to Anno 1661. The Players Petition to the Parliament, 1662, Part I, p. 33.*]

Sir Richard Baker, 1643.

. . . For Writers of Playes, and such as had been Players themselves, *William Shakespeare*, and *Benjamin Johnson*, have specially left their Names recommended to posterity.

[*Chronicle of England*, 1643, under the heading "Men of Note in her time," p. 120.]

Thomas Fuller, 1643-62.

Benjamin Jonson was born in this city. Though I cannot, with all my industrious inquiry, find him in his cradle, I can fetch him from his long coats. When a little child, he lived in Harts-horn-lane near Charing-cross, where his mother married a bricklayer for her second husband.

He was first bred in a private school in Saint Martin's church; then in Westminster school; witness his own epigram;

'Camden, most reverend head, to whom I owe
All that I am in arts, all that I know;
How nothing's that to whom my country owes
The great renown and name wherewith she goes,' etc.

He was statutably admitted into Saint John's College in Cambridge (as many years after incorporated an honorary member of Christ Church in Oxford) where he continued but few weeks for want of further maintenance, being fain to return to the trade of his father-in-law. And let them blush not that have, but those who have not, a lawful calling. He helped in the new structure of Lincoln's Inn, when, having a trowel in his hand, he had a book in his pocket.

Some gentlemen, pitying that his parts should be buried under the rubbish of so mean a calling, did by their bounty manumise him freely to follow his own ingenious inclinations. Indeed his parts were not so ready to run of themselves, as able to answer the spur; so that it may be truly said of him, that he had an elaborate wit wrought out by his own industry. He would sit silent in a learned company, and suck in (besides wine) their several humours into his observation. What was *ore* in others, he was able to refine to himself.

He was paramount in the dramatic part of poetry, and taught the stage an exact conformity to the laws of comedians. His comedies were above the *volge* (which are only tickled with downright obscenity), and took not so well at the first stroke as at the rebound, when beheld the second time; yea, they will endure reading, and that with due commendation, so long as either ingenuity or learning are fashionable in our nation. If his later be not so spritful and vigorous as his first pieces, all that are old will, and all that desire to be old should, excuse him therein.

He was not very happy in his children, and most happy in those which died first, though none lived to survive him. This

he bestowed as part of an epitaph on his eldest son, dying in infancy:

‘Rest in soft peace; and, ask’d, say here doth lye,
Ben Jonson his best piece of poetry.’

He died anno Domini 1638; and was buried about the belfry, in the abbey church at Westminster.

* * * *

Many were the wit-combates betwixt him [William Shakespeare] and *Ben Johnson*; which two I behold like a Spanish Great Gallion and an English man-of-War: Master *Johnson* (like the former) was built far higher in Learning; Solid, but Slow in his performances. *Shakespear*, with the English man-of-War, lesser in bulk, but lighter in sailing, could turn with all tides, tack about, and take advantage of all winds, by the quickness of his Wit and invention.

[*The History of the Worthies of England*, 1662; ed. P. A. Nuttall, 1840, ii, 424, iii, 284.]

Thomas Prujean, 1644.

Of Ben Johnson's death.

Here lyes the Fox: then what neede wee
Fear 't in a glasse of sack? Be free;
Drink 't off. By Jesus, Ben doth sweare,
Vulpona ne'ere shall hurt us here.

[*Aurorata*, 1644; quoted by J. P. Collier, *A Bibliographical and Critical Account of the Rarest Books in the English Language*, 1866, iii, 248.]

Anonymous, 1644.

Aulicus keeps to the old way of devotion, and that is the offering up the incense of so many *lies and intelligence* every *Sunday morning*: one would thinke that the Judgements which have been writ from heaven against the prophanation of that day, recorded by our protomartyr, Master *Burton*, should be able to deterre a *Diurnall maker*, a paper-intelligencer, a penny worth of newes, but the Creature hath writ himselfe into a *reprobate sense*,

and you may see how it thrives with him, for his braines have been wonderfully blasted of late, and plannet-strucke, and he is not now able to provoke the meanest Christian to laughter, but lies in a paire of *foule sheets*, a wofull spectacle and object of dullnesse, and tribulation, not to be recovered by the Protestant or *Catholique liquour*, either *Ale* or strong beer, or Sack, or Claret, or Hippocras, or Muscadine, or Rosasolis, which hath been reputed formerly by his Grandfather *Ben Johnson* and his Uncle *Shakespeare*, and his Couzen *Germaines Fletcher*, and *Beaumont*, and nose-lesse *Davenant*, and Frier *Sherley* the Poets, the onely blossoms for the brain, the restoratives for the wit, the (I Sic) bathing for the wine muses, but none of these are now able either to warme him into a quibble, or to inflame him into a sparkle of invention, and all this because he hath prophaned the *Sabbath* by his pen.

[From the newspaper, *Mercurius Britannicus*, January 4-11, 1644.]

Anonymous, 1644.

There is no sort of verse either ancient, or modern, which we are not able to equal by imitation; we have our English Virgil, Ovid, Seneca, Lucan, Juvenal, Martial, and Catullus: in the Earl of Surry, Daniel, Johnson, Spencer, Don, Shakespear, and the glory of the rest, Sandys and Sydney.

[*Vindex Anglicus; or the Perfections of the English language defended and asserted*, Oxford, 1644; reprinted in the *Harleian Miscellany*, v, 431.]

Thomas Farnaby, 1645.

Ad Lectores.

Martialem solum a Clariss. viro Petro Scriverio emendatum editumque desiderabam, quem nulla mea aut amicorum cura parare potuit, cujus tamen vicem non raro supplevit amica opera Ben. Jonsonii viri (quod quæ ille per ludum scripserit, serio legentibus liquido apparebit) in poëtis omnibus versatissimi, historiarum, morum, rituum, antiquitatum indagatoris exquisitissimi, & (quod semper in illo adverti) non contenti brachio levi

tesqua & dignos vindice nodos transmittere, sed penitissimos usque sensus ratione, lectione, ingenio eruere desudantis, digni denique (utcunque a probatis merito probetur suo) meliori theatro quam quo malevolorum invidiam pascat, quanquam & hoc regium est, posse invidiam cum mereri, tum pati. Ille, inquam, mihi emendationes aliquot suppeditavit ex C. V. Scriverii Martiale,

[*Martialis Epigrammata*, 1645, sig. A₆ recto.]

Anonymous, 1645.

. . . When *Charles* came in, thou didst a Convert grow,
 More by thy Int'rest, than thy Nature so.
 Under his livening Beams thy Laurels spread,
 He first did place that Wreath about thy Head;
 Kindly reliev'd thy wants and gave thee Bread. }
 Here 'twas thou mad'st the Bells of Fancy Chime,
 And Choak'd the Town with suffocating Rhime.
 Till Heroes form'd by thy creating Pen,
 Were grown as Cheap, and Dull, as other Men,
 Flush'd with success, full Gallery and Pit,
 Thou bravest all Mankind with want of Wit.
 Nay, in short time, wer't grown so proud a Ninny,
 As scarce t'alow that *Ben* himself had any.
 But when the Men of Sense thy Errow saw,
 They chek'd thy Muse, and kept the Termagant in awe.

[*The Laureat: Jack Squabb, His history in little*, in *Musarum Oxoniensium*, 1645; reprinted in *Poems on Affairs of State*, 1703, i, 130.]

Anonymous, 1645.

APOLLO.

The Lord VERVLAN,
Chancellor of Parnassus.
Sir PHILIP SIDNEY,
High Constable of Par.
 WILLIAM BVDEVS,
High Treasurer.

ERASMUS ROTERODAM.
 JUSTUS LIPSIVS
 JOHN BARCKLAY
 JOHN BODINE
 ADRIAN TVRNEBVS
 ISAAC CASAVBON

JOHN PICVS, *Earle of Miran-*
dula, High Chamberlaine.

JVLIVS CESAR
SCALIGER

The Jurours.

George Wither
Thomas Cary
Thomas May
William Davenant
Josuah Sylvester
Georges Sandes
Michael Drayton
Francis Beaumont
John Fletcher
Thomas Haywood
William Shakespeere
Philip Massinger

JOSEPH SCALIGER,
the censour of manners in
Parnassus.

BEN. JOHNSON, Keeper of the
Trophonian Denne.

JOHN TAYLOVR, Cryer of the
Court.

JOHN SELDEN
HVGO GROTIVS
DANIEL HEINSIVS
CONRADVS VOSSIVS
AUGUSTINE MASCARDUS.

The Malefactours.

Mercurius Britanicus
Mercurias Aulicus
Mercurius Civicus
The Scout
The writer of Diurnals
The Intelligencer
The writer of Occurrences
The writer of Passages
The Poste
The Spye
The writer of weekly Accounts
The Scottish Dove, &c.

EDMVND SPENCER,
Clerk of the Assises.

* * * *

(The Court thus set) the sturdy *Keeper* then
Of the unhospitall *Trophonian Den*,
His trembling Pris'ners brought unto the barre;
For sterne aspect, with *Mars* hee might compare,
But by his belly, and his double chinne,
Hee look'd like the old Hoste' of a *New Inne*.
Thus when sowre *Ben* his fetter'd cattell had
Shut up together in the pinfold sad:
John Taylour, then the Courts shrill *Chanticleere*
Did summon all the *Jurours* to appeare.

* * * *

While *Civicus* did thus his tryall heare;
 One comes, and whispers Phœbus in the eare,
 And him advertis'd, that a secret friend
 Of *Civicus*, did to his *Highness* send,
 A present of some Sack, and sugar loaves,
 And that therewith, the Giver humbly moves,
 That the poore Pris'ner might receive such grace,
 As might be justly found in such a case.
Apollo then, in choler and disdain,
 Did thus break out in termes. What madness vain,
 Or impudence (said He) in humane race
 Remains? That they should think with bribes t'efface
 Our resolutions just, and us divert
 From judgement by the law, and by desert;
 Then he the *Gaoler* call'd for (*Honest Ben*)
 The Keeper fat, of the *Trophonian Den*:
 Him he commands to seize upon (in hast)
 The bringer of the bribe, and keep him fast;
 And since the *Tubbe* of which he told the tale,
 By splitting, had deceiv'd him of his ale;
 And since his *New-Inne* too had got a crack,
 He bids him take the Sugar loves, and Sack,
 To make his lov'd *Magnatlick Lady* glad,
 That still (for want of an applause) was sad.

[*The Great Assises Holden in Parnassus by Apollo and his Assessours*,
 1645; reprinted in *Publications of the Spenser Society*, pp., 3-49,
 21-22.]

Paul Aylward, 1645.

To his deere friend Mr. Henry Burkhead.

You I preferre. *Johnson* for all his wit
 Could never paint out times as you have hit
 The manners of our age: The fame declines
 Of ne're enough prays'd *Shakespeare* if thy lines
 Come to be publisht: *Beaumont* and *Fletcher's* skill
 Submitts to yours, and your more learned quill.

[Prefixed to Burkhead's *Tragedy of Cola's Furie*, Kilkenny, 1645.]

Daniel Breedy, 1645.

Deere friend since then this peece so well limn'd
 As most would thinke 'twas by *Ben. Johnson* trimm'd,
 That *Shakespeare, Fletcher*, and all did combine
 To make *Lirenda* through the Clouds to shine.

[Commendatory lines prefixed to Henry Burkhead's *Tragedy of Cola's Furie*, Kilkenny, 1645.]

Samuel Sheppard, 1646.

So his that divine Plautus equalled,
 Whose commick vain Menander nere could hit,
 Whose tragick sceans shall be with wonder read
 By after ages, for unto his wit
 My selfe gave personal ayd, I dictated
 To him when as *Sejanus* fall he writ,
 And yet on earth some foolish sots there bee,
 That dare make *Randolf* his rival in degree.

[*The Times Displayed in Six Sestyads*, 1646, the Sixth Sestyad; quoted from E. Brydges, *The British Bibliographer*, 1810, i, 534.]

George Daniel, 1646.

To Time and Honour.

. . . The proud Italian
 And iustly proud in Poesie, will allow
 The English (though not Equall) next him now.
 The noble Sidney, crown'd with liveing Bayes;
 And Spencer, cheif, (if a peculiar praise
 May pass, and from the rest not derogate)
 The learnèd Jonson, whose Dramaticke State
 Shall stand admir'd Example, to reduce
 Things proper, to the light, or buskind Muse.

[*The Poems of George Daniel*, ed. A. B. Grosart, 1878, i, 33.]

George Daniel, 1646.

A Vindication of Poesie.

Here pause a little; for I would not Cloy
 The curious Eare, with recitations;
 And meerly looke at names; attend with Ioy

Unto an English Quill, who rivall'd once
 Rome, not to make her blush; and knowne of late
 Unenvied ('cause unequall'd) Laureate.

This, this was Iouson; who in his owne name
 Carries his praise; and may he shine alone;
 I am not tyed to any generall flame,
 Nor fixèd by the Approbation
 Of great ones; But I speake without pretence,
 Hee was, of English Drammatickes, the Prince.

[*The Poems of George Daniel*, ed. A. B. Grosart, 1878, i, 29.]

Henry Vaughan, 1646.

To my Ingenious Friend, R. W.

When we are dead, and now, no more
 Our harmles mirth, our wit, and score
 Distracts the towne; . . .
 Wee'le beg the world would be so kinde,
 To give's one grave as wee'de one minde;
 There—as the wiser few suspect,
 That spirits after death affect—
 Our soules shall meet; and thence will they
 —Freed from the tyranny of clay—
 With equall wings, and ancient love
 Into the Elysian fields remove;
 Where in those blessed walkes they'le find,
 More of thy genius, and my mind:
 First, in the shade of his owne bayes,
 Great *Ben* they'le see, whose sacred layes,
 The learnèd ghosts admire, and throng,
 To catch the subject of his song.
 Then *Randolph* in those holy meades,
 His Lovers, and Amyntas reads,
 Whilst his Nightingall close by,
 Sings his, and her owne elegie.

[*Poems*, 1646: in *The Works of Henry Vaughan*, ed. A. B. Grosart, 1871, ii, 7. See also the entry "Henry Tubbe, about 1650."]

Robert Hills, 1647.

*To the most Ingenious Master Robert Baron,
on his Masterpiece of Tragedy.*

PYTHAGORAS sang truth, *souls shift* we see
For JOHNSON'S *transmigrated* into *Thee*:
Or if that *Doctrines* false, thy glory's more
Without his helps to equal, whom before
We thought *Sans* peer: both are so very well,
So like, as mix them, and you cannot tell
Me which is which. *Thou Fame* enough hast won,
Thy name is up, now maist thou lie till Noon,
And rest thy strong *Muse*, having equall'd him
Whom sharpest wits did our best *Poet* deem:
I know thy Judgment's more than t'aim ought higher,
Thou mightest as well hope to drown PHOEBUS *Lyre*;
Yet *write* again, till all the world's agree'd
Thy PEGASUS has *breath* as well as *speed*.
Mean time, who'l number our best *Playes* aright
First CATALINE, then let him MIRZA write,
So mix your names: in the third place must be
SEIANUS, or *the next* that comes from *thee*.

[Prefixed to Robert Baron's *Mirza*, 1647, sig. A4.]

Robert Baron, 1647.

Emir-hamze-mirza's Ghost irritating his Brother *Abbas* to revenge him upon himself, bids him act those things upon his Son, which his very enemies shall pittie, (not without the example of the matchless *Johnson*, who, in his *Cataline* (which miraculous *Poem* I propose as my pattern) makes *Sylla's* Ghost perswade *Catiline* to do what *Hannibal* could not wish).

* * * *

For the other ingredients of witchcraft . . . I refer you to *Ovids Met.* . . . and Master *Sandys* his learned comment thereon: To Father *Lewis Richeome*, his *Pilgrim of Loretto* . . . to *Delrius disquis. Magic.* and to our elaborate Poet *Laureat*, *Johnson*, his *Masque of Queens*, in which inimitable Poem he has

treasured up all the knowledge of the Antients, of this Theam, of which all or most of the Antient Poets wrote something, bringing in some Witch.

[Annotations to Robert Baron's *Mirza*, 1647, pp. 161, 223. For Baron's extensive indebtedness to Jonson, see J. F. Bradley, *Modern Language Notes*, xxxiv, 402.]

Sir George Lisle, 1647.

*To the memory of my most honoured kinsman,
Mr. Francis Beaumont.*

Great Father Johnson bow'd himself when hee
(Thou writ'st so nobly) vow'd he envy'd thee.

[Prefixed to the 1647 Folio of Beaumont and Fletcher.]

Sir John Denham, 1647.

On Mr. John Fletcher's Workes.

Then was wits Empire at the fatall height,
When labouring and sinking with its weight,
From thence a thousand lesser Poets sprong,
Like petty Princes from the fall of *Rome*,
When *Johnson*, *Shakespeare*, and thy selfe did sit,
And sway'd in the Triumvirate of wit—
Yet what from *Johnsons* oyle and sweat did flow,
Or what more easie nature did bestow
On *Shakespeares* gentler Muse, in thee full grown
Their graces both appeare.

[Prefixed to the 1647 Folio of Beaumont and Fletcher.]

James Howell, 1647.

Upon Master Fletchers Dramaticall Workes.

Had now grim Ben bin breathing, with what rage
And high-swolne fury had Hee lash'd this age,
Shakespeare with *Chapman* had grown madd, and torn
Their gentle *Sock*, and lofty *Buskins* worne,
To make their Muse welter up to the chin
In blood.

[Prefixed to the 1647 Folio of Beaumont and Fletcher.]

George Buck, 1647.

Let *Shakespeare*, *Chapman*, and applauded *Ben*,
 Weare the Eternall merit of their Pen,
 Here I am love-sicke: and were I to chuse,
 A Mistris corrivall 'tis *Fletcher's* Muse.

[Prefixed to the 1647 Folio of Beaumont and Fletcher.]

William Cartwright, 1647.

*Upon the report of the printing of the Dramaticall Poems
 of Master John Fletcher.*

Though when all *Fletcher* writ, and the entire
 Man was indulged unto that sacred fire,
 His thoughts, and his thoughts dresse, appeared both such,
 That 'twas his happy fault to do too much;
 Who therefore wisely did submit each birth
 To knowing Beaumont e'r it did come forth,
 Working againe, untill he said 'twas fit,
 And made him the sobriety of his wit;
 Though thus he call'd his Judge into his fame,
 And for that aid allow'd him halfe the name,
 'Tis knowne, that sometimes he did stand alone,
 That both the Spunge and Pencill were his owne;
 That himself judg'd himselfe, could singly do,
 And was at last Beaumont and Fletcher too;

Else we had lost his Shepheardesse, a piece
 Even and smooth, spun from a finer fleece,
 Where softnesse raignes, where passions passions greet,
 Gentle and high, as flouds of Balsam meet.
 Where dress'd in white expressions, sit bright Loves,
 Drawne, like their fairest Queen, by milkie Doves;
 A piece, which *Johnson* in a rapture bid
 Come up a glorifi'd Worke, and so it did.

* * * *

'Twixt *Johnsons* grave, and *Shakespeares* lighter sound,
 His muse, so steer'd that something still was found,
 Nor this, nor that, nor both, but so his owne,
 That 'twas his marke, and he was by it knowne.

Another.

Johnson hath writ things lasting, and divine,
 Yet his Love-Scenes, *Fletcher*, compar'd to thine,
 Are cold and frosty, and exprest love so,
 As heat with Ice, or warme fires mixt with Snow;
 Thou, as if struck with the same generous darts,
 Which burne, and raigne in noble Lovers hearts,
 Hast cloath'd affections in such native tires,
 And so describ'd them in their owne true fires,
 Such moving sighes, suc[h] undissembled teares,
 Such charmes of language, such hopes mixt with feares,
 Such grants after denialls, such persuits
 After despaire, such amorous recruits,
 That some who sate spectators have confest
 Themselves transform'd to what they saw exprest,
 And felt such shafts steale through their captiv'd sence,
 As made them rise Parts, and goe Lovers thence.

* * * *

Nor hadst thou the sly trick, thy selfe to praise
 Under thy friends names, or to purchase Bayes
 Didst write stale commendations to thy Booke,
 Which we for *Beaumonts* or *Ben Johnsons* tooke;
 That debt thou left'st to us, which none but he
 Can truly pay, *Fletcher*, who writes like thee.

[Prefixed to the 1647 Folio of Beaumont and Fletcher.]

John Berkenhead, 1647.

*On the happy Collection of Master Fletcher's Works,
 never before Printed.*

Dead and insipid, all despairing sit
 Lost to behold this great Relapse of Wit:
 What strength remains, is like that (wilde and fierce)
 Till Johnson made good Poets and right Verse.

[Prefixed to the 1647 Folio of Beaumont and Fletcher.]

Edward Powell, 1647.

To the memorie of Master Fletcher.

So sweet, it gain'd more ground upon the Stage,

Than Johnson with his self-admiring rage
Ere lost.

[Prefixed to the 1647 Folio of Beaumont and Fletcher.]

Joseph Howe, 1647.

In Honour of Mr. Fletcher.

How was he Ben, when Ben did write
To th'stage, not to his judge endite?
How did he doe what Johnson did,
And Earne what Johnson wou'd have s'ed?

[Prefixed to the 1647 Folio of Beaumont and Fletcher.]

Henry Harrington, 1647.

On Mr. Fletcher's ever to be admired Dramaticall Works.

Pray tell me, gallant Wits, could Criticks think
There ere was solecisme in Fletchers Inke?
Or Lapse of Plot, or fancy in his pen?
A happinesse not still alow'd to Ben!
After of Time and Wit h'ad been at cost
He of his owne New-Inne was but an Hoste.

[Prefixed to the 1647 Folio of Beaumont and Fletcher.]

Richard Brome, 1647.

*To the memory of the deceased but ever-living Authour in these
his Poems, Mr. John Fletcher.*

While this of *Fletcher* and his *Works* I speake:
His *Works* (says *Momus*) nay, his *Plays* you'd say:
Thou hast said right, for that to him was Play
Which was to others braines a toyle. . . .
Most knowing Johnson (proud to call him Sonne)
In friendly Envy swore, He had out-done
His very Selfe.

[Prefixed to the 1647 Folio of Beaumont and Fletcher. The first four lines allude to Jonson's having called his plays "Workes."]

Henry Vaughan, 1647.

Upon Mr. Fletcher's Playes Published 1647.

This, or that age may write, but never see
A wit that dares run paralell with thee.

True, *Ben* must live! but bate him, and thou hast
Undone all future wits, and match'd the past.

[*Olor Iscanus*, 1651; in *The Works of Henry Vaughan*, ed. A. B. Grosart,
1871, ii, 102.]

Robert Herrick, before 1648.

Upon Ben Jonson.

Here lyes Johnson with the rest
Of the Poets; but the Best.
Reader, wo'dst thou more have known?
Aske his Story, not this Stone.
That will speake what this can't tell
Of his glory. So farewell.

[*Hesperides*, 1648.]

Robert Herrick, before 1648.

An Ode for Him.

Ah Ben!
Say how, or when
Shall we thy Guests
Meet at those Lyrick Feasts,
Made at the Sun,
The Dog, the triple Tunne?
Where we such clusters had,
As made us nobly wild, not mad;
And yet each Verse of thine
Out-did the meate, out-did the frolick wine.

My Ben!
Or come agen:
Or send to us,
Thy wits great over-plus;
But teach us yet
Wisely to husband it;
Lest we that Tallent spend:
And having once brought to an end
That precious stock; the store
Of such a wit the world sho'd have no more.

[*Hesperides*, 1648.]

Robert Herrick, before 1648.*Upon M. Ben. Johnson. Epig.*

After the rare Arch-Poet Johnson dy'd,
 The Sock grew loathsome, and the Buskins pride,
 Together with the Stages glory stood
 Each like a poore and pitied widowhood.
 The Cirque prophan'd was; and all postures rackt:
 For men did strut, and stride, and stare, not act.
 Then temper flew from words; and men did squake,
 Looke red, and blow, and bluster, but not speake:
 No Holy-Rage, or frantick-fires did stirre,
 Or flash about the spacious Theater.
 No clap of hands, or shout, or praises-prooffe
 Did crack the Play-house sides, or cleave her rooffe.
 Artlesse the Sceane was; and that monstrous sin
 Of deep and arrant ignorance came in;
 Such ignorance as theirs was, who once hist
 At thy unequal'd Play, the Alchymist:
 Oh fie upon 'em! Lastly too, all witt
 In utter darkenes did, and still will sit
 Sleeping the lucklesse Age out, till that she
 Her Resurrection ha's again with Thee.

[*Hesperides*, 1648.]

Robert Herrick, before 1648.*His Prayer to Ben Johnson.*

When I a Verse shall make,
 Know I have praid thee,
 For old Religions sake,
 Saint Ben to aide me.

Make the way smooth for me,
 When I, thy Herrick,
 Honouring thee, on my knee
 Offer my Lyrick.

Candles Ile give to thee,
 And a new Altar;

And thou Saint Ben, shalt be
Writ in my Psalter.

[*Hesperides*, 1648.]

Thomas Bradford, 1648.

Here is a *Chimist* which from a rude masse
Extracts Elixar that death may well surpasse
Spencer's ninth Canto in the fairy Queene,
Or *Ben's Vulpony*, oh had he but seene
Thy pregnant fancy, how could he forebeare
To rend his *Cat'line* and by *Jove* to sweare
Thy'ns the better.

[Prefixed to Robert Baron's *Cyprian Academy*, 1648.]

Anonymous, 1648.

Wednesday the 27 of December.

From Windsor came to White-Hall this day thus. That the
King is pretty merry, and spends much time in reading of Sermon
Books, and sometimes *Shakspeare* and *Ben: Johnsons* Playes.

[*Perfect Occurrences of Every Daies iournall in Parliament, Proceedings
with His Majesty, and other moderate intelligence, No. 104, Fryday,
Dec. 22 to Fryday, Dec. 30, 1648.*]

George Daniel, 1648.

. . . But what Stile
Carries a Buskin deep enough to Sing
Royall Distresses and lament a King?
Call Suckling from his Ashes, reinspir'd
With an Elizian Trance; . . .
Oh! he may Speake, or Ionson's numerous Soule
(Now great as Pindar's) might these Gests enroll;
But then, alas, the greife is where it lay;
They sing too high; wee know not what they Say;
For earth is dull, and may not comprehend
Those heights of wonder which they else have pen'd.

[ΠΟΛΥΛΟΓΙΑ; or *Several Ecloges*; in *The Poems of George Daniel*, ed.
A. B. Grosart, 1878, ii, 195.]

John Cook, 1649.

He [Charles] was no more affected with a list that was brought in to Oxford of five or six thousand slain at Edgehill, than to read one of Ben. Johnson's tragedies.

* * * *

Had he [Charles] but studied Scripture half so much as Ben. Johnson or Shakespear, he might have learnt that when Amaziah was settled in the kingdon, he suddenly did justice upon those servants which had killed his father Joash.

[*King Charles his Case*, 1649; reproduced in *The Somers Collection of Tracts*, 1811, v, 215, 219.]

Anonymous, 1649.

Though *Johnson, Shakespeare, Goffe*, and *Davenant*,
Brave Sucklin, Beaumont, Fletcher, Shurley want
 The life of action, and their learned lines
 Are loathed by the Monsters of the times;
 Yet your refined Soules, can penetrate
 Their depth of merit, and excuse their Fate.

[*The Famous Tragedie of King Charles I, Basely Butchered*, 1649, p. 4.
 The Prologue to the Gentry.]

Henry Tubbe, about 1650.

. . . When Thou & I,
 That never single were, must part and dye:
 Our Freinds (I hope) will be so liberall
 And kind, to let us have one Buriall,
 One Grave to blend our Ashes, as one Life
 Did mix our equall Hearts with mutuall strife
 Of Friendship & Delight. There (as Wise Men
 Beleeve, that Love lives after Death) agen
 Our Spirits shall intermix, & weave their Knots;
 Free from the trouble of these earthly Grotts;
 Thence winged flie to the Elysian Groves,
 Where, whilst wee still renew our constant Loves,
 A Thousand Troops of Learned Ghosts shall meet
 Us, and our coming thither gladly greet.
 First the Great Shadow of Renowned BEN

Shall give us hearty, joyfull Wellcome: then
 Ingenious *Randolph* from his lovely Arms
 Shall entertaine us with such mighty charms
 Of strict embraces, that wee cannot wish
 For any comforts greater than this Blisse.

[From Harl. MS., 4126; reproduced in *Oxford Historical and Literary Studies*, v, 65. Cf. the entry "Henry Vaughan, 1646."]

Robert Wilde, about 1650.

Invent[ion]. May I be so bold as to peruse your Library?
Ped[anto]. Yes Sir, if you please; see the Books I have borrowed for the Business.

[*Invention takes up the Books, looks in them, and speaks.*]

* * * *

Ben. Johnson.

Invent.

Great Brick-bat *Ben*, the Envy of thy Days!
 Thy only English Brow deserves the Bays.
 Others did wear the Ivy-Bush as Sign,
 Not of their Wit, but, Lattice-face, and Wine.
 But thy Industrious Brain (great *Ben!*) did seem
 To make the Lawrel, which thou wore, grow Green.
 Thine are the Tragicks and the Comick Lays;
 And thou'rt th'Refiner of our Drossy Phrase;
 And so thy Alchymy, I dare behold,
 Hath turn'd our baser Mettal into Gold.

Fur[or Poeticus]. Pritty! Pritty! . . . Every half quarter of an Hour a glass of Sack must be sent of an Errand into his Guts, to tell his Brains they must come up quickly, and help out with a Line.—So take him Jaylor.

Shakspear.

Invent.

His Quill as quick as Feather from the Bow!
 O who can such another *Falstaff* show?
 And if thy Learning had been like thy Wit,
Ben would have blusht, and *Johnson* never writ.

[*The Benefice*, 1689, sigs. A₄ verso, B₁ verso. The coarseness of the language prevents the passage from being cited entire.]

Anonymous, 1651.

Now men may see, how much reason *Ben. Jonson* had, when as, lying sicke in his bed, very poore, and that after much importunity of Courtiers, ten pounds were sent to him by the King, after the receipt of which, *Ben.* threw them through the glasse windowes, saying, *this mans soule was not fit to live in an alley.*

And this said mans soule, was more fixt on *Bens* verses, and other Romances, during the time of his imprisonment, then on those holy Writs, wherein salvation is to be sought for the soul, as well as for the body.

[*The None-Such Charles, his Character*, 1651, p. 170.]

F. J., 1651.

The Preface to the Reader.

. . . Tom Randal, the adopted son of Ben Jonson, being' the translator hereof, followed his father's steps; they both of them loved sack and harmless mirth.

[Prefixed to Thomas Randolph's *Hey for Honesty*, 1651.]

Samuel Sheppard, 1651.

*On Mr. Davenants most excellent Tragedy of Albovine
k[ing] of [the] Lombards.*

Shakespeares Othello, Johnsons Catiline,
Would lose their luster, were thy *Albovine*
Placed betwixt them.

[*Epigrams Theological, Philosophical, and Romantick*, 1651, Book 4,
Epigram 30.]

J. S., 1651.

To the Reader.

The true and primary intent of the Tragedians and Comedians of old, was to magnifie Virtue and to depress Vice; And you may observe throughout the *Works* of incomparable *Johnson*, excellent *Shakespear*, and elegant *Fletcher*, &c., they (however vituperated by some streight-laced brethren not capable of their sublimity,) aim at no other end.

[*An excellent Comedy, called the Prince of Priggs revels*, 1651.]

Anonymous, 1651.*To the Reader.*

. . . There are can witness, that our ablest Judge & Professor of *Poesie*, said with some passion, *My Son Cartwright writes all like a Man*: you'l soon guess 'twas *Ben Ionson* spake it: What had *Ben* said had he read his own eternity in that lasting *Elegy* given him by our *Author*, or that other Latine one by our *Author's* Friend Mr. Robert Waring, neither of which Peecces are easie to be imitated.

[Prefixed to William Cartwright's *Comedies, Tragi-Comedies, With other Poems*, 1651. Possibly the writer was Humphrey Moseley, the publisher.]

Sir Robert Stapylton, 1651.*On Mr. Cartwright and his Poems.*

All Poets graces may in him be read,
 Why should not all their Bayes then crown his head?
 'Tis true, he's of our Authors last set forth,
 But last in *Order* is the first in *Worth*:
 If Time be measur'd by an *hour-glass* run,
 † He may be *Johnson's* Grand-Child, *Fletcher's* Son.

[Prefixed to William Cartwright's *Comedies*, etc., 1651.]

W. Towers, 1651.*On Mr. William Cartwright's surviving Poems.*

How did the factious *London-Wits* first praise,
 And then with slanderous *But* maligne thy Bayes! . . .
 — And thus thy Father *Johnson* (since naught can
 Besides the Sun and Man, beget a Man,
Phoebus and He thy (Sire) was hiss'd at still
 More with the Fools Goose-Tongue, than the Goose-Quil;
 Only 'cause his Theorbo did so much
 Excell their Crowd, and jarring Cyttern Touch.

[Prefixed to William Cartwright's *Comedies*, etc., 1651.]

William Stanton, 1651.*To the Memory of the deceased Author, Mr. William Cartwright.*

O could we mourn thy Fall with such a Verse
 As thou didst powre on honour'd *Johnson's* Hearse!

An *Elegie* so high and wisely writ,
 It shews who is and who is not a Wit;
 Which had He liv'd to read, He had defi'd
 All the mad World, having Thee on his side;
 For Thou so praisest Him, thy *Enlogy*
 Still dwels on Him, and yet rebounds to Thee;
 Thine and His Temples jointly Crown'd: elsewhere
 Thou outwrit'st Others, but thy own self there.

[Prefixed to William Cartwright's *Comedies*, etc., 1651.]

Francis Vaughan, 1651.

On Mr. William Cartwright's excellent Poems.

. . . *Cartwright*, till now, we could have dress'd thy Shrine;
 For 'twas but stealing some good Peece of thine;
 Swear it our own, subscribe our names unto't,
 And heretofore they made no bone to do't,
 Who having robb'd thee, cry 'tis Scholars Wit;
 And then the needy Gallants think th'are quit:
 (So the Arrested Knight told Standers-by,
These are poor Folk, they come to beg of me.)
 Thus *Jonson* is decry'd by some who fleece
 His *Works*, as much as he did *Rome* or *Greece*:
 They judge it lawfull Prize, doing no more
 To him, than he to those that dy'd before;
 Why do they then let Merchants Ships go free,
 Who but *translate*, worse Ware, and worse than He?
 These East-and-West-Translators, not like Ben,
 Do but enrich Themselves, He other men.

[Prefixed to William Cartwright's *Comedies*, etc., 1651.]

William Bell, 1651.

To the Memory of Mr. William Cartwright.

How had we lost both Mint, and Coyn too, were
 That salvage love still fashionable here,
 To sacrifice upon the Funerall Wood
 All, the deceas'd had e'r held deer and good!
 We would bring all our speed, to ransom thine
 With *Don's* rich Gold, and *Johnson's* silver Mine;

Then to the pile add all that *Fletcher* writ,
 Stamp'd by thy Character a currant Wit:
Suckling's Ore, with *Sherley's* small mony, by
Heywoods old Iron, and *Shakspear's* Alchemy.

[Prefixed to William Cartwright's *Comedies*, etc., 1651.]

Jasper Mayne, 1651.

To the deceased Author of these Poems.

For thou to Nature had'st joyn'd Art, and skill,
 In Thee *Ben Johnson* still held *Shakespear's* Quill;
 A Quill, rul'd by sharp Judgement, and such Laws,
 As a well studied Mind, and Reason draws.

[Prefixed to William Cartwright's *Comedies*, etc., 1651.]

R. C., 1651.

To the Reader.

The strength of his [Bosworth's] fancy, and the shadowing of it in words, he taketh from Mr. Marlow in his *Hero and Leander*, whose mighty lines Mr. Benjamin Johnson (a man sensible enough of his own abilities) was often heard to say, that they were examples fitter for admiration than for parallel.

[Prefixed to William Bosworth's *The Chast and Lost Lovers*, 1651.]

Anonymous, 1652.

Poeta is her *Minion*, to whom she [*Eloquentia*] resignes the whole government of her Family. . . . *Ovid* she makes *Major-domo*. *Homer* because a merry Greek, Master of the Wine-Cellars. *Aretine* (for his skill in Postures) growing old, is made Pander. *Shack-Spear*, Butler. *Ben Johnson*, Clark of the Kitchen, *Fenner* his Turn-spit, And *Taylor* his Scullion.

[*A Hermetick Banquet, drest by a Spagirick Cook*, 1652, p. 35.]

John Martyn, Henry Herringham, and Richard Mariot, 1652.

The Booksellers to the Reader.

If our care and endeavours to do our Authors right (in an incorrupt and genuine Edition of their Works) and thereby to gratifie and oblige the Reader, be but requited with a suitable entertainment, we shall be encourag'd to bring *Ben Johnson's*

two volumes into one, and publish them in this form; and also to reprint Old *Shakespear*: both which are designed by

yours,
Ready to serve you.

[Prefixed to Beaumont and Fletcher's *The Wild-Goose Chase*, 1652.]

Title-page, 1652.

The Widow A Comedie. As it was Acted at the private House in Black-Fryers with great Applause, by His late Majesties Servants. Written by Ben: Jonson. John Fletcher. Tho: Middleton. Gent. Printed by the Originall Copy . . . for Humphrey Moseley . . . 1652.

Alexander Gough, 1652.

To the Reader.

Considering how the curious pay some part of their esteem to excellent persons in the careful preservation but of their defaced statues; instead of decayed medals of the Romans' greatness, I believe it of more value to present you this lively piece, drawn by the art of *Jonson*, *Fletcher*, and *Middleton*, which is thought to have a near resemblance to the portraiture we have in Terence of those worthy minds, where the great Scipio and Laelius strove to twist the poet's ivy with the victor's bays. . . . *Since our own countrymen are not in anything inferior*, it were to be wished they had but so much encouragement.

[Prefixed to *The Widow*, 1652.]

John Hall, 1652.

To Master Richard Brome, on his Play, called, A Joviall Crew.

Playes are instructive Recreations:

Which, who would write, may not expect, at once,

No, nor with every *breeding*, to write well.

And, though some itching Academicks fell

Lately upon this Task, their Products were

Lame and imperfect; and did *grate* the eare;

So, that they mock'd the stupid Stationers care,

That both with *Guelt* and Cringes did prepare

Fine Copper-Cuts; and gather'd Verses too,
To make a Shout before the idle Show.

Your *Fate* is other: You do not invade;
But by great *Johnson* were made free o'th'*Trade*.
So, that we must in this your *Labour* finde
Some Image and fair Relique of *his* Minde.

[Prefixed to Richard Brome's *A Joviall Crew*, 1652.]

John Tatham, 1652.

*To my Worthy Friend Master Richard Brome, on his excellent
Play, called, A Joviall Crew.*

There is a Faction (Friend) in Town, that cries,
Down with the *Dagon-Poet*, *Johnson* dies.
His Works were too elaborate, not fit
To come within the Verge, or face of Wit.
Beaumont and *Fletcher* (they say) perhaps, might
Passe (well) for currant Coin, in a dark night:
But *Shakespeare* the *Plebeian* Driller, was
Founder'd in's *Pericles*, and must not pass.
And so, at all men flie, that have but been
Thought worthy of Applause; therefore, their spleen.
Ingratefull *Negro-kinde*, dart you your Rage
Against the Beams that warm'd you, and the Stage! . .
Some hopes left us, that this, thy well-wrought Piece,
May bring it Cure, reduce it to its sight,
To judge th' difference 'twixt the Day, and Night;
Draw th' Curtain of their Errours; that their sense
May be conformable to Ben's Influence;
And finding here, *Nature* and *Art* agree,
May swear, thou liv'st in Him, and he in Thee.

[Prefixed to Richard Brome's *A Joviall Crew*, 1652.]

Francis Kirkman, 1652.

To His much honored Friend, Wil. Beeston, Esq.

Worthy Sir,

Divers times (in my hearing) to the admiration of the whol
Company, you have most judiciously discoursed of Poësie. . . .
I am vers'd in Forraign tongues and subscribe to your opinion,

that no Nation ever could glory in such Playes, as the most learned and incomparable *Johnson*, the copious *Shakespear*, or the ingenuous Fletcher compos'd.

[Prefixed to *The Loves and Adventures of Clerico & Lozia*, 1652.]

J. Hall, 1653.

And though I do not tell you, how you dress
Virtue in glories, and bold vice depress,
Nor celebrate your lovely Dutchess' fall,
Or the just ruin of your *Cardinal*;
Yet this I dare assert, when men have nam'd
Jonson, the nation's laureat, the fam'd
Beaumont and Fletcher, he that wo'not see
Shirley the fourth, must forfeit his best eye.

[Commendatory verses on James Shirley's *The Cardinal*, 1653. The writer was probably the "Jo. Hall" who prefixed commendatory verses to Shirley's *The Grateful Servant*.]

Richard Fleckno, 1653.

From thence passing on to Black-fryers, and seeing never a *Play-bil* on the Gate, no *Coaches* on the place, nor *Doorkeeper* at the *Play-house* door, with his *Boxe* like a *Church-warden*, desiring you to remember the poor *Players*, I cannot but say for *Epilogue* to all the *Playes* were ever Acted there:

Poor House, that in dayes of our Grand-sires,
Belongst unto the *Mendiant Fryers*:
And where so oft in our Fathers dayes
We have seen so many of *Shakspears* Playes.
So many of *Johnsons*, *Beaumonts*, & *Fletchers*,
Untill I know not what *Puritan Teachers*:
(Who for their *Tone*, their *Language*, & *Action*,
Might 'gainst the Stage make *Bedlam* a faction)
Have made with their Raylings the *Players* as poore
As were the *Fryers* and *Poets* before:
Since th'ast the tricke on't all *Beggars* to make,
I wish for the *Scotch-Presbyterian's* sake

To comfort the *Players* and *Fryers* not a little,
Thou mayst be turn'd to a *Puritan* spittle.

[*Miscellania*, 1653, p. 141.]

Sir Aston Cokaine, 1653.

A Præludium to Mr. Richard Brome's Playes.

Then we shall still have *Playes!* and though we may
Not them in their full Glories yet display;
Yet we may please our selves by reading them,
Till a more Noble Act this Act condemne.
Happy will that day be, which will advance
This *Land* from durt of precise Ignorance;
Distinguish *Morall Virtue*, and *Rich Wit*,
And *gracefull Action*, from an unfit
Parenthesis of *Coughs*, and *Hums*, and *Haes*,
Threshing of Cushions, and *Tautologies*.
Then the dull *Zelots* shall give way, and flye,
Or be converted by bright Poesie.
Apollo may enlighten them, or else
In *Scottish Grots* they may conceale themselves,
Then shall Learn'd *Johnson* reassume his Seat,
Revive the *Phoenix* by a second heat.
Create the Globe anew, and people it,
By those that flock to surfet on his *Wit*.
Judicious *Beaumont*, and th'*Ingenious Soule*
Of *Fletcher* too may move without controule.
Shakespeare (most rich in *Humours*) entertaine
The crowded *Theaters* with his happy veine.
Davenant and *Massinger*, and *Sherley*, then
Shall be cry'd up againe for Famous men.
And the Dramatick Muse no longer prove
The peoples Malice, but the peoples Love.
Black, and white *Fryers* too, shall flourish againe,
Though here have bin none since Queen *Mary's* reign.
Our *Theaters* of lower note in those
More happy daies, shall scorne the rustick Prose
Of a *Jack-pudding*, and will please the Rout,
With wit enough to beare their Credit out.

The Fortune will be lucky, see no more
 Her Benches bare, as they have stood before.
 The Bull take Courage from Applauses given,
 To Eccho to the *Taurus* in the Heaven.

Lastly, St. *James* may no aversion show,
 That *Socks*, and *Buskins* tread this Stage below.
 May this Time quickly come, those daies of Blisse
 Drive Ignorance down to the dark Abisse.
 Then (with a justly attributed praise)
 Wee'l change our faded *Broom*, to deathlesse Baies.

[Prefixed to *Five New Playes*, 1653.]

Title-page, 1654.

The Harmony of the Muses, or the Gentlemans and Ladies
 Choicest Recreation; Full of various pure and transcendent
 Wit, containing severall excellent Poems, Some Fancies of Love,
 some of Disdain, &c. written by those unimitable Masters of
 Learning and Invention, Dr. Joh. Donn, Dr. H. King, Dr. W.
 Strood, Sir K. Digby, Mr. Ben Johnson, Mr. F. Beaumont, J.
 Cleveland, T. Randolph, T. Carew. London, Printed by T. W.
 for W. Gilbertson, 1654.

Edmund Gayton, 1654.

There is not of all that expencefull madnesse so much left for
 profit or recreation, as the History of that *Quixo-Philosophy*, or
Philosophers, unlesse what is most admirably Satyriz'd by our
 Father *Ben* (of eternall memory) in his Play of the Alchymist:

Spectatum admissi Risum teneatis Amici? Which would move
 laughter most, our *Dons* encountring his Windmill, or his Lord-
 ship at the Furnace? Being *Subtle*, *Face*, *Lungs*, and all: Bestow
 a brace of tassled Caps upon them both, and so *exeant*. (P. 3.)

* * * *

How snakelike he gathers, and incircles himselfe, under the
 covert of his Target, which was so peal'd with stones, and rung
 as loud, that the *Don* was not much unlike a rattle snake, that
Politick Sir under the *Tortoise* shell, nor he that was shewn for
 the *Fish*. (P. 11.)

* * * *

Wherein, besides these books of Infamous losse, were the severall duels, onslaughts, stormes, and military performances, of the two never to be reconciled families, (like the *Capulets* and the *Mountchensies*, *Eteocleans*, and *Polyniceans*, *Douglasses* and *Percies*, *Guelfs* and *Guibblins*) of enraged Sr. *John Daw*, and incensed Sr *Amorous La-Fool*. (P. 19.)

* * * *

We will therefore end this perplexed piece of controversy (as our father *Ben* hath given example,) who dedicating his *Fox* to the two Universities of this Iland, Fox-like (knowing they alwaies quarrelled for Antiquity) in a most handsome and unenviable compellation, stil'd them *most equall Sisters*. (P. 20.)

* * * *

Father *Ben* (when one unhappily mulcted for peeping into holes, he had no right to, swore he had got a clap, which he called the *French Pox*) was worthily wroth at the expression, and in a fume, said, why not (Sr) the English Pox? We have as good and as large, as they have any. (P. 21.)

* * * *

Our *Fairy Queen*, the *Arcadia*, *Drayton*, *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*, *Shakespeare*, *Johnson*, *Randolph*; and lastly, *Gondibert*, are of eternall fame. (P. 21.)

* * * *

This Affaire is much manag'd by Matrons in our *Clime*, unlesse it be when both Parents consent in the Construpation of a Daughter; then (as my Father *Ben* saith) they cannot be matched. (P. 120.)

* * * *

With strenuous Complements, (above the School,
Of Sr John Daw, or Amorous La Fool.) (P. 129.)

* * * *

Our Nation also hath had its Poets, and they their wives: To passe the Bards; Sr *Jeffery Chaucer* liv'd very honestly at Woodstock, with his Lady, (the house yet remaining) and wrote against the vice most wittily, which Wedlock restraines. My Father *Ben* begate sonnes and daughters; so did *Spencer*,

Drayton, Shakespeare, and more might be reckoned, who doe not only word it, and end in aiery *Sylvia's*, *Galatæa's*, *Aglaura's*;

————— *sedde virtute locuti,*
clunem agitant —————. (P. 150.)

* * * *

And although the only *Laureat* of our stage (having compos'd a Play of excellent worth, but not of equall applause) fell downe upon his knees, and gave thanks, that he had transcended the capacity of the vulgar; yet his protestation against their ignorance, was not sufficient to vindicate the misapplication of the argument; for the judicious part of the Auditory condemn'd it equally with those that did not understand it, and though the Comedy wanted not its

prodesse, & delectare,

Had it been exhibited to a scholastick confluence; yet men come not to study at a Play-house, but love such expressions and passages, which with ease insinuate themselves into their capacities. (P. 271.)

* * * *

An *Inigo Jones* for scenes, and a *Ben Johnson* for Playes, would have wrought great cures upon the stage, and it was so well reform'd in *England*, and growne to that height of Language, and gravity of stile, dependency of parts, possibility of plot, compasse of time, and fulnesse of wit, that it was not any where to be equall'd; nor are the contrivers asham'd to permit their playes (as they were acted) to the publick censure, where they stand firme, and are read with as much satisfaction, as when presented on the stage, they were with applause and honour. Indeed their names now may very well be chang'd & call'd the works not Playes of *Iohnson, Beaumont and Fletcher, Cartwright*, and the rest, which are survivors of the stage; that having faln, not into Court-Reformers, but more severe correctors, who knowing not how to amend or repaire, have pluckt all downe, and left themselves the only spectacle of their times. (P. 272.)

[Edmund Gayton, *Festivous Notes upon Don Quixot*, 1654.]

Richard Whitlock, 1654.

Doctor *Donnes* high Praise of *Ben Johnsons* Works, in one expression *extolleth* them, and justly enough *depresseth* our *Admiration* of the Worlds businesse.

The State, and mens Affaires are the best Playes

Next yours: Tis nor more, nor lesse then due Praise.

[ZOOTOMIA, or, A Morall Anatomy of the Living by the Dead; in Observations, Essayes, &c., 1654, p. 313. As pointed out on page 37, the lines quoted were written not by Donne but by Sir John Roe.]

William Towers, 1654.

*To the Reader of my Dearly Loved, Because Truly Pious
Friend, Mr. T. W.'s Religious Poems.*

Expect no fond invokings: we confesse

There is no genius besides holinesse.

Were this left out, had he another theame

Child's straw and bubbles, would be all the gemme. . . .

And that because there li's in neither even

What was in Johnson's self, a close to heaven.

[Prefixed to Thomas Washbourne's *Divine Poems*, 1654; in *The Poems of Thomas Washbourne*, ed. by A. B. Grosart, 1868, p. 60.]

Sir John Mennis and Dr. James Smith, 1655.

*Upon a Surfeit caught by drinking bad Sack, at the George
Tavern in Southwark.*

. . . Oh would I might turne Poet for an houre,

To Satyrize with a vindictive power

Against the Drawer: or I could desire

Old Johnsons head had scalded in this fire;

How would he rage, and bring Apollo down

To scold with Bacchus, and depose the Clown,

For his ill government, and so confute

Our Poet Apes, that doe so much impute

Unto the grapes inspirement!

[*Musarum Deliciæ*, 1655; Hotten's reprint, of the second edition of 1656, p. 47.]

Sir John Mennis and Dr. James Smith, 1655.*B. J. answer to a Thief bidding him stand.*

Fly villian hence, or by thy coat of steel,
 I'll make thy heart my brazen bullet feel,
 And send that thrice as theevish soule of thine
 To hell, to wear the Devils Valentine.

Thiefs reply.

Art thou *great Ben*? or the revived ghost
 Of famous Shakespeare? or some drunken host?
 Who being tipsie with thy muddy beer,
 Dost think thy rimes shall daunt my soule with fear?
 Nay know base Slave, that I am one of those
 Can take a purse as well in verse as prose;
 And when th'art dead write this upon thy herse,
 Here lyes a Poet that was rob'd in verse.

[*Musarum Delicia*, 1655; Hotten's reprint, of the second edition of 1656, p. 95. These verses appear also in a common-place book in the Diocesan Registry at Worcester; see the entry "Anonymous, about 1676."]

John Tomkins, 1655.*To the Laurell-worthy Mr. E. E. on his Excellent Poems.*

Though Wit as precious every Scene doth hold,
 As *Shakespeare's* Lease [? Leaf] or *Johnson's* Massy Gold,
 Though thou with swelling Canvas sail beyond
Hercules Pillars, *Fletcher* and *Beaumont*,
 And though Thou art (what ever Fooles repute)
 A Poet in all Numbers Absolute. . . .

[Prefixed to Edmund Ellis's *Dia Poemata*, 1655.]

Earl of Westmorland, before 1656.*To Cleveland before y^e first interview at Maneby.*

. . . Whose raptures are soe elevate by art
 As y^t each science in them hath its part,
 And yet in Him not got wth *anvile* pain,
 But flowing like a Torrent after rayne.

[From verses addressed to John Cleveland, printed in *A Little Ark*, edited by G. Thorn-Drury. In the margin opposite the third line is a note "Jhonson," indicating that the allusion is to Ben Jonson.]

Title-page, 1656.

Wits Academy, or Six Pennyworth for a Penny, being Ben Iohnson's last Arrow to all Citizens and London Dames, shot from his famous poetical Quiver, to the general view of the curteous Reader, laid open by way of Question and Answer, and interlarded with sundry choice Conceits upon the Times, very pleasant and delightful. Imprinted at London by R. Wood. 1656.

Portrait, 1656.

The Academy of Pleasure furnished with all kinds of complimentary Letters, Discourses, and Dialogues, with a variety of new Songs, Sonnets, and witty Inventions. . . London, 1656.

[The engraved title-page contains portraits of Jonson, Drayton, Quarles, and Wither.]

Samuel Holland, 1656.

The fire of Emulation burnt fiercely in every angle of this Paradise; the Brittish Bards (forsooth) were also engaged in quarrel for Superiority; and who think you, threw the Apple of Discord amongst them, but *Ben Johnson*, who had openly vaunted himself the first and best of English Poets; this Brave was resented by all with the highest indignation, for *Chawcer* (by most there) was esteemed the Father of English Poesie, whose onely unhappines it was, that he was made for the time he lived in, but the time not for him: *Chapman* was wondrously exasperated at *Bens* boldness, and scarce refrained to tell (his own *Tale of a Tub*) that his *Isabel* and *Mortimer* was not compleated by a Knighted Poet, whose soul remained in Flesh; hereupon *Spencer* (who was very busie in finishing his *Fairy Queen*) thrust himself amid the throng, and was received with a showt by *Chapman*, *Harrington*, *Owen*, *Constable*, *Daniel*, and *Drayton*, so that some thought the matter already decided; but behold *Shakespeare* and *Fletcher* (bringing with them a strong party) appeared, as if they meant to water their Bayes with blood, rather than part with their proper Right, which indeed *Apollo* and the Muses (had with much justice) conferr'd upon them, so that now there is like to be a trouble in Triplex; *Skelton*, *Gower* and the Monk of

Bury were at Daggers-drawing for *Chawcer*: *Spencer* waited upon by a numerous Troop of the best Book-men in the World: *Shakespeare* and *Fletcher* surrounded with their Life-Guard viz. *Goffe*, *Massinger*, *Decker*, *Webster*, *Sucklin*, *Cartwright*, *Carew*, &c.

[*Don Zara del Fogo. A Mock Romance*, 1656, Book ii, chap. iv, p. 101.]

Anonymous, 1656.

Know-well. Upon a rainy day, or when you have nought else to do, you may read Sir *Walter Raleigh*, Lord *Bacons* Natural History, the Holy Warre, the *Browns* Vulgar Errors. You may find too some stories in the English *Eusebius*, and the Book of Martyrs, to hold discourse with the Parson on a Sunday dinner.

Mrs. Love-wit. Sometimes to your wife you may read a piece of *Shakespeare*, *Suckling*, and *Ben. Johnson* too, if you can understand him.

[*The Hectors; or the False Challenge*, 1656, p. 50.]

Edward Leigh, 1656.

Renowned Scholars amongst us.

. . . For Poetry, *Gower*, *Chaucer*, *Spencer*, Sir *Philip Sidnie*, *Daniel* and *Draiton*, *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*, *Ben. Johnson*.

[*A Treatise of Religion & Learning, and of Religions and Learned Men*, 1656, p. 91.]

Anonymous, 1656.

On the Time-poets.

One night the great *Apollo* pleas'd with *Ben*,
 Made the odde number of the Muses ten;
 The fluent *Fletcher*, *Beaumont* rich in sense,
 In Complement and Courtships quintessence;
 Ingenious *Shakespeare*, *Massinger* that knowes
 The strength of Plot to write in verse and prose:
 Whose easie *Pegasus* will amble ore
 Some threescore miles of Fancy in an houre;
 Cloud-grapling *Chapman*, whose Aerial minde
 Soares at Philosophy, and strikes it blinde;
Daubourn [*Dabourn*] I had forgot, and let it be,
 He dy'd Amphibion by the Ministry;

Silvester, Bartas, whose translatique part
 Twinn'd, or was elder to our Laureat:
 Divine composing *Quarles*, whose lines aspire
 The April of all Poesy in May, [*Tho. May*]
 Who makes our English speak *Pharsalia*;
Sands metamorphos'd so into another [*Sandys*]
 We know not *Sands* and *Ovid* from each other;
 He that so well on *Scotus* play'd the Man,
 The famous *Diggs*, or *Leonard Claudian*;
 The pithy *Daniel*, whose salt lines afford
 A weighty sentence in each little word;
 Heroick *Draiton*, *Withers*, smart in Rime,
 The very Poet-Beadles of the Time:
 Panns pastoral *Brown*, whose infant Muse did squeak
 At eighteen yeeres, better than others speak:
Shirley the morning-child, the Muses bred,
 And sent him born with bayes upon his head:
 Deep in a dump *Iohn Ford* alone was got
 With folded armes and melancholly hat;
 The squibbing *Middleton*, and *Haywood* sage,
 Th'Apologetick Atlas of the Stage;
 Well of the Golden age he could intreat,
 But little of the Mettall he could get;
 Three-score sweet Babes he fashion'd from the lump,
 For he was Christ'ned in *Parnassus* pump;
 The Muses Gossip to *Aurora's* bed,
 And ever since that time his face was red.
 Thus through the horreur of infernall deeps,
 With equal pace each of them softly creeps,
 And being dark they had *Alectors* Torch, [*Alecto's*]
 And that made *Churchyard* follow from his Porch,
 Poor, ragged, torn, & tackt, alack, alack
 You'd think his clothes were pinn'd upon his back.
 The whole frame hung with pins, to mend which clothes,
 In mirth they sent him to old Father Prose;
 Of these sad Poets this way ran the stream,
 And *Decker* followed after in a dream;

Rounce, Robble, Hobble, he that writ so big [:]
 Basse for a Ballad, *John Shank* for a Jig: [Wm. Basse]
 Sent by *Ben Jonson*, as some Authors say,
Broom went before and kindly swept the way:
 Old *Chaucer* welcomes them unto the Green,
 And *Spencer* brings them to the fairy Queen;
 The finger they present, and she in grace
 Transform'd it to a May-pole, 'bout which trace
 Her skipping servants, that do nightly sing,
 And dance about the same a Fayrie Ring.

[*Choyce Drollery: Songs and Sonnets, Being a Collection of Divers Excellent Pieces of Poetry, of Several Eminent Authors*, 1656; ed. J. W. Ebsworth, 1876, pp. 5-7.]

Anonymous, 1656.

*Upon a House of Office over a River, set on fire
 by a coale of Tobacco.*

Oh fire, fire, fire, where?
 The usefull house o're Water cleare,
 The most convenient in a shire,
Which no body can deny.

The house of Office that old true blue
 Sir-reverence so many knew[.]
 You now may see turn'd fine new.
Which no body, &c.

And to our great astonishment
 Though burnt, yet stands to represent
 Both mourner and the monument,
Which no body, &c.

Ben Johnson's Vulcan would doe well,
 Or the merry Blades who knacks did tell,
 At firing *London Bridge* befell.
Which no body, &c.

[*Choyce Drollery: Songs and Sonnets, Being a Collection of Divers Excellent Pieces of Poetry, of Several Eminent Authors*, 1656; ed. J. W. Ebsworth, 1876, p. 33.]

Abraham Cowley, 1656.

. . . From this which had hapned to my self, I began to reflect upon the fortune of almost all *Writers*, and especially *Poets*, whose *Works* (commonly printed after their deaths) we finde stuffed out, either with *counterfeit pieces*, like *false money* put in to fill up the *Bag*, though it adde nothing to the *sum*; or with such, which though of their own *Coyn*, they would have called in themselves, for the baseness of the Alloy: whether this proceed from the indiscretion of their *Friends*, who think a vast *heap* of Stones or Rubbish a better *Monument*, then a little *Tomb* of *Marble*, or by the unworthy avarice of some *Stationers*, who are content to diminish the value of the *Author*, so they may encrease the price of the *Book*; and like *Vintners* with sophisticate mixtures, spoil the whole vessel of wine, to make it yield more *profit*. This has been the case with *Shakespear*, *Fletcher*, *Johnson*, and many others; part of whose *Poems* I should take the boldness to prune and lop away, if the care of replanting them in print did belong to me; neither would I make any scruple to cut off from some the unnecessary yong *Suchars*, and from others the old withered *Branches*; for a *great Wit* is no more tyed to live in a *Vast Volume*, then in a *Gigantic Body*; on the contrary, it is commonly more vigorous, the less space it animates.

[*Poems*, 1656, Preface.]

Anonymous, 1656.

An Epitaph on some bottles of Sack and Claret laid in sand.

Enter and see this tomb (Sirs) doe not fear
 No spirits but of Sack will fright you here:
 Weep ore this tomb, your waters here may have
 Wine for their sweet companion in this grave.
 A dozen *Shapespears* here inter'd doe lye;
 Two dozen *Johnsons* full of Poetry.
 Unhappy Grapes could not one pressing doe,
 But now at last you must be buried too.

[*Parnassus Biceps*, 1656, p. 63. The verses appear also in *Poems by Robert Wilde*, ed. J. W. Hunt, 1870, p. 58.]

Philip Kynder, 1656.

The *Attick Archaeologist* (full of reading, paines and learning) hath moulded up a piece of Antiquity, extracted for the most part from the Poets, *Lycophron*, *Sophocles*, *Aristophanes*, *Euripides* and the Scholiasts, and obtrudes upon us these to be the general customes of the *Athenians*: As if one in future age should make all *England* in ages past to be a *Bartholomew-Faire*, because *Ben. Johnson* hath writ it. Or that the condition of all our *English* women may be drawn out of *Shackespears* merry wives of *Windsor*; or the religion of the low-Countrimen from Mr. *Aminadab* in the *Alchymist*. Or from *Massingers* Mr. *Greedy*, a hungry Justice of Peace in *Nottingham-shire*: Or *Will-doe* the Parson of *Gotham* the Condition of all the County. These may be applied to *Rosinus* and *Goodwins* Roman Antiquities.

[*The Surfeit*, 1656, p. 57; reprinted in Philip Bliss, *Reliquiae Hearnianae*, 1869, iii, 248.]

George Daniel, before 1657.

Upon Ben Ionson's Booke.

Bee not Deceiv'd (Dull world) Hee is not Dead;
 Rumor is false; open His Booke, and read.
 It is Himselfe; there, Everie Scene affords
 Words above Action; Matter beyond Words.
 If, Readers, what I say, will not suffice
 T' evince your follies, I dare bid you twice
 What yet you have not Done; open and Read;
 Recant, or else 'tis You, not Hee, that's Dead.

[*The Poems of George Daniel*, ed. A. B. Grosart, 1878, i, 66. Daniel died in 1657.]

Henry Belasye, 1657.

Good witts in England. Some thinke that this thickness of the ayre must needs breed in them thick witts, but it is not soe, England being like Athens in that, of whome it is sayd, *Athenis pingue cælum, sed tenua ingenia; id est* a thick ayre but thin witts, for what nation can shew more refined witts than those of our Ben, our Shakespeare, our Baumont, our Fletcher, our Dunn,

our Randol, our Crashe, our Cleveland, our Sidney, our Bacon, &c.

[*An English Traveler's First Curiosity, or The Knowledge of his owne Countrey*; Historical MSS. Commission's *Report on MSS. in Various Collections*, ii, 193.]

Joshua Poole, 1657.

Preface.

Some in Mr. *Johnson's* time, vainly attempted to write an Heroick poem, in imitation of the *Greeks* and *Latines*, by the measures of *Spondee* and *Dactyl*, without any regard to rhythm. Of that number was he, who sent him a copy of verses beginning thus,

Bēnjāmīn immōrtāl Jōhnsōn mōst hīghlīe rēnōwnēd.

* * * *

The Books principally made use of in the
compiling of this Work.

| | |
|----------------------------------|-------------------------------------|
| <i>Dubartas works.</i> | <i>Gomersal's Levite's revenge.</i> |
| <i>Ben. Johnson.</i> | <i>Sr. Philip Sidney's Arcadia.</i> |
| <i>Brown's Pastorals.</i> | <i>Shakespear.</i> |
| <i>Randolph's Poems.</i> | <i>Heywood of Angels.</i> |
| <i>Drayton.</i> | <i>Carew's Poems.</i> |
| <i>May's Lucan.</i> | <i>Daniel.</i> |
| <i>Quarles Divine Poems.</i> | <i>Mays Edward 3.</i> |
| <i>Quarles Divine Fancies.</i> | <i>Quarles Emblems.</i> |
| <i>Sandy's Ovid's Metamorph.</i> | <i>Quarles Argalus and Par-</i> |
| <i>Sandy's Paraphrase on the</i> | <i>thenia.</i> |
| <i>Canticles.</i> | <i>Sandys of Christ's Passion.</i> |
| <i>Herbert's Poems.</i> | <i>Habington's Castara.</i> |
| <i>Tottham's Poems.</i> | <i>Sr. John Beaumont's Poem.</i> |
| <i>Withers's Poems.</i> | <i>The valiant Bruce.</i> |
| <i>Orlando Furioso.</i> | <i>Burton's Melancholy.</i> |
| <i>Heywood's Dialogues and</i> | <i>Chapman's Hero and Leand.</i> |
| <i>Drachms.</i> | <i>Blunt's Characters.</i> |
| <i>Chapman's Homer.</i> | <i>Massinger's Secretary.</i> |
| <i>Overbury's Characters.</i> | <i>Lovelace's Pastorals.</i> |
| <i>Balsack's Epistles.</i> | <i>Virgil Translated.</i> |
| <i>Cowley's Blossoms.</i> | <i>Cowper's Hill.</i> |

Horace translated. *Elegies on Mr. King.*
Ovid's Works translated. *Chaucer.*
Johnsonus Virbius. *Adviso.*
Spencer's Fairy Queen. *Holyday's Persius.*
 Comedies and Tragedies, many.
Quarles Solomon's Recantation. *Quarles Eclogues.*
Howel's Instructions for forreign Travel.
Howel's vocal Forrest, and England's Tears.
Fullers Holy State.
Dunn's Poems.
Malvezzi.
Davenant's Poems.
Waller's Poems.
Milton's Poems.
Sandy's Paraphrase on Job.
Sandy's Paraphrase on Psalms, Ecclesiastes, &c.
 [The English Parnassus, 1657.]

Richard Lovelace, before 1658.

*On Sanazar's Being Honored with Six Hundred Duckets by
 the Clarissimi of Venice, for Composing an
 Eligiack Hexastick of the City.*

Arise, thou rev'rend shade, great Johnson, rise!
 Break through thy marble natural disguise!
 Behold a mist of insects, whose meer breath
 Will melt thy hallow'd leaden house of death.
 What was Crispinus, that you should defie
 The age for him? He durst not look so high
 As your immortal rod, he still did stand
 Honour'd, and held his forehead to thy brand.
 These scorpions, with which we have to do,
 Are fiends, not only small but deadly too.
 Well mightst thou rive thy quill up to the back,
 And scrue thy lyre's grave chords, untill they crack.
 For though once hell resented musick, these
 Divels will not, but are in worse disease.

How would thy masc'line spirit, father Ben,
Sweat to behold basely deposed men . . .

[*Richard Lovelace's Poetical Works*, ed. W. C. Hazlitt, 1864, p. 239.
Cf. the entry "Thomas Coryat, 1611." The allusion to Crispinus
is to Thomas Dekker and the *Poetomachia*.]

Title-page, 1658.

The Weeding of the Covent-Garden, or the Middlesex-Justice of Peace. A Facetious Comedy. A Posthume of Richard Brome, An Ingenious Servant, and Imitator of his Master, that famously Renowned Poet Ben. Johnson. . . . London, Printed for Andrew Crook, and are to be sold at the Green Dragon in St. Pauls Church-yard: And Henry Broom at the Gun and Ivy-lane. 1658.

Edward Phillips, 1658.

. . . There will be occasion to peruse the Works of our ancient Poets, as *Geffry Chaucer*, the greatest in his time, for the honour of our Nation; as also some of our more Modern Poets, as *Spencer*, *Sidny*, *Draiton*, *Daniel*, with our reformers of the Scene, *Johnson*, *Shakespear*, *Baumont*, and *Fletcher*, and among the renowned Antiquaries, *Cambden*, *Lambard*, *Spelman*, *Seldon*, and divers others.

[*The New World of English Words*, 1658, sig. a₃.]

Edward Phillips, 1658.

Q. Why is Ben Johnson's chair at Robert Wilson's Tipling-house in the Strand?

A. To signifie that Poets in these hard times, though they should invoke the nine Muses, may still want nine-pence to purchase a pint of Canary.

[*Mysteries of Love and Eloquence, or, the Arts of Wooing and Complimenting, &c.*, 1658, p. 174.]

S. W., 1658.

To his ingenious Friend, the Author, on his incomparable Poems.

To thee compar'd, our English Poets all stop,
And vail their Bonnets, even *Shakespear's Falstop*.

Chaucer the first of all wasn't worth a farthing,
Lidgate, and *Huntingdon*, with Gaffer *Harding*.
 Non-sense the *Faëry Queen*, and *Michael Drayton*,
 Like Babel's Balm; or Rhymes of *Edward Païton*,
Waller, and *Turlingham*, and brave *George Sandys*,
Beaumont, and *Fletcher*, *Donne*, *Jeremy Candish*,
Herbert, and *Cleaveland*, and all the train noble
 Are *Saints-bells* unto thee, and thou great *Bow-bell*.
Ben Johnson 'tis true shew'd us how he could hit
 Each humour now; and then be out of it;
 Nor could he alwayes keep his Muse a gallop,
 With curb, or whip, but sometimes had but small hope.

[Prefixed to Samuel Austin's *Naps upon Parnassus*, 1658, sig. B 5. In a marginal gloss to the word "Falstop" the writer says: "It should have been *Falstaff*, if the rhyme had permitted it."]

Sir Aston Cokaine, 1658.

He [Charles Cotton] is an able Lad indeed, and likes
Arcadian Pastorals, and (willing) strikes
 A Plaudite to th' Epilogues of those
 Happy Inventions *Shakesphere* did compose.
Beaumont and *Fletcher* he will listen to,
 And allow *Johnsons* method high and true.

[*Small Poems of Divers Sorts*, 1658, p. 27.]

Title-page, 1659.

The Blind-Beggar of Bednal-Green, with The merry humor
 of Tom Strowd the Norfolk Yeoman, as it was divers times
 publickly acted by the Princes Servants. Written by John
 Day. London, Printed for R. Pollard, and Tho. Dring, and
 are to be sold at the Ben Iohnsons Head, behind the Exchange,
 and the George in Fleetstreet, near Saint Dunstans Church.
 1659.

Edmund Gayton, 1659.

My Father Ben, discoursing of this grunter,
 In that so famous play, where old Sir Punter,
 Being turned Orlando for the losse of's dog,
 Did lug the jeering buffon like a hog:

There in that celebrated comedy
 (Whether my Father Ben, as well as I,
 Met with Arabian Comments) the smart play
 Doth patly what my ancient Authors say.
 There's wit to th' height, read it, and try our dogma,
 Whether from both the places we a Hog may
 Not all alike commend. . . .

[*The Art of Longevity, or a Dietetical Institution*, 1659, chapter xv;
 the passage cited alludes to *Every Man out of his Humour*, Act v,
 where Carlo Buffone delivers an elaborate praise of pork.]

Humphrey Moseley, 1659.

Nor are we without a sufficient President in Works of this nature, and relating to an Author who confessedly is reputed the Glory of the English Stage (whereby you'll know I mean Ben: Johnson) and in a play also of somewhat a resembling name, *The Sad Shepherd*, extant in his Third Volume; which though it wants two entire acts, was nevertheless judg'd a Piece of too much worth to be laid aside, by the Learned and Honorable Sir Kenelme Digby, who published that Volume.

[Address to the Reader, before Suckling's *The Sad One*, in *Last Remains of Sir John Suckling*, 1659.]

Anonymous, 1659.

To the Readers.

. . . And yet there are a sort (one would wonder there should be) who think they lessen this *Author's* worth when they speak the relation he had to *Ben. Johnson*. We very thankfully embrace the Objection, and desire they would name any other Master that could better teach a man to write a good Play. The materials must flow from all parts of the world; but the *Art* and *Composition* come onely from Books and such living Masters as that our great *Laureat*; And for this purpose we have here prefixt *Ben Johnson's* own testimony to his Servant our *Author*; we grant it is (according to *Ben's* own nature and custome) magisterial enough; and who looks for other, since he said to *Shakespeare*—*I shall draw envy on thy name* (by writing in his praise)

and threw in his face—*small Latine and less Greeke*; but also told *Selden* himself (as if *Ben's* conscience checked him for being too good natured in commending others.)

* * * * *

It seems (what ere we think) *Ben* thought it diminution for no man to attend upon his Muse. And were not already the Antients too much trod on, we could name famous wits who served far meaner Masters than *Ben Johnson*. For, none vers'd in Letters but know the wise *Æsop* was born and bred a wretched slave; *Lucian* a Stonecutter; *Virgil* himself begotten by a Basketmaker, born in a ditch, and then preferred to an under Groom in the stable; nay, (to instance in our Authors own order) *Nævius* the Comedian a Captains mans man; *Plautus* servant to a poor Baker, *Terence* a slave as well as *Æsop*; and (which for our purpose is most of all) our Authors own *Master* handled the *Trowel* before he grew acquainted with *Scianus* or *Cataline*. But enough of this, lest pleading for the *Author*, make him seem to want an Apology.

[Prefixed to *Five New Playes*, by Richard Brome, 1659.]

William Richards, 1659.

. . . His Waste did shun
All Smiles, b'ing swoln beyond Ben-John-Sons Tun.

[*The Christmas Ordinary*, acted at Oxford 1659, printed 1682. See J. Q. Adams, "The Authorship of Two Seventeenth Century Plays," *Modern Language Notes*, xxii, 135.]

Thomas Pecke, 1659.

To the egregious poet, Sir Will. Davenant.
That *Ben*, whose Head, deserv'd the Roscian Bayes;
Was the first gave the Name of Works, to Playes:
You, his Corival, in this Waspish Age;
Are more than *Atlas* to the fainting Stage.
Your *Bonus Genius*, you this way display:
And to delight us, is your *Opera*.

[*Parnassi Puerperium*, 1659, p. 180.]

Sir Henry Herbert, about 1660.*Names of the plays acted by the Red Bull actors.*

| | |
|--------------------------|-------------------------|
| The Humorous Lieutenant. | Elder Brother. |
| Beggars Bushe. | The Silent Woman. |
| Tamer Tamed. | The Weddinge. |
| The Traytor. | Henry the Fourthe. |
| Loves Cruelty. | Merry Wives of Windsor. |
| Wit without Money. | Kinge and no Kinge. |
| Maydes Tragedy. | Othello. |
| Philaster. | Dumboys. |
| Rollo Duke of Normandy. | The Unfortunate Lovers. |
| Claricilla. | The Widow. |

*[The Dramatic Records of Sir Henry Herbert, ed. J. Q. Adams, p. 82.]***Sir Henry Herbert, 1660.***November '60. This is a List of plays acted by the Kings Companie at the Red Bull and the new house in Gibbon's Tennis Court near Clare Market.*

| | |
|------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| Monday the 5. Nouember. '60. | Wit without money. |
| Tuesday the 6. No. | The Traitor. |
| Wednesday the 7. No. | The Beggars Bushe. |
| Thursday the 8. No. | Henry the fourthe. First Play. |
| | Acted at the new Theatre. |
| Friday the 9. No. | The merry wives of Windsor. |
| Saturday the 10. No. | The sylent Woman. |
| Monday the 12. No. | [Loues Mistery.] |
| Tuesday the 13. No. | Loue lies a Bleedinge. |
| Wednesday the 14. No. | |
| Thursday the 15. No. | Loues Cruelty. |
| Friday the 16. No. | The widowe. |
| Saturday the 17. No. | The mayds Tragedy. |
| monday the 19. No. | The Unfortunate Louers. |
| Tuesday the 20. No. | The Beggars Bushe. |
| Wednesday the 21. No. | The Scornfull Lady. |
| Thursday the 22. No. | The Trayter. |
| Friday the 23. No. | The Elder Brother. |

* * * *

[The Dramatic Records of Sir Henry Herbert, ed. J. Q. Adams, p. 116.]

Samuel Pepys, 1660.

June 6th. . . . My letters tell me . . . that the two Dukes do haunt the Park much, and that they were at a play, *Madame Epicene*, the other day.

* * * *

December 4th. . . . After dinner Sir Tho. [Crew] and my Lady to the Playhouse to see *The Silent Woman*.

[*Diary*, ed. H. B. Wheatley, 1893.]

Edward Gower, 1660.

Letter to Sir Richard Leveson, November 20, 1660.

. . . Yesternight the King, Queen, Princes, & supped at the Duke d'Albemarle's, where they had the *Silent Woman* acted in the Cock-pit, where on Sunday he had a sermon.

[MSS. of the Duke of Sutherland, vol. viii; in the *Fifth Report of the Royal Commission on Historical Manuscripts*, 1876, p. 200. Cf. Pepys's *Diary*, November 20, 1660.]

Edward Barwick, 1660.

*To my ingenious Friend, Mr. Thomas Forde,
on His Loves Labyrinth.*

. . . Proceed then Worthy Friend, and may thy Fame,
Like *Laureat Johnson*, ever speak thy Name.

[Prefixed to Thomas Forde's *Love's Labyrinth*, 1660.]

Sir Richard Baker, 1660.

Of Men of Note in his [Charles I] Time.

Poetry was never more Resplendent, nor never more Graced; wherein *Johnson*, *Silvester*, *Shakspeare*, *Beaumont*, *Fletcher*, *Shirley*, *Broom*, *Massinger*, *Cartwright*, *Randolph*, *Cleaveland*, *Quarles*, *Carew*, *Davenant*, and *Sucklin*, not only far excelled their own Countrymen, but the whole World besides.

[*A Chronicle of the Kings of England, Whereunto is now added in this Third Edition the reign of King Charles I*, 1660, p. 503. See also the entry "Sir Richard Baker, 1665."]

Anonymous, 1660.*An Elegie.*

I now conceive the scope of their designe,
 Which is with one consent to bring and burn
 Contributory incense on his urn,
 Where each mans love and fancy shall be try'd,
 As when great Johnson or brave Shakespear dyed.

[*Elegies Sacred to the Memory of R. Lovelace, Esq.*, 1660; in *Lucasta. The Poems of Richard Lovelace*, ed. W. Carew Hazlitt, 1864, p. 287.]

Sir Henry Herbert, 1661.

[*Plays Acted by the King's Company in Gibbon's Tennis Court, 1661.*]

* * * *

| | |
|----------------------|---------------|
| Uittoria Corumbana. | 11. [Decemb.] |
| The Cuntry Captaine. | 13. [Decemb.] |
| The Alchymist. | 16. Decemb. |
| Bartholomew Faire. | 18. Decemb. |
| The Spanishe Curate. | 20. Decemb. |
| The Tamer Tamed. | 23. De. |
| Aglaura. | 28. De. |
| Bussy Dambois | 30. De. |

[*The Dramatic Records of Sir Henry Herbert*, ed. J. Q. Adams, p. 117.]

Samuel Pepys, 1661.

January 7th. . . . Tom and I and my wife to the Theatre, and there saw *The Silent Woman*. The first time that ever I did see it, and it is an excellent play. Among other things here, Kinaston, the boy, had the good turn to appear in three shapes: first, as a poor woman in ordinary clothes, to please Morose; then in fine clothes, as a gallant, and in them was clearly the prettiest woman in the whole house, and lastly, as a man; and then likewise did appear the handsomest man in the house.

* * * *

January 8th. . . . After dinner I took my Lord Hinchinbroke and Mr. Sidney to the Theatre, and shewed them *The Widow*,

an indifferent good play, but wronged by the women being to seek in their parts.

* * * *

May 25th. . . . Then to the Theatre, where I saw a piece of *The Silent Woman*, which pleased me.

* * * *

June 8th. . . . Then I went to the Theatre and there saw *Bartholomew Faire*, the first time it was acted now-a-days. It is a most admirable play and well acted, but too much prophane and abusive.

* * * *

June 22nd. . . . Then to the Theatre, *The Alchymist*, which is a most incomparable play.

* * * *

June 27th. . . . At noon home, and then with my Lady Batten, Mrs. Rebecca Allen, Mrs. Thompson, &c., two coaches of us, we went and saw *Bartholomew Fayre* acted very well.

* * * *

August 14th. . . . After dinner, Captain Ferrers and I to the Theatre, and there saw *The Alchymist*.

* * * *

September 7th. . . . My wife and I took them to the Theatre, where we seated ourselves close by the King, and Duke of York, and Madame Palmer, which was great content; and, indeed, I can never enough admire her beauty. And here was *Bartholomew Fayre*, with the puppet-show, acted to-day, which had not been these forty years (it being so satyricall against Puritanism, they durst not till now, which is strange they should already dare to do it, and the King do countenance it), but I do never a whit like it the better for the puppets, but rather the worse. Thence home with the ladies, it being by reason of our staying a great while for the King's coming, and the length of the play, near nine o'clock before it was done.

* * * *

November 12th. . . . My wife and I to *Bartholomew Fayre*, with puppets which I had seen once before, and the play without

puppets often, but though I love the play as much as ever I did, yet I do not like the puppets at all, but think it to be a lessening to it.

[*Diary*, ed. H. B. Wheatley, 1893.]

Anonymous, 1661.

To the Reader.

. . . When thou viewest the Title, and redest the sign of *Ben Johnson's* head, on the back-side of the Exchange, and the Angel in *Cornhil*, where they are sold, inquire who could better furnish the with such sparkling copies of Wit than those. . . .

[Prefixed to *Wit and Drollery*, by Sir John Mennes, James Smith, Sir William Davenant, and John Donne, 1661. There is a passing allusion to Jonson on sig. B₄.]

John Ward, 1661-63.

Shakespeare, Drayton, and Ben Jonson, had a merie meeting, and itt seems drank too hard, for Shakespear died of a feavour there contracted.

[*Diary of the Rev. John Ward, A. M., Vicar of Stratford-upon-Avon*, 1839, p. 183.]

Francis Kirkman, 1662.

The Bookseller to the Reader.

And yet our modesty will make us vail
To worthy *Sidney*, nor can we bear sail
Against these fam'd Dramaticks, one past age
Was blest with *Johnson*, who so grac't the stage,
The thrice renowned *Shakespear*, and the rare
Ingenuous *Fletcher*. These past envy are
Much more past imitation only we
Would second be o'th'first, last of the three.

[Prefixed to *The English Lovers*, by I. D., Gent., 1662.]

Margaret Cavendish, Duchess of Newcastle, 1662.

General Prologue to all my Playes.

As for *Ben. Johnsons* brain, it was so strong,
He could conceive, or judge, what's right, what's wrong:

His Language plain, significant, and free,
 And in the English Tongue, the Masterie:
 Yet Gentle *Shakespear* had a fluent Wit,
 Although less Learning, yet full well he writ;
 For all his Playes were writ by Natures light,
 Which gives his Readers, and Spectators sight.
 But Noble Readers, do not think my Playes
 Are such as have been writ in former daies;
 As *Johnson*, *Shakespear*, *Beaumont*, *Fletcher* writ;
 Mine want their Learning, Reading, Language, Wit.
 The Latin phrases I could never tell,
 But *Johnson* could, which made him write so well.

[Prefixed to her *Playes*, 1662.]

Rowland Watkyns, 1662.

The Poet's Condition.

A poet, and rich? that seems to be
 A paradox most strange to me.
 A poet, and poor? that maxim's true,
 If we observe the canting crue.
 What lands had *Randolph*, or great *Ben*,
 That plow'd much paper with his pen?

[*Poems without Fictions*, 1662.]

John Wilson, 1662.

We've no sententious sir, no grave Sir Poll,
 No little pug nor devil,—bless us all!

[Prologue to *The Cheats*, written in 1662, printed in 1664; the allusion seems to be to Jonson's *The Devil is an Ass*. The characters Bilboe and Titerue Tu seem to be copied after Subtle and Face in Jonson's *Alchemist*. Cf. the entry "John Wilson, 1664."]

John Downes, 1663.

The following is a list of the principal old stock-plays acted by His Majesty's Company of Comedians in Drury-Lane, beginning April 8, 1663, the date of the opening of the New Theatre in Drury-Lane:—

The Humorous Lieutenant.

Rule a Wife, and have a Wife.

The Fox.
The Silent Woman.
The Alchemist.
The Maids Tragedy.
King and no King.
Rollo, Duke of Normandy.
The Scornful Lady.
The Elder Brother.
The Moor of Venice.
King Henry the Fourth.
The Maiden Queen.
Mock Astrologer.
Julius Caesar.

Note, That these being their Principal Old Stock Plays; yet in this Interval from the Day they begun, there were divers others Acted.

As

Cataline's Conspiracy.
The Merry Wives of Windsor.
The Opportunity.
The Example.
The Jovial Crew.
Philaster.
The Cardinal.
Bartholomew-Fair.
The Chances.
The Widow.
The Devil's an Ass.
Argulus and Parthenia.
Every Man in his Humour.
Every Man out of Humour.
The Carnival.
Sejanus.
The Merry Devil of Edmunton.
Vittoria Corumbona.
The Beggars Bush.
The Traytor.
Titus Andronicus.

These being Old Plays, were Acted but now and then; yet being well Perform'd, were very Satisfactory to the Town.

[*Roscius Anglicanus*, 1708, pp. 3-9.]

Samuel Pepys, 1663.

July 22nd. . . . So down to Deptford, reading Ben Jonson's *Devil is an asse*.

* * * *

December 10th. To St. Paul's Church Yard, to my bookseller's. . . . I could not tell whether to lay out my money for books of pleasure, as plays, which my nature was most earnest in; but at last, after seeing Chaucer, Dugdale's History of Pauls, Stow's London, Gesner, History of Trent, besides Shakespeare, Jonson, and Beaumont's plays, I at last chose Dr. Fuller's Worthys, the Cabbala or Collections of Letters of State, and a little book, *Delices de Hollande*, with another little book or two, all of good use or serious pleasure; and *Hudibras*, both parts, the book now in greatest fashion for drollery, though I cannot, I confess, see enough where the wit lies.

[*Diary*, ed. H. B. Wheatley, 1893.]

Anonymous, 1663.

So, as well the best men as their best actions, are still waited on by (those brats of Ignorance or Malice) detraction and calumnies. For the confirming the truth whereof, I shall need no further to search the Rolls of Antiquity, than to look back upon those times, in which *Johnson*, (that Son of Wit) did by the clear and piercing raies of his wit and judgment, dissipate all mists of Ignorance, and Reform the Errors of the Stage; and yet, though he shin'd so bright in Wit's Horizon, were there not wanting some barren clods of dull Earth, who, being incapable of receiving the least ray of wit themselves from his quickening influence, (as *Niobe* prefer'd her own earthly brood before *Apollo* and *Diana* the celestial Twins of *Latona*) dar'd prefer the spurious Issues of their own Brain before this great *Apollo*, and endeavour to eclipse the glory of his heavenly endowments; but with how bad successe they attempted it, his

incomparable Play (the *Poetaster*) made in derision of them, sufficiently declares. And although like a petty inconsiderable Star, I could not expect to be taken notice of in the presence of that glorious Sun, nor dare to entertain such high conceptions of my self, as to hope to be named with him; yet, I'll take the confidence to declare to the World, that though my weak abilities can hold no proportion with those rich gifts of Nature of which he was Master, yet I can glory I resemble him in this, that I am assaulted with the Ignorance of partial and prejudicial Readers, who have bespattered with the blackest Obloquy they can, a Piece lately publisht by me.

[The Dedication prefixed to *The Unfortunate Usurper*, 1663.]

R. Stapylton, 1663.

Beaumont and Fletcher have writ their last Scenes:
No Johnson's Art, no Shakespear's wit in Nature,
For men are shrunk in Brain as well as Stature.

[Prologue to *The Slighted Maid*, 1663.]

W. K., 1663.

On the Composure of Love à la Mode.

All just Wits agree

In commendation of this Comedie.

And for its worth, I thus far dare ingage,

Since the revival of the English Stage;

No modern Muse hath yet produced such:

Were *Johnson* living, he would swear as much.

[Prefixed to *Love à la Mode*, 1663.]

J. Kelyne, 1663.

On the Incomparable Love à la Mode.

Were *Shakespeare*, *Fletcher*, or renowned *Ben*

Alive, they'd yield to this more happie pen

Those lawrells that bedeckt their brows; and say,

Love à la mode's the best-accomplish'd Play.

[Prefixed to *Love à la Mode*, 1663.]

Abraham Cowley, 1663.

Aur[elia]. Bless us! what humming and hawing will be i' this house! what preaching, and houlung, and fasting, and eating among the Saints! Their first pious work will be to banish *Fletcher* and *Ben Johnson* out o' the Parlour, and bring in their rooms *Martin Mar-Prelate*, and Posies of Holy Hony-suckles, and a Saws-box for a Wounded Conscience, and a Bundle of Grapes from *Canaan*.

[*Cutter of Coleman Street*, 1663; ed. A. R. Waller, 1906, ii, 296.]

Robert Boyle, 1663.

It is not always so despicable a piece of service as may be imagined, to endear, by particular considerations, an excellent book . . . to a person capable of discovering and making use of the rare things it contains. To which purpose I might offer you divers more serious instances, but shall only at present (a little to divert you) take this occasion to tell you, that *Ben. Johnson*, passionately complaining to a learned acquaintance of mine, that a man of the long robe, whom his wit had raised to great dignities and power, had refused to grant him some very valuable thing he had begged of him, concluded with saying, with an upbraiding tone and gesture to my friend: *Why, the ungrateful wretch knows very well, that before he come to preferment, I was the man that made him relish Horace.*

[*Some Considerations Touching the Style of the Holy Scriptures*, 1663, the Epistle Dedicatory; in Robert Boyle's *Works*, ed. Sharrock, 1772, ii, 249.]

John Dryden, 1663.

Our poet yet protection hopes from you,
But bribes you not with anything that's new;
Nature is old, which poets imitate,
And, for wit, those, that boast their own estate,
Forget *Fletcher* and *Ben* before them went,
Their elder brothers, and that vastly spent;
So much, 'twill hardly be repair'd again,
Not, though supplied with all the wealth of Spain.

[Prologue to *The Wild Gallant* as it was first acted. According to Malone, it was first acted in February, 1662-63.]

Samuel Pepys, 1664.

June 1st. . . . Thence to W. Joyce's, where by appointment I met my wife (but neither of them at home), and she and I to the King's house, and saw *The Silent Woman*; but methought not so well done or so good a play as I formerly thought it to be, or else I am now-a-days out of humour. Before the play was done, it fell such a storm of hayle, that we in the middle of the pit were fain to rise; and all the house in a disorder, and so my wife and I out and got into a little alehouse, and staid there an hour after the play was done before we could get a coach, which at last we did.

* * * *

August 2nd. . . . Thence to the King's play-house, and there saw *Bartholomew Fayre*, which do still please me; and is, as it is acted, the best comedy in the world, I believe.

* * * *

August 4th. . . . Here we hear that Clun, one of their best actors, was, the last night, going out of towne (after he had acted the *Alchymist*, wherein was one of his best parts that he acts) to his countryhouse, set upon and murdered; one of the rogues taken, an Irish fellow.

* * * *

December 18th (Lord's day). . . . To church, where, God forgive me! I spent most of my time in looking [on] my new *Morena* at the other side of the church, an acquaintance of Pegg Pen's. So home to dinner, and then to my chamber to read Ben Johnson's *Cataline*, a very excellent piece.

[*Diary*, ed. H. B. Wheatley, 1893.]

Robert Waring, 1664.

Amoris Effigies . . . *praefigitur ejusdem Antoris Carmen Lapidarium Memoriae Vatum Principis, Ben Jonsoni sacratum.* London, 1664.

[This is the third edition; the poem on Jonson appears in all the later editions, and in the English translation of 1680. Waring contributed the poem to *Jonsonus Virbius*, 1638.]

Margaret Cavendish, Duchess of Newcastle, 1664.

I never heard any man read well but my husband, and I have heard him say, he never heard any man read well but Ben Jonson, and yet he hath heard many in his time.

[*Philosophical Letters*, 1664, p. 362.]

William Cavendish, Duke of Newcastle, 1664.

To the Lady Marchioness of Newcastle, On Her Book of Poems.

I saw your *Poems*, and then Wish'd them mine,
 Reading the *Richer Dressings* of each line;
 Your *New-born, Sublime Fancies*, and such store,
 May make our *Poets* blush, and Write no more:
 Nay, *Spencers Ghost* will haunt you in the Night,
 And *Johnson* rise, full fraught with *Venom's Spight*;
Fletcher, and *Beaumont*, troubl'd in their Graves,
 Look out some Deeper, and forgotten *Caves*;
 And Gentle *Shakespear* weeping, since he must
 At best, be Buried, now, in *Chaucers Dust*:
 Thus dark *Oblivion* covers their each *Name*,
 Since you have Robb'd them of their *Glorious Fame*.

[Prefixed to *Poems and Phancies*, by the Lady Marchioness of Newcastle, 1664. The verses do not appear in the first edition of 1653.]

John Wilson, 1664.

The Author to the Reader.

To be short, . . . there is hardly anything left to write upon but what either the ancients or moderns have some way or other touch'd on. Did not Apuleius take the rise of his *Golden Ass* from Lucian's *Lucius*? And Erasmus his *Alcumistica* from Chaucer's *Canon's Yeoman's Tale*? And Ben Johnson his more happy *Alchymist* from both?

[*The Cheats*, 1664. Cf. the entry "John Wilson, 1662."]

John Wilson, 1664.

The Projectors: A Comedy. By John Wilson. . . . Lond. Printed for John Playfere at the White Lyon, in the Upper Walk of the New Exchange; and William Crook, at the Three Bibles, on Fleet-Bridge. 1665.

[The title, and not a little of the plot, was suggested by Jonson's *The Devil is an Ass*.]

Richard Flecknoe, 1664.

In this time were Poets and Actors in their greatest flourish, *Johnson*, *Shakespear*, with *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*, their Poets, and *Field* and *Burbidge* their Actors.

For Playes, *Shakespear* was one of the first, who inverted the Dramatick Stile, from dull History to quick Comedy, upon whom *Johnson* refin'd; and *Beaumont* and *Fletcher* first writ in the Heroick way, upon whom *Suckling* and others endeavoured to refine agen; one saying wittily of his *Aglaure*, that 'twas full of fine flowers, but they seem'd rather stuck, then growing there; as another of *Shakespear's* writings, that 'twas a fine Garden, but it wanted weeding.

There are few of our *English* Playes (excepting onely some few of *Johnsons*) without some faults or other.

* * * *

To compare our *English* Dramatick Poets together (without taxing them) *Shakespear* excelled in a natural Vein, *Fletcher* in Wit, and *Johnson* in Gravity and ponderousness of Style; whose onely fault was, he was too elaborate; and had he mixt less erudition with his Playes, they had been more pleasant and delightful then they are. Comparing him with *Shakespear*, you shall see the difference betwixt Nature and Art; and with *Fletcher*, the difference betwixt Wit and Judgement: Wit being an exuberant thing, like *Nilus*, never more commendable then when it overflows; but Judgement a stayed and reposed thing, always containing it self within its bounds and limits.

[A *Discourse of the English Stage*, prefixed to *Love's Kingdom*, a *Pastoral Tragi-comedy*, 1664, sig. G5.]

Sir George Etheredge, 1664.

For such our fortune is, this barren age,
That faction now, not wit, supports the stage;
Wit has, like painting, had her happy flights,
And in peculiar ages reach'd her heights,
Though now declined: yet, could some able pen
Match Fletcher's nature, or the art of Ben,
The old and graver sort would scarce allow
Those plays were good, because we writ them now.

Our author therefore begs you would forget,
Most reverend judges, the records of wit;
And only think upon the modern way
Of writing, whilst you're censuring his play.

[The Prologue to *The Comical Revenge*, 1664.]

John Tatham, 1664.

Speech to the King.

Pardon, not praise, great monarch, we implore,
For showing you no better sights, nor more:
We hope your majesty will not suppose
You're with your Johnsons or your Inigoes;
And though you make a court, you're in the city
Whose vein is to be humble, though not witty.

[*London's Triumphs*, 1664; in *Lord Mayors' Pageants*, Percy Society Publications, x, 72. The speech is copied verbatim by Thomas Jordan in his *London's Resurrection*, 1671.]

Library Catalogue, before 1665.

Anglici.

| | |
|----------------------|------|
| Chaucers workes. | Fol. |
| Spensers fairy Queen | Fol. |
| Johnsons 2 vol: | Fol. |
| Beumont & Fletcher. | Fol. |
| Shakspeare. | Fol. |

[Catalogue of the Library of Henry Fairfax (son of Thomas, Lord Fairfax), who died in 1665. Sloane MS. 1872, p. 81.]

Samuel Pepys, 1665.

January 14th. . . . Home to dinner, thence with my wife to the King's house, there to see *Vulpone*, a most excellent play; the best I think I ever saw, and well acted.

[*Diary*, ed. H. B. Wheatley, 1893.]

Robert Wilde, 1665.

Ten crowns to such a thing! Friend, 'tis a dose
Able to raise dead Ben, or Davenant's nose;
Able to make a courtier prove a friend,
And more than all of them in victuals spend.

[*Poems of Robert Wilde*, ed. J. Hunt, 1870, p. 64.]

Anonymous, 1665.

Whereas Thomas Williams, of the society of real and well-meaning *Chymists* hath prepared certain Medicynes for the cure and prevention of the Plague . . . to be disposed of at the *Green Ball*, within Ludgate, the *Ben Jonson's Head*, near York-house, . . .

[Quoted from *The Newes*, August 24, 1665, in Larwood and Hotten's *History of Signboards*, 1866, p. 66.]

Sir Richard Baker, 1665.

Of Persons of Note in his [Charles I] time.

Nor may we omit the Poets then famous, which excell'd, or equall'd, all that went before and shall come after; such as were Mr. *Benjamin Johnson*, Mr. *Edmond Waller*, Mr. *Tho. Carew*, Sir *John Suckling*, Mr. *Thomas Randolph*, Mr. *Thomas Cartwright*, Mr. *Abraham Cowley*, and Sir *William Davenant*; The first whereof by his profound Learning and Judgement, shewed a Poet was to be as well made as born: And the later though he wanted Learning, made as high and noble flights as fancy could advance without it.

[*A Chronicle of the Kings of England*, 1665; in the edition of 1674, p. 604A. See also the entry under "Sir Richard Baker, 1660."]

I. B. and Alexander Brome, before 1666.

An Epistle from a friend [I. B.] to the author, upbraiding him with his writing songs.

Dear friend, believe't, my love has spurr'd me on
 For once to question thy discretion:
 And by right reason deifi'd by thee,
 I blame thee for the wrongs to poesy
 Thou hast committed, in betraying it
 To th'censure (not the judgment) of each wit:
 Wit, did I say? Things whose dull spirits are
 Apt only to applaud whate'er they hear,
 Be't good or good, so throated to their mind,
 Johnson and Taylor like acceptance find.

* * * * *

The Answer.

. . . Johnson and Taylor, in their kind, were both
 Good wits, who likes one, need not t'other loath.
 Wit is like beauty, Nature made the Joan
 As well's the lady. We see every one
 Meets with a match. Neither can I expect
 Thou more my Muse than mistress should'st affect:
 And yet I like them both, if you don't too,
 Can't you let them alone for those that do?

[*The Poems of Alexander Brome*, ed. Johnson and Chalmers, 1810, in
The Works of the English Poets, from Chaucer to Cowper, vi, 678.]

Anonymous, 1666.

Great MONK so *thundered*, that 'twas hard to say
 Whether 'twas *He*, or *Fate*, that got the Day.
Smith sent such *Thunderbolts* as ne'r were made
 By *Vulcan*, since he first wrought of his Trade;
 Who gaz'd, but durst not come within a Shot,
 For fear his other *Legg* had gone to *Pott*.

Had *Goffe*, *Ben Johnson*, or had *Shakespear* been }
Spectators there, such *Acts* they should have seen, }
 As they ne'r *acted* in an *English Scean*: }

[*The Dutch Gazette*, 1666.]

Samuel Pepys, 1667.

February 9th. . . Then went home and read a piece of a
 play, *Every Man in his Humour*, wherein is the greatest propriety
 of speech that ever I read in my life: and so to bed.

* * * *

April 16th. . . At noon home to dinner, and thence in
 haste to carry my wife to see the new play I saw yesterday
 [*The Change of Crownes*], she not knowing it. But there, contrary
 to expectation, find *The Silent Woman*. However, in; and
 there Knipp come into the pit. . . I never was more taken
 with a play than I am with this *Silent Woman*, as old as it is,
 and as often as I have seen it. There is more wit in it than
 goes to ten new plays.

* * * *

July 30th. . . . But it is a pretty thing he told us how the King, once speaking of the Duke of York's being mastered by his wife, said to some of the company by, that he would go no more abroad with this Tom Otter (meaning the Duke of York) and his wife. Tom Killigrew, being by, answered, "Sir," says he, "pray which is the best for a man, to be a Tom Otter to his wife or to his mistress?" meaning the King's being so to my Lady Castlemayne.

* * * *

December 7th. . . . She tells us that *Catiline* is likely to be soon acted, which I am glad to hear.

* * * *

December 11th. . . . Here [in Westminster Hall] I met Rolt and Sir John Chichly, and Harris, the player, and there we talked of many things, and particularly of *Catiline*, which is to be suddenly acted at the King's house; and there all agree that it cannot be well done at that house, there not being good actors enow: and Burt acts Cicero, which they all conclude he will not be able to do well. The King gives them £500 for robes, there being, as they say, to be sixteen scarlett robes.

[*Diary*, ed. H. B. Wheatley, 1893.]

John Caryl, 1667.

A formal Critick with his wise Grimace
Will on the Stage appear with no ill grace:
Most of that Trade in this Censorious Age
Have little of the Poët, but his Rage:
Perhaps old *Johnson's* Gall may fill their Pen;
But where's the Judgment, and the salt of *Ben*?

[Epilogue to *The English Princess*, 1667, p. 66.]

John Dryden, 1667.

He who writ this, not without pains and thought,
From French and English theatres has brought
The exactest rules, by which a play is wrought.

The unities of action, place, and time;
 The scenes unbroken; and a mingled chime
 Of Jonson's humour, with Corneille's rhyme.

[Prologue to *Secret Love*, first acted in 1667, printed in 1668.]

John Dryden, 1667.

Warn[er]. Why, sir, are you stark mad? have you no grain of sense left? He's gone! Now is he as earnest in the quarrel as Cokes among the puppets; 'tis to no purpose, whatever I do for him.

[*Sir Martin Mar-All* (acted 1667), V, i. The allusion is to Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair*, V, iii.]

John Dryden, 1667.

As when a tree's cut down, the secret root
 Lives under ground, and thence new branches shoot;
 So, from old Shakespeare's honour'd dust, this day
 Springs up and buds a new-reviving play:
 Shakespeare, who (taught by none) did first impart
 To Fletcher wit, to labouring Jonson art.
 He, monarch-like, gave those his subjects, law;
 And is that nature which they paint and draw.
 Fletcher reached that which on his heights did grow,
 Whilst Jonson crept, and gathered all below.
 This did his love, and this his mirth digest:
 One imitates him most, the other best.
 If they have since out-writ all other men,
 'Tis with the drops which fell from Shakespeare's pen.

[Prologue to *The Tempest; or The Enchanted Island*, by Dryden and Davenant, acted in 1667. The Prologue appears to have been written by Dryden.]

Elkanah Settle, 1667.

Poets ought to write with the same spirit Caesar fought:
 Indiff'rent Writers are condemn'd for now There grow no Lawrels
 for a common brow: None but great Ben, Shakespear, or whom
 this Age Has made their Heirs, succeed now on the Stage.

[Prologue to *Cambyzes, King of Persia*, acted in 1667.]

Anonymous, about 1668.

Elegy on Sir William Davenant.

* * * * *

First, in the broad Elysian streets,
He his old father Jonson meets:
Then him his cousin Shakespeare greets;
But his friend Suckling lent him sheets.

Cowley a fair apartment keeps:
Receiving him with joy he weeps;
Into his bed Sir William creeps,
And now in Abraham's bosom sleeps.

[Reprinted in Huth's *Inedited Poetical Miscellanies*, 1870, from a transcript written on some of the flyleaves of a copy of Denham's *Poems*, 1668.]

Samuel Pepys, 1668.

January 11th. . . . Knepp came and sat by us. . . . She told me also of a play shortly coming upon the Stage, of Sir Charles Sidly's, which, she thinks, will be called *The Wandering Ladys*, a comedy that, she thinks, will be most pleasant; and also another play, called *The Duke of Lerma*; besides *Catelin*, which she thinks, for want of the clothes which the King promised them, will not be acted for a good while.

* * * *

February 22nd. . . . Thence to the Duke's playhouse, and there saw *Albumazar*, an old play, this the second time of acting. It is said to have been the ground of B. Jonson's *Alchymist*; but, saving the ridiculousnesse of Angell's part, which is called Trinkilo, I do not see any thing extraordinary in it, but was indeed weary of it before it was done.

* * * *

September 4th. . . . To the Fair . . . my wife having a mind to see the play *Bartholomew Fayre*, with puppets. Which we did, and it is an excellent play; the more I see it, the more I love the wit of it; only the business of abusing the Puritans begins to grow stale, and of no use, they being the people that, at last, will be found the wisest.

* * * *

September 18th. . . . So to the King's house, and saw a piece of *Henry the Fourth*; at the end of the play thinking to have gone abroad with Knepp, but it was too late, and she to get her part against to-morrow, in *The Silent Woman*, and so I only set her at home, and away home myself.

* * * *

September 19th. . . . Then to the King's playhouse, and there saw *The Silent Woman*; the best comedy, I think, that ever was wrote; and sitting by Shadwell the poet, he was big with admiration of it.

* * * *

December 19th. Up, and to the office, where all the morning, and at noon, eating very little dinner, my wife and I by hackney to the King's playhouse, and there, the pit being full, sat in a box above, and saw *Catiline's Conspiracy*, yesterday being the first day: a play of much good sense and words to read, but that do appear the worst upon the stage, I mean, the least diverting, that ever I saw any, though most fine in clothes; and a fine scene of the Senate, and of a fight, that ever I saw in my life. But the play is only to be read, and therefore home, with no pleasure at all.

[*Diary*, ed. H. B. Wheatley, 1893.]

Richard Flecknoe, 1668.

Sir William D'Avenant's Voyage to the Other World.

. . . Nor was he less amaz'd than they, to find never a poet there, antient nor modern, whom in some sort or other he had not disoblig'd by his discommendations; as Homer, Virgil, Tasso, Spencer, and especially Ben. Johnson. . . Nay, even Shakespear, whom he thought to have found his greatest friend, was so much offended with him as any of the rest, for so spoiling and mangling of his plays.

[*Sir William D'Avenants Voyage to the Other World: With his Adventures in the Poets Elizium*, 1668.]

Anonymous, 1668.

An Elegy Upon the Death of Sir William Davenant.

Now Davenant is arriv'd, the Fields and Plains
Resound unto his Welcome Lofty Strains.

For every Poet there it shall be free
To raise his Joy unto an Extasie.

Imagine him encircled in a Sphere
Of those Great Souls who once admired him here:
First, *Johnson* doth demand a share in him,
For both their Muses whip'd the Vice of time:
Then *Shakespear* next a Brothers part doth claim,
Because their quick Inventions were the same.
Baumont and *Fletcher* their Petitions joyn,
This for clear Style, that for his deep Design:
Tom Randolph asks a Portion 'monst the rest,
Because they both were apt to break a Jest.
Shirley and *Massinger* comes in for shares,
For that his Language was refin'd as theirs:
Laborious *Heywood*, witty *Brome*, and *Rowley*,
The learned *Chapman*, and ingenious *Cowley*,
Ask their proportions as they've gain'd applause,
By well observing the Drammatick Laws:
Last, Sir *John Suckling* saith his Title lies,
Because they both (were Knights, and) writ concise.

[From a folio broadside, reprinted in *A Little Ark*, edited by G. Thorn-Drury.]

John Dryden, 1668.

An Essay of Dramatic Poesy.

In the meantime, I must desire you to take notice, that the greatest man of the last age (Ben Jonson) was willing to give place to them in all things: he was not only a professed imitator of Horace, but a learned plagiary of all the others; you track him everywhere in their snow. If Horace, Lucan, Petronius Arbiter, Seneca, and Juvenal had their own from him, there are few serious thoughts which are new in him: you will pardon me, therefore, if I presume he loved their fashion, when he wore their clothes. But since I have otherwise a great veneration for him, and you, Eugenius, prefer him above all other poets, I will use no further argument to you than his example: I will produce before you Father Ben, dressed in all the ornaments and colours

of the ancients; you will need no other guide to our party, if you follow him; and whether you consider the bad plays of our age, or regard the good plays of the last, both the best and worse of the modern poets will instruct you to admire the ancients. (P. 300.)

* * * *

Beaumont, Fletcher, and Jonson (who were only capable of bringing us to that degree of perfection which we have). (P. 316.)

* * * *

And you see in some places a little farce mingled, which is below the dignity of the other parts; and in this all our poets are extremely peccant: even Ben Jonson himself, in *Sejanus* and *Catiline*, has given us this olio of a play, this unnatural mixture of comedy and tragedy, which to me sounds just as ridiculously as the history of David with the merry humours of Goliath. (P. 321.)

* * * *

But their humours [those of the French playwrights], if I may grace them with that name, are so thin sown, that never above one of them comes up in any play. I dare take upon me to find more variety of them in some one play of Ben Jonson's than in all theirs together: as he who has seen the *Alchemist*, *The Silent Woman*, or *Bartholomew Fair*, cannot but acknowledge with me. (P. 331.)

* * * *

And for your instance of Ben Jonson, who, you say, writ exactly without the help of rhyme; you are to remember, it is only an aid to a luxuriant fancy, which his was not: as he did not want imagination, so none ever said he had much to spare. (P. 336.)

* * * *

But for death, that it ought not to be represented, I have . . . the authority of Ben Jonson, who has forborne it in his tragedies; for both the death of *Sejanus* and *Catiline* are related; though, in the latter, I cannot but observe one irregularity of that great poet; he has removed the scene in the same act, from Rome to *Catiline's* army, and from thence again to Rome;

and besides, has allowed a very considerable time after Catiline's speech, for the striking of the battle, and the return of Petreius, who is to relate the event of it to the senate; which I should not animadvert on him, who was otherwise a painful observer of τὸ πρεπόν or the *decorum* of the stage, if he had not used extreme severity in his judgment on the incomparable Shakespeare for the same fault. (P. 337.)

* * * *

I will take the pattern of a perfect play from Ben Jonson, who was a careful and learned observer of the dramatic laws, and from all his comedies I shall select *The Silent Woman*, of which I will make a short examen, according to those rules which the French observe.

As Neander was beginning to examine *The Silent Woman*, Eugenius, earnestly regarding him; I beseech you, Neander, said he, gratify the company, and me in particular, so far as, before you speak of the play, to give us a character of the author; and tell us frankly your opinion, whether you do not think all writers, both French and English, ought to give place to him?

I fear, replied Neander, that, in obeying your commands, I shall draw some envy on myself. Besides, in performing them, it will be first necessary to speak somewhat of Shakespeare and Fletcher, his rivals in poesy; and one of them, in my opinion, at least his equal, perhaps his superior. [Following this is a passage dealing with Shakespeare, which introduces the paragraph quoted below.]

The consideration of this [Shakespeare's great and comprehensive genius] made Mr. Hales of Eton say, that there was no subject of which any poet ever writ, but he would produce it much better done in Shakespeare; and however others are now generally preferred before him, yet the age wherein he lived, which had contemporaries with him, Fletcher and Jonson, never equalled them to him in their esteem: and in the last King's court, when Ben's reputation was at highest, Sir John Suckling, and with him the greater part of the courtiers, set our Shakespeare far above him.

Beaumont and Fletcher, of whom I am next to speak, had, with the advantage of Shakespeare's wit, which was their precedent, great natural gifts, improved by study; Beaumont especially being so accurate a judge of plays, that Ben Jonson, while he lived, submitted all his writings to his censure, and 'tis thought, used his judgment in correcting, if not contriving, all his plots. What value he had for him, appears by the verses he writ to him; and therefore I need speak no further of it. The first play that brought Fletcher and him in esteem, was their *Philaster*; for before that, they had written two or three very unsuccessfully: as the like is reported of Ben Jonson, before he writ *Every Man in his Humour*. Their plots were generally more regular than Shakespeare's, especially those which were made before Beaumont's death; and they understood and imitated the conversation of gentlemen much better; whose wild debaucheries, and quickness of wit in repartees, no poet before them could paint as they have done. Humour, which Ben Jonson derived from particular persons, they made it not their business to describe: they represented all the passions very lively, but above all, love. . . . Their plays are now the most pleasant and frequent entertainments of the stage; two of theirs being acted through the year for one of Shakespeare's or Jonson's: the reason is, because there is a certain gaiety in their comedies, and pathos in their more serious plays, which suits generally with all men's humours. Shakespeare's language is likewise a little obsolete, and Ben Jonson's wit comes short of theirs.

As for Jonson, to whose character I am now arrived, if we look upon him while he was himself (for his last plays were but his dotages), I think him the most learned and judicious writer which any theatre ever had. He was a most severe judge of himself, as well as others. One cannot say he wanted wit, but rather that he was frugal of it. In his works you find little to retrench or alter. Wit and language, and humour also in some measure, we had before him; but something of art was wanting to the drama, till he came. He managed his strength to more advantage than any who preceded him. You seldom find him making love in any of his scenes, or endeavouring to move the

passions; his genius was too sullen and saturnine to do it gracefully, especially when he came after those who had performed both to such an height. Humour was his proper sphere; and in that he delighted most to represent mechanic people. He was deeply conversant in the ancients, both Greek and Latin, and he borrowed boldly from them: there is scarce a poet or historian among the Roman authors of those times, whom he has not translated in *Sejanus* and *Catiline*. But he has done his robberies so openly, that one may see he fears not to be taxed by any law. He invades authors like a monarch; and what would be theft in other poets, is only victory in him. With the spoils of these writers he so represents old Rome to us, in its rites, ceremonies, and customs, that if one of their poets had written either of his tragedies, we had seen less of it than in him. If there was any fault in his language, it was, that he weaved it too closely and laboriously, in his comedies especially: perhaps, too, he did a little too much Romanize our tongue, leaving the words which he translated almost as much Latin as he found them: wherein, though he learnedly followed their language, he did not enough comply with the idiom of ours. If I would compare him with Shakespeare, I must acknowledge him the more correct poet, but Shakespeare the greater wit. Shakespeare was the Homer, or father of our dramatic poets; Jonson was the Virgil, the pattern of elaborate writing; I admire him, but I love Shakespeare. To conclude of him; as he has given us the most correct plays, so in the precepts which he has laid down in his *Discoveries*, we have as many and profitable rules for perfecting the stage, as any wherewith the French can furnish us.

Having thus spoken of the author, I proceed to the examination of his comedy, *The Silent Woman*. . . . (Pp. 343-48.)

* * * *

And this, sir, calls to my remembrance the beginning of your discourse, where you told us we should never find the audience favourable to this kind of writing, till we could produce as good plays in rhyme as Ben Jonson, Fletcher, and Shakespeare had writ out of it. But it is to raise envy to the living to compare them with the dead. They are honoured, and almost adored

by us, as they deserve; neither do I know any so presumptuous of themselves as to contend with them. Yet give me leave to say thus much, without injury to their ashes, that not only we shall never equal them, but they could never equal themselves, were they to rise and write again. We acknowledge them our fathers in wit, but they have ruined their estates themselves, before they came to their children's hands. There is scarce an humour, a character, or any kind of plot, which they have not used. All comes sullied or wasted to us: and were they to entertain this age, they could not now make so plenteous treatments out of such decayed fortunes. This therefore will be a good argument to us either not to write at all or to attempt some other way. There is no bays to be expected in their walks: *tentanda via est, quâ me quoque possum tollere humo.* (P. 366.)

[*An Essay of Dramatic Poesy*, 1668; the page references are to *The Works of John Dryden*, ed. Scott and Saintsbury, 1892, vol. xv. The passages cited are the more significant ones, but the student interested in Jonson should examine the entire essay.]

John Dryden, 1668.

In *Bartholomew Fair*, or the lowest kind of comedy, that degree of heightening is used, which is proper to set off that subject: It is true the author was not there to go out of prose, as he does in his higher arguments of comedy, *The Fox* and *Alchemist*; yet he does so raise his matter in that prose, as to render it delightful; which he could never had performed, had he only said or done those very things, that are daily spoken or practised in the fair: for then the fair itself would be as full of pleasure to an ingenious person as the play, which we manifestly see it is not. But he hath made an excellent lazar of it; the copy is of price, though the original be vile. You see in *Catiline* and *Sejanus* where the argument is great, he sometimes ascends to verse, which shows he thought it not unnatural in serious plays; and had his genius been as proper for rhyme as it was for honour, or had the age in which he lived attained to as much knowledge in verse as ours, it is probable he would have adorned those subjects with that kind of writing. (P. 296.)

* * * *

But he must pardon me if I have that veneration for Aristotle, Horace, Ben Johnson, and Corneille, that I dare not serve him in such a cause, and against such heroes, but rather fight under their protection, as Homer reports of little Teucer, who shot the Trojans from under the large buckler of Ajax Telamon:

Στῆ δ' ἄρ' ὑπ' Αἴαντος σάκεϊ Τελαμωνιάδᾱω.

He stood beneath his brother's ample shield;

And cover'd there, shot death through all the field. (P. 304.)

* * * *

Those propositions, which are laid down in my discourse as helps to the better imitation of nature, are not mine (as I have said), nor were ever pretended so to be, but derived from the authority of Aristotle and Horace, and from the rules and examples of Ben Jonson and Corneille. (P. 308.)

* * * *

Few Englishmen, except Ben Jonson, have ever made a plot, with variety of design in it, included in twenty-four hours, which was altogether natural. For this reason, I prefer the *Silent Woman* before all other plays, I think justly, as I do its author, in judgment, above all other poets. (P. 314.)

[*A Defence of an Essay of Dramatic Poesy; being an answer to the Preface of the Great Favourite, or The Duke of Lerma*, 1668; the page references are to the edition of *The Dramatic Works of John Dryden*, ed. Scott and Saintsbury, 1882, vol. ii.]

John Dryden, 1668.

To say this comedy pleased long ago,
Is not enough to make it pass you now.
Yet, gentlemen, your ancestors had wit,
When few men censured, and when fewer writ.
And Jonson, of those few the best, chose this,
As the best model of his master-piece:
Subtle was got by our Albumazar,
That Alchymist by this Astrologer;
Here he was fashioned, and we may suppose,
He liked the fashion well, who wore the clothes.
But Ben made nobly his what he did mould;
What was another's lead, becomes his gold:

Like an unrighteous conqueror he reigns,
Yet rules that well which he unjustly gains.

[Prologue to the 1668 edition of John Tompkins's *Albumazar*.]

Sir John Denham, 1668.

On Mr. Abraham Cowley.

Old *Chaucer*, like the morning Star,
To us discovers day from far,
His lights those Mists and Clouds dissolv'd,
Which our dark Nation long involv'd;
But he descending to the shades,
Darkness again the Age invades.
Next (like *Aurora*) *Spencer* rose,
Whose purple blush the day foreshows.

* * * * *

By *Shakespear's*, *Johnson's*, *Fletcher's* lines,
Our Stages lustre *Rome's* outshines:
These Poets neer our Princes sleep,
And in one Grave their Mansion keep.

* * * * *

Time, which made them their Fame outlive,
To *Cowly* scarce did ripeness give.
Old Mother Wit, and Nature gave
Shakespear and *Fletcher* all they have;
In *Spencer*, and in *Johnson*, Art
Of flower Nature got the start.

* * * * *

He melted not the ancient Gold,
Nor with *Ben Johnson* did make bold
To plunder all the *Roman* Stores
Of Poets, and of Orators:
Horace his Wit, and *Virgil's* State,
He did not steal, but emulate,
And when he would like them appear,
Their Garb, but not their Cloaths, did wear.

[*Poems and Translations, with The Sophy*, 1668, p. 89.]

Thomas Shadwell, 1668.

The success of this Play, as it was much more than it deserved, so was much more than I expected; especially in this very critical age, when every man pretends to be a judge, and some, that never read three Plays in their lives, and never understood one, are as positive in their judgment of Plays, as if they were all Jonsons.

* * * *

I have endeavoured to represent variety of humours (most of the persons of the Play differing in their characters from one another), which was the practice of Ben Jonson, whom I think all dramatic poets ought to imitate, though none are like to come near; he being the only person that appears to me to have made perfect representations of human life. Most other authors, that I ever read, either have wild romantic tales, wherein they strain love and honour to that ridiculous height that it becomes burlesque; or in their lower comedies content themselves with one or two humours at most, and those not near such perfect characters as the admirable Jonson always made, who never wrote comedy without seven or eight excellent humours. I never saw one, except that of Falstaff, that was in my judgment comparable to any of Jonson's considerable humours. You will pardon this digression, when I tell you he is the man, of all the world, I most passionately admire for his excellency in his dramatic poetry.

Though I have known some of late so insolent to say, that Ben Jonson wrote his best Plays without wit; imagining that all the wit in Plays consisted in bringing two persons upon the stage to break jests and to bob one another, which they call repartee; not considering that there is more wit and invention required in the finding out good humour, and matter proper for it, than in all their smart repartees.

[The Preface to *The Sullen Lovers*, 1668.]

Thomas Shadwell, 1668.

Stanf. . . . This morning, just as I was coming to look for you, Sir Positive At-all, that fool that will let no man understand

anything in his company, arrests me with his impertinence. Says he, with a great deal of gravity, "Perhaps I am the man of the world that have found out two Plays, that betwixt you and I have a great deal of wit in 'em; those are, *The Silent Woman* and *The Scornful Lady*; and if I understand anything in the world, there's wit enough in both those to make one good Play; if I had the management of 'em; for you must know, this is a thing I have thought upon and considered." (P. 15.)

* * * *

1st Clerk (reads): "I do acknowledge and firmly believe that the Play of Sir Positive At-all, Knight, called 'The Lady in the Lobster,' notwithstanding it was damned by the malice of the age, shall not only read, but it shall act, with any of Ben Jonson's and Beaumont's and Fletcher's Plays—"

Sir Posit. Hold, hold! I'll have Shakespear's in; 'slife, I had like to have forgot that. (P. 61.)

[*The Sullen Lovers*, 1668. The page references are to the Mermaid Edition of Shadwell; cf. also p. 40.]

Thomas Shadwell, 1668.

This [play] (being never by him intended for Action) was wrote in single Scenes (without that Connexion, which the Incomparable *Johnson* first taught the Stage).

[Preface to *The Royal Shepherdess*, 1668.]

Edward Hyde, Earl of Clarendon, 1668-70.

Whilst He was only a Student of the Law, and stood at Gaze, and irresolute what Course of Life to take, his chief Acquaintance were *Ben. Johnson*, *John Seldon*, *Charles Cotton*, *John Vaughan*, *Sir Kenelm Digby*, *Thomas May*, and *Thomas Carew*, and some others of eminent Faculties in their several Ways. *Ben. Johnson's* Name can never be forgotten, having by his very good Learning, and the Severity of his Nature and Manners, very much reformed the Stage; and indeed the *English* Poetry itself. His natural Advantages were, Judgment to order and govern Fancy, rather than Excess of Fancy, his Productions being slow and upon Deliberation, yet then abounding with great Wit and

Fancy and will live accordingly; and surely as He did, exceedingly exalt the *English* Language in Eloquence, Propriety, and masculine Expressions; so He was the best Judge of, and fittest to prescribe Rules to Poetry and Poets, of any Man who had lived with, or before him, or since: If Mr. *Cowley* had not made a Flight beyond all Men, with that Modesty yet, to ascribe much of this, to the Example and Learning of *Ben. Johnson*. His Conversation was very good, and with the Men of most Note; and He had for many Years an extraordinary Kindness for Mr. *Hyde*, till He found He betook himself to Business, which He believed ought never to be preferred before his Company. He lived to be very old, and till the Palsy made a deep Impression upon his Body, and his Mind.

* * * *

He [Sir Lucius Carey, Viscount Falkland] seemed to have his Estate in Trust, for all worthy Persons, who stood in Want of Supplies and Encouragement, as *Ben. Johnson*, and many others of that Time, whose Fortunes required, and whose Spirits made them superior to ordinary Obligations.

[*The Life of Edward Earl of Clarendon, Written by Himself*, Oxford, 1759, i, 30, 41.]

Samuel Pepys, 1669.

February 22nd. . . . And in the evening I do carry them to White Hall, and there did without much trouble get into the playhouse, there in a good place among the Ladies of Honour, and myself also sat in the pit; and there by and by come the King and Queen, and they begun *Bartholomew Fayre*. But I like no play here so well as at the common playhouse; besides that, my eyes being very ill since last Sunday and this day se'nnight, with the light of the candles, I was in mighty pain to defend myself now from the light of the candles.

* * * *

April 17th. . . . At noon home to dinner, and there find Mr. Pierce, the surgeon, and he dined with us; and there hearing that *The Alchymist* was acted, we did go, and took him with us to the King's house; and it is still a good play, having not been

acted for two or three years before; but I do miss Clun, for the Doctor.

[*Diary*, ed. H. B. Wheatley, 1893.]

William Ramsey, 1669.

But the Noblest exercise of the mind within doors, and most befitting a Person of Quality, is *Study*, sometimes one, and sometimes another, for *Diversion*, were not amiss. Which are most commendable, and becoming a *Gentleman*, you have been taught before. And, as I hinted there; *A few good Books is better than a Library, and a main part of Learning*. I shall here contract his Study into these few Books following; in which he may indeed reade all that is requisite, and of Substance. . . .

And among our selves, old Sr. *Jeffery Chaucer*, *Ben. Johnson*, *Shakespear*, *Spencer*, *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*, *Dryden*, and what other Playes from time to time you find best Penn'd; And for a *Diversion* you may read *Hudebras*, and *Don Quixot*, and *Quevedo* for prose; As also for General Readings, *Burton's Melancholy*, and our famous *Seldon* his works.

[*The Gentlemans Companion*, 1672, Division iv. The Dedication bears the date "June 15, 1669." A MS. note on the title-page of the copy described by W. C. Hazlitt, *Collections and Notes*, 1876, p. 182, attributes the work to Ramsey.]

Edward Phillips, 1669.

Hoc seculo [sc. temporibus Elizabethae reginae et Jacobi regis] floruerunt . . . Gulielmus Shacsperius, qui præter opera Dramatica, duo Poemata *Lucretiæ stuprum à Tarquinio*, et *Amores Veneris in Adonidem*, Lyrica carmina nonnulla composuit: videtur fuisse, siquis alius, re verâ Poeta natus. Samuel Daniel non obscurus hujus ætatis Poeta, etc. . . .

Ex eis qui dramaticè scripserunt, Primas sibi vendicant Shacsperus, Jonsonus et Flecherus, quorum hic facundâ et politâ quâdam familiaritate Sermonis, ille erudito judicio et Usu veterum Authorum, alter nativâ quâdam et Poeticâ sublimitate Ingenii excelluisse videntur. Ante hos in hoc genere Poeseos apud nos eminuit Nemo. Pauci quidem antea scripserunt, at parum fœliciter; hos autem tanquam duces itineris plurimi

saltem æmulati sunt, inter quos præter Sherleium, (proximum à supra memorato Triumviratu,) Suclingium, Randolphium, Davenantium et Carturitium . . . enumerandi veniunt Ric. Bromeus, Tho. Heivodus.

[*Tractatulus de Carmine Dramatico Poetarum, et compendiosa Enumeratio Poetarum a Tempore Dantis Aligerii usque ad hanc Aetatem.* Added to the seventeenth edition of *Thesaurus J. Buchleri*, 1669. From the edition of 1679, pp. 396, 397, 399.]

Anonymous, 1669?

To heaven once ther caime a poett, a friend of mine swore hee
did know itt. . . .
Ould Chauser mett him in great state, Spenser and Johnson at
the gate
Beamon and Fletchers witt mayd one, butt Shakspeers witt did
goe aloane.

[Verses set to music, in Harl. MS. 6947, fol. 401.]

John Aubrey, 1669-96.

Francis Bacon (1561-1626).

. . . Mr. Ben: Johnson was one of his friends and acquaintance, as doeth appeare by his excellent verses on his lordship's birth-day in his second volume, and in his *Underwoods*, where he gives him a character and concludes that "about his time, and within his view were borne all the witts that could honour a nation or help studie." (i, 68.)

* * * *

Lucius Carey, viscount Falkland (1610-1643).

. . . For learned gentlemen of the country, his acquaintance was Sir H. Rainesford, of . . . neer Stratford-upon-Avon, now. . . (quaere Tom Mariet); Sir Francis Wenman, of Caswell, in Witney parish; Mr. . . . Sandys, the traveller and translator (who was uncle to my lady Wenman); Ben. Johnson (vide Johnsonus Virbius, where he has verses, and 'twas his lordship, Charles Gattaker told me, that gave the name to it); Edmund Waller, esq.; Mr. Thomas Hobbes, and all the excellent of that peaceable time. (i, 151.)

* * * *

John Dee (1527-1608).

. . . He used to distill egge-shells, and 'twas from hence that Ben Johnson had his hint of the alkimist, whom he meant. (i, 213.)

* * * *

Sir Kenelm Digby (1603-1665).

. . . See excellent verses of Ben: Johnson (to whome he was a great patrone) in his 2d volumne. (i, 227.)

* * * *

Thomas Egerton, lord Ellesmere (1540-1617).

. . . He was a great patron to Ben Johnson, as appeares by severall epistles to him. (i, 245.)

* * * *

Thomas Hobbes (1588-1679).

1634: this summer Mr. T. H. came into his native country to visitt his friends. . . . 'Twas the last time that ever he was in Wiltshire.

His conversation about those times was much about Ben: Jonson, Mr. Ayton, etc. . . .

Catalogue of his learned familiar friends and acquaintances, besides those already mentioned, that I remember him to have spoken of.

Mr. Benjamin Johnson, Poet-Laureat, was his loving and familiar friend and acquaintance.

[*Sir Robert*] *Aiton*, Scoto-Britannus, a good poet and critique and good scholar. He was neerly related to his lord's lady (Bruce). And he desired Ben: Johnson, and this gentleman, to give their judgement on his style of his translation of Thucydides. (i, 331, 332, 365.)

* * * *

John Hoskyns (1566-1638).

Ben: Johnson called him *father*. Sir Benet (bishop Benet of Hereford was his godfather) told me that one time desiring Mr. Johnson to adopt him for his sonne, "No," said he, "I dare not; 'tis honour enough for me to be your brother: I was your father's sonne, and 'twas he that polished me." (i, 418.)

* * * *

Ben Jonson (1574-1637).

Mr. Benjamin Johnson, Poet Laureat;—I remember when I was a scholar at Trin. Coll. Oxon. 1646, I heard Dr. Ralph Bathurst (now deane of Wells) say that Ben Johnson was a Warwyckshire man—sed quaere. 'Tis agreed that his father was a minister; and by his epistle dedicat. of "Every Man . . ." to Mr. William Camden that he was a Westminster scholar and that Mr. W. Camden was his school-master.

Anthony Wood in his *Hist.*, lib. 2, p. 273, sayes he was borne in Westminster: that (at riper yeares) after he had studied at Cambridge he came of his owne accord to Oxon and there entred himselfe in Ch. Ch. and tooke his Master's degree in Oxon (or conferred on him) anno 1619.

His mother, after his father's death, married a brick-layer; and 'tis generally sayd that he wrought sometime with his father-in-lawe (and particularly on the garden-wall of Lincoln's Inne next to Chancery-lane—from old parson [Richard] Hill, of Stretton, Hereff., 1646), and that, a knight, a bencher, walking thro' and hearing him repeat some Greeke verses out of Homer, discoursing with him, and finding him to have a witt extraordinary, gave him some exhibition to maintaine him at Trinity college in Cambridge, where he was (quaere).

Then he went into the Lowe-countreys, and spent some time (not very long) in the armie, not to the disgrace of . . . , as you may find in his Epigrammes.

Then he came over into England, and acted and wrote, but both ill, at the Green Curtaine, a kind of nursery or obscure playhouse, somewhere in the suburbes (I thinke towards Shore-ditch or Clarkenwell)—from J. Greenhill.

Then he undertooke againe to write a playe, and did hitt it admirably well, viz. "Every man . . ." which was his first good one.

Serjeant John Hoskins, of Herefordshire, was his *father*. I remember his sonne (Sir Bennet Hoskins, baronet, who was something poetically in his youth) told me, that when he desired to be adopted his son: "No," sayd he, "'tis honour enough for

me to be your brother; I am your father's son, 'twas he that polished me, I doe acknowledge it."

He was (or rather had been) of a clear and faire skin; his habit was very plaine. I have heard Mr. Lacy, the player, say that he was wont to weare a coate like a coachman's coate, with slitts under the arme-pitts. He would many times exceed in drinke (Canarie was his beloved liquour): then he would tumble home to bed, and, when he had thoroughly perspired, then to studie. I have seen his studyeing chaire, which was of strawe, such as old woemen used, and as Aulus Gellius is drawn in.

When I was in Oxon, bishop Skinner (of Oxford), who lay at our College, was wont to say that he understood an author as well as any man in England.

He mentions in his Epigrammes a sonne that he had, and his epitaph.

Long since, in King James' time, I have heard my uncle Danvers say (who knew him), that he lived without Temple Barre, at a combe-maker's shop, about the Elephant and Castle. In his later time he lived in Westminster, in the house under which you passe as you goe out of the churchyard into the old palace; where he dyed.

He lies buried in the north aisle in the path of square stone (the rest is lozenge), opposite to the scutcheon of Robertus de Ros, with this inscription only on him, in a pavement square, of blew marble, about 14 inches square,

O RARE BENN IOHNSON

which was donne at the chardge of Jack Young (afterwards knighted) who, walking there when the grave was covering, gave the fellow eighteen pence to cutt it.

His motto before his (bought) bookes was, *Tanquam Explorator*. I remember 'tis in Seneca's Epistles.

He was a favourite of the Lord Chancellor Egerton, as appeares by severall verses to him. In one he begges his lordship to doe a friend of his a favour.

'Twas an ingeniose remarque of my lady Hoskins, that B. J. never writes of love, or if he does, does it not naturally.

He killed Mr. . . . Marlow, the poet, on Bunhill, coming

from the Green-Curtain play-house.—From Sir Edward Shirburn.

Ben Johnson:—Ben Jonson had 50 *li.* per annum for . . . yeares together to keepe off Sir W. Wiseman of Essex from being sheriff. At last king James prickt him, and Ben came to his majestie and told him he “had prickt him to the heart” and then explaynd himselfe (*innuendo* Sir W. W. being prickt sheriff) and got him struck off.

Vide his *Execration against Vulcan*. Vide *None-such-Charles*. When B. J. was dyeing king Charles sent him but x *li.* Quaere T. Shadwell pro notes of B. J. from the duke of Newcastle; and also quaere Thomas Henshawe (as also de saxis in Hibernia. Quaere my lord Clifford of the gentleman that cutt the grasse under Ben Jonson’s feet, of whom he sayd “ungratefull man! I showed him Juvenal.”

B. Jonson; one eye lower then t’ other and bigger. He tooke a catalogue from Mr. Lacy of the Yorkshire words—his hint to *Tale of a Tub* for the clownery.

Ben Johnson had one eie lower than t’other, and bigger, like Clun, the player: perhaps he begott Clun. He tooke a catalogue from Mr. Lacy (the player) of the Yorkshire dialect. ’Twas his hint for clownery to his comoe dy called *The Tale of a Tub*. This I had from Mr. Lacy.

King James made him write against the Puritans, who began to be troublesome in his time.

A Grace by Ben Johnson, extempore, before King James.

Our King and Queen, the Lord-God blesse,
The Paltzgrave, and the Lady Besse,
And God blesse every living thing
That lives, and breath’s, and loves the King.
God bless the Councell of Estate,
And Buckingham, the fortunate.
God blesse them all, and keepe them safe,
And God blesse me, and God blesse Raph.

The king was mighty enquisitive to know who this Raph was. Ben told him ’twas the drawer at the Swanne tavernne, by Charing-crosse, who drew him good Canarie. For this drollery his majestie gave him an hundred poun des.

This account I received from Mr. Isaac Walton (who wrote Dr. John Donne's &c. Life), Decemb. 2, 1680, he being then eighty-seaven years of age. This is his owne hand writing.

Ffor yo^r ffriend's que. this:

I only knew Ben Johnson: but my lord of Winton knew him very well, and says he was in the 6^o, that is the upermost fforme in Westminster scole. At which time his father dyed, and his mother marryed a brickelayer, who made him (much against his will) to help him in his trade. But in a short time, his scole maister, Mr. Camden, got him a better imployment, which was to atend or accompany a son of Sir Walter Rauleyes in his travills. Within a short time after their returne, they parted (I think not in cole bloud) and with a love sutable to what they had in their travills (not to be comended); and then, Ben began to set up for himselfe in the trade by which he got his subsistance and fame. Of which I nede not give any account. He got in time to have a 100 *li.* a yeare from the king, also a pention from the Cittie, and the like from many of the nobilitie, and some of the gentry, w^h was well payd for love or fere of his raling in verse or prose, or boeth. My lord of Winton told me, he told him he was (in his long retyrement, and sicknes, when he saw him, which was often) much afflickted that hee had profain'd the scripture, in his playes; and lamented it with horror; yet, that at that time of his long retyrement, his pentions (so much as came yn) was given to a woman that govern'd him, with whome he livd and dyed nere the Abie in West minster; and that nether he nor she tooke much care for next weike, and wood be sure not to want wine; of which he usually tooke too much before he went to bed, if not oftner and soner. My lord tells me, he knowes not, but thinks he was borne in Westminster. The question may be put to Mr. Wood very easily upon what grownds he is positive as to his being borne their? he is a friendly man and will resolve it. So much for brave Ben. You will not think the rest so tedyus, as I doe this. . . .

This is all I know or can learne for yo^r friend [Anthony à Wood]; which I wish may be worth the time and troble of reading it.

I. W.

Nov^{er}. 22, 80.

* * * *

John Lacy (16--1681).

. . . B. Jonson tooke a note of his Yorkshire words and proverbes for his *Tale of a Tub*, several "Gad kettlepinnns!" (ii, 28.)

* * * *

Sir Walter Raleigh (1552-1618).

. . . In his youthfull time, was one Charles Chester, that often kept company with his acquaintance; he was a bold impertinent fellowe, and they could never be at quiet for him; a perpetuall talker, and made a noyse like a drumme in a roome. So one time at a taverne Sir W. R. beates him and seales up his mouth (i.e. his upper and neather beard) with hard wax. From him Ben Johnson takes his Carlo Buffono (i.e. "jester") in *Every Man out of his Humour*. (ii, 184; cf. 192.)

* * * *

William Shakespear (1564-1616).

. . . This William . . . was an actor at one of the play-houses, and did act exceedingly well (now B. Johnson was never a good actor, but an excellent instructor). . . . Ben Johnson and he did gather humours of men dayly where ever they came. . . . He was wont to say that he "never blotted out a line in his life"; sayd Ben: Johnson, "I wish he had blotted-out a thousand." . . . Though, as Ben: Johnson sayes of him, that he had but little Latine and lesse Greek, he understood Latine pretty well, for he had been in his younger yeares a schoolmaster in the country. (ii, 226.)

* * * *

Thomas Sutton (1532-1611).

. . . 'Twas from him that B. Johnson tooke his hint of the fox, and by Seigneur Volpone is meant Sutton. (ii, 246.)

[*Brief Lives*, ed. A. Clark, 1898; the volume and page references are to this edition. For passing allusion to Jonson, see also i, 231, 232; ii, 55, 217, 220, 239, 275.]

— Watson, 1670.

*An Elegy on Sr W Davenant & his Buriall
amongst the Ancient Poetes.*

First in the broad Elysian streets
Him his old father Iohnson greets;
Next him his Cousen Shakespear meets,
And his friend Sucklin lends him sheets.
[Addit. MS. Brit. Mus., 18220, p. 58, lf. 33.]

Anonymous, 1670.

1670, Thursday, July 21st.—A Constitucion of John Dryden, Master of Arts, to be his Majesties poet Laureat and historiographer-generall, with all such priviledges as Sir Geoffry Chaucer, Sir John Gower, John Leland, esq., William Camden, esq., Benjamin Johnson, esq., James Howell, esq., or Sir William Davenant had or enjoyed, with the yearly pencion of 200 £ per annum and a pipe of Canary wine, out of his Majesties cellars: Habend. during his Majesties pleasure.

[The MSS. of J. Eliot Hodgkin; an extract reproduced in the *Fifteenth Report of the Royal Commission on Historical Manuscripts*, 1896, part ii, p. 13.]

Richard Flecknoe, 1670.

Of the difference Betwixt the Ancient and Modern Playes.

If any one the difference would know,
Betwixt the *Ancient Playes* and *Modern* now;
In *Ancient Times* none ever went away,
But with a glowing bosome from a Play,
With somewhat they had *heard*, or *seen* so fierd,
They seem to be *Celestially* inspir'd. . . .
So hard 'tis now for any one to write
With *Johnson's* fire, or *Fletcher's* flame & spright:
Much less inimitable *Shakspears* way,
Promethian-like to animate a Play.

[*Epigrams*, 1670, p. 71.]

Sir Thomas Culpeper, 1670.

I am not so in love with our own times and faces, as that I fancy in our selves a greater excellency, then in our predecessors;

who can think that the famous *Sr. Phillip Sydney*, or the incomparable Lord *Bacon* have been out done in their several kinds, or *Shakespear*, *Beaumont*, and *Fletcher*, or *Ben Iohnson* in theirs, by any of our present writers.

* * * *

It was excellently observed by our great *Ben. Iohnson*, that the eldest of the present, and the newest of the past Language is the best, which gives enough of our respect to antiquity, in point of Speech.

[*Essayes or Moral Discourses On severall Subjects*, licensed 1670, printed 1671, pp. 109, 118.]

Aphra Behn, 1671.

First then for you grave Dons, who love no play
But what is regular, Great *Iohnson's* way.

[Prologue to *The Amorous Prince*, 1671.]

Thomas Shadwell, 1671.

Preface.

Mr. Iohnson, I believe, was very unjustly taxed for personating particular Men: but it will ever be the Fate of them, that write the Humours of the *Town*, especially in a foolish and vicious Age. Pardon me (*Reader*) that I name him in the same Page with my self; who pretend to nothing more, than to join with all Men of Sense and Learning in Admiration of him; which, I think, I do not out of a true Understanding of him; and for this I would not value my self. Yet by extolling his way of Writing I cannot but insinuate to you, that I can Practise it; though I would, if I could, a thousand times sooner than any Man's. . . .

Yet (after all this) I cannot think it Impudence in him, or any Man, to endeavour to imitate *Mr. Iohnson*, whom he confesses to have fewer Failings, than all the *English* Poets; which implies he was the most perfect, and best Poet: And why should not we endeavour to imitate him? because we cannot arrive to his Excellence? 'Tis true, we cannot; but this is no more an Argument than for a Soldier (who considers with himself, he cannot be so great a one as *Julius Cæsar*) to run from his Colours, and be none; or to speak of a less thing, why should

any Man study *Mathematicks* after *Archimedes*? &c. This Principle would be an Obstruction to the progress of all Learning and Knowledge in the World. Men of all Professions ought certainly to follow the best in theirs; and let not Endeavours be blamed, if they go as far as they can in the right Way, though they be unsuccessful, and attain not their ends. If Mr. *Johnson* be the most faultless Poet, I am so far from thinking it Impudence to endeavour to imitate him, that it would rather (in my Opinion) seem Impudence in me not to do it.

I cannot be of their Opinion, who think he wanted Wit: I am sure, if he did, he was so far from being the most faultless, that he was the most faulty Poet of his Time. But it may be answered, that his Writings were correct, though he wanted Fire; but I think flat and dull Things are as incorrect, and shew as little Judgment in the Author, nay less, than sprightly and mettled Nonsense does. But I think he had more true Wit than any of his Contemporaries: that other Men had sometimes Things, that seem'd more Fiery than his, was because they were placed with so many sordid and mean Things about them, that they made a greater Show. . . .

Nor can I think, to the writing of his Humours (which were not only the Follies, but the Vices and Subtilties of Men) that Wit was not required, but Judgment; where, by the way, they speak as if Judgment were a less thing than Wit. But certainly it was meant otherwise by Nature, who subjected Wit to the Government of Judgment, which is the noblest Faculty of the Mind. Fancy rough-draws, but Judgment smooths and finishes: nay, Judgment does not comprehend Wit; for no Man can have that, who has not Wit. In Fancy Mad-men equal, if not excell, all others; and one may as well say, that one of those Mad-men is as good a Man, as temperate a Wise-man, as that one of the very fanciful Plays (admir'd most by Women) can be so good a Play, as one of *Johnson's* Correct and Well-govern'd Comedies.

The Reason given by some, why *Johnson* needed not Wit in writing Humour, is, because Humour is the effect of Observation, and Observation the effect of Judgment; but Observation is as much Necessary in all other Plays, as in Comedies of Humour. . . .

The most Excellent *Johnson* put Wit into the Mouths of the meanest of his People, and, which is infinitely Difficult, made it proper for 'em. And I once heard a Person of the greatest Wit and Judgment of the Age say, That *Bartholomew-Fair*, (which consists most of low Persons) is one of the wittiest Plays in the World. If there be no Wit required, in the rendring Folly ridiculous, or Vice odious, we must accuse *Juvenal*, the best Satyrist and wittiest Man of all the *Latin* Writers, for want of it.

I should not say so much of Mr. *Johnson*, (whose Merit sufficiently justifies him to all Men of Sense) but that I think my self a little obliged to vindicate the Opinion I publickly declared in my *Epilogue* to this *Play*; which I did upon mature Consideration, and with a full Satisfaction in my Judgment, and not out of a bare affected vanity of being thought his Admirer.

* * * *

Epilogue.

The Mighty Prince of Poets, learned BEN,
 Who alone div'd into the Minds of Men,
 Saw all their Wandrings, all their Follies knew,
 And all their vain fantastick Passions drew,
 In Images so lively and so true,
 That there each Humourist himself might view,
 Yet only lash'd the Errors of the Times,
 And ne'er expos'd the Persons, but the Crimes;
 And never car'd for private Frowns, when he
 Did but chastise publick Iniquity:
 He fear'd no Pimp, no Pick-pocket, or Drab;
 He fear'd no *Bravo*, nor no Ruffian's Stab:
 'Twas he alone true Humours understood,
 And with great Wit and Judgment made them good.
 A Humour is the Byass, of the Mind,
 By which with Violence 'tis one way inclin'd:
 It makes our Actions lean on one side still;
 And in all Changes that way bends the Will.
 This ———
 He only knew and represented right.
 Thus none, but mighty *Johnson*, e'er could write.

Expect not then, since that most flourishing Age
 Of BEN, to see true Humour on the Stage.
 All, that have since been writ, if they be scan'nd,
 Are but faint Copies from that Master's Hand.
 Our Poet now, amongst those petty Things,
 Alas! his too weak trifling Humours brings.
 As much beneath the worst in *Johnson's* Plays,
 As his great Merit is above our Praise.
 For could he imitate that great Author right,
 He would with ease all Poets else out-write.
 But to out-go all other Men, would be,
 O Noble BEN! less than to follow thee.

[*The Humorists*, 1671.]

Edward Howard, 1671.

Preface.

Not that I judge our unimitable *Johnson*, or those wonders of Wit, *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*, were without their failings. . . .

Doubtless it was the Wit of Poets that (above all) refin'd their own languages; so that I wonder to find it affirmed that *Ben. Johnson* (who had such a soul of thought) did by Translating beautifie our Tongue; as if his ingenuity was not to be allowed the glory of doing far more by its single strength. I should be loth to wish any so ill, as that he were alive to answer the imputation; however, I could be well content, that such as will make him their president in Translating from others, could dispose of it so well, and that they had likewise as much Wit, and Learning besides.

Translating, may I grant, add some perfection to a language, because it introduces the wit of others into its own words, as the *French* have of late done well in theirs; and we have pretty well requited their kindness to us, in rendring so much of theirs in ours; but where I can make use of good Originals, I shall be more sparing of my esteem of Copies, and I dare averre, that the Ingeniuties of *Johnson*, *Beaumont*, and *Fletcher*, with some other of our former Poets, left our language more improved, as it expressed their thoughts, then if the best of *Italian*, *Spanish*, and *French*

Wit, had been Translated by the greatest of Pens. I wish it be our good fortune (for the benefit of future times) to leave our Tongue as much enlarged and imbellished, as they left it to us. . . .

* * * *

The First Prologue.

. . . Then is heard a noise with Thunder and Lightning, at which time *Ben. Johnson* personated rises from below.

Noak[es]. Ha, Thunder and Lightning!—I hope the Madam Muses are not displeas'd with us.

Ang[el]. But what apparition is this moving towards us?

Und[erhill]. As I am an Actor, 'tis the Genius of the old Comick Poet *Ben. Johnson*, I know it by his Picture that hangs up in the *Strand*.

Ang. Fly, fly, Associates, there's no being on the Stage longer, for us of the Farce party. [*They go off several ways.*]

After which *Ben. Johnson* personated, goes up to the Audience, and speaks a Prologue.

*The Second Prologue personated like Ben Johnson
rising from below.*

Behold I *Ben* appear, your Poet once,
That living durst a vengeance here denounce
On all the Stages Crimes, and Judges dare
To make my Wit their sense, or else their fear;
Thus have I left th'*Elizium* Shades and Groves,
The sacred Mansions of the Muses Loves,
Where I my Bays till now unwither'd saw
In my immortal Plays, that here gave Law.
But now provok'd, the Muses quarrel take,
And from their call thus my appearance make;
Did I instruct you (well ne're half an Age)
To understand the Grandeur of the Stage,
With the exactest Rules of Comedy,
Yet now y'are pleased with Wits low frippery,
Admitting Farce, the trifling mode of *France*,
T'infect you with fantastick ignorance,

Forgetting 'twas your glory to behold,
 Plays wisely form'd, such as I made of old;
 But by my Bays I swear, if you persist,
 And my Judicious Cautions hence resist,
 I'll next rise with the Furies from below,
 That scourge vile Poets there with Scorpions too,
 And with those circl'd, hiss at you, and them,
 Except the Scenes just Grandeur you redeem;
 Thus for your Crimes, but what this day will be,
 The fate and merit of the Play you'll see;
 I scarce divine, nor did its Author raise
 Me by a Poets charm to give him praise.
 I never had an Ear was sooth'd by Rhime,
 Or flatter'd to protect a Writers crime.
 And might this Authors modesty offend,
 Should my Encomium here his Play commend;
 Who now prevents it, whilst methinks I hear
 A whisper of his doubtings in my ear;
 His fears are many, there's such Fate in Wit,
 That Plays from fortune more then merit hit,
 Whose Muse would blush for such a guilty chance,
 Since 'twere the bounty of your ignorance.
 But though your crimes in judgment he forbears,
 Take heed, how *Ben* provok'd, once more appears.

Third Prologue.

You see what little Arts w'are fain to try,
 To give a Prologue some variety;
 Wit you have had, perhaps, in many new,
 Though Farce, and Dance, (your much lov'd mirth) in few.
 But why Great *Johnson's* Ghost should thus appear,
 As if to hector *Wits*, and *Criticks* here,
 Who (if the Devil were Poet) would not fear?
 'Twas a bold Fiction, and so let it go,
 Yet thus far 'tis instructive unto you;
 That should you recollect your Judging Crimes,
 The Ribaldry of Plays in Prose, and Rhimes,
Johnson might rise indeed, and own it true.

His Plays were Laws to Wit, and Plot well told,
 But such you slight, (though wise) because th'are old;
 And well it is for Writers, since that way
 You might expect from all who write a Play.

True Comedy, the moral Mirth of Plays,
 Lives now the glory of dead Poets Bays,
 And like the Phœnix (though confess'd to be)
 Produces few of her Posterity. . . .

[*The Womens Conquest*, 1671. The Preface should be read in its entirety.]

John Dryden, 1671.

I had thought, reader, in this preface, to have written somewhat concerning the difference betwixt the plays of our age, and those of our predecessors, on the English stage: To have shown in what parts of dramatic poesy we were excelled by Ben Jonson, I mean, humour, and contrivance of comedy; and in what we may justly claim precedence of Shakespeare and Fletcher, namely in heroic plays: But this design I have waved on second considerations; at least, deferred it till I publish *The Conquest of Granada*, where the discourse will be more proper. I had also prepared to treat of the improvement of our language since Fletcher's and Jonson's days, and consequently of our refining the courtship, raillery, and conversation of plays. . . . As I pretend not that I can write humour, so none of them can reasonably pretend to have written it as they ought. Jonson was the only man, of all ages and nations, who has performed it well; and that but in three or four of his comedies. . . .

But Ben Jonson is to be admired for many excellencies; and can be taxed with fewer failings than any English poet. I know I have been accused as an enemy of his writings; but without any other reason, than that I do not admire him blindly, and without looking into his imperfections. For why should there be any *ipse dixit* in our poetry, any more than there is in our philosophy? I admire and applaud him where I ought: Those, who do more, do but value themselves in their admiration of him; and, by telling you they extol Ben Jonson's way, would insinuate to you that they can practise it. For my part, I

declare that I want judgment to imitate him; and should think it a great impudence in myself to attempt it. To make men appear pleasantly ridiculous on the stage, was, as I have said, his talent; and in this he needed not the acumen of wit but that of judgment. For the characters and representations of folly are only the effects of observation; and observation is an effect of judgment. Some ingenious men, for whom I have a particular esteem, have thought I have much injured Ben Jonson, when I have not allowed his wit to be extraordinary: But they confound the notion of what is witty, with what is pleasant. That Ben Jonson's plays were pleasant, he must want reason who denies: But that pleasantness was not properly wit, or the sharpness of conceit; but the natural imitation of folly: Which I confess to be excellent in its kind, but not to be of that kind which they pretend. . . .

I think there is no folly so great in any poet of our age, as the superfluity and waste of wit was in some of our predecessors: particularly we may say of Fletcher and of Shakespeare, what was said of Ovid, *In omni ejus ingenio, facilius quod rejici, quam quod adjici potest, invenies*: The contrary of which was true in Virgil, and our incomparable Jonson. . . .

Ben Jonson, indeed, has designed his plots himself; but no man has borrowed so much from the ancients as he has done: and he did well in it, for he has thereby beautified our language.

[The Preface to *An Evening's Love, or the Mock Astrologer*, 1671. This interesting Preface is full of allusions to Jonson and his plays, but it is too long to be cited here entire.]

John, Lord Vaughan, 1671.

On Mr. Dryden's Play, The Conquest of Granada.

There will be praise enough; yet not so much,
As if the world had never any such:
Ben Jonson, Beaumont, Fletcher, Shakespeare, are,
As well as you, to have a poet's share.
You, who write after, have, besides, this curse,
You must write better, or you else write worse.

[Prefixed to John Dryden's *The Conquest of Granada*, Part I, entered in the Stationers' Registers February 1670-71, printed in 1672.]

John Dryden, 1671.*Of Heroic Plays.*

. . . To those who object my frequent use of drums and trumpets, and my representations of battles, I answer, I introduced them not on the English stage: Shakespeare used them frequently; and though Jonson shows no battle in his *Catiline*, yet you hear from behind the scenes the sounding of trumpets, and the shouts of fighting armies.

[Prefixed to *The Conquest of Grenada*, Part I, entered in the Stationers' Registers in February, 1670-71, printed in 1672.]

John Dryden, 1671.*Epilogue.*

They, who have best succeeded on the stage,
Have still conformed their genius to their age.
Thus Jonson did mechanic humour show,
When men were dull, and conversation low.
Then comedy was faultless, but 'twas coarse:
Cobb's tankard was a jest, and Otter's horse.
And, as they comedy, their love was mean;
Except, by chance, in some one laboured scene,
Which must atone for an ill-written play,
They rose, but at their height could seldom stay.
Fame then was cheap, and the first comer sped;
And they have kept it since, by being dead.
But, were they now to write, when critics weigh
Each line, and every word, throughout a play,
None of them, no, not Jonson in his height,
Could pass, without allowing grains for weight.
Think it not envy, that these truths are told;
Our poet's not malicious, though he's bold.
'Tis not to brand them, that their faults are shown,
But by their errors, to excuse his own. . . .

* * * *

Defence of the Epilogue.

. . . To begin with Language. That an alteration is lately made in ours, or since the writers of the last age (in which I comprehend Shakespeare, Fletcher, and Jonson), is manifest.

Any man who reads those excellent poets, and compares their language with what is now written, will see it almost in every line; but that this is an improvement of the language, or an alteration for the better, will not so easily be granted. For many are of a contrary opinion, that the English tongue was then in the height of its perfection; that from Jonson's time to ours it has been a continual declination. . . .

As for Ben Jonson, I am loath to name him, because he is a most judicious writer; yet he very often falls into these errors: and I once more beg the reader's pardon for accusing him of them. Only let him consider, that I live in an age where my least faults are severely censured; and that I have no way left to extenuate my failings, but by showing as great in those whom we admire:

Cadimus, inque vicem præbemus crura sagittis.

I cast my eyes but by chance on Catiline; and in the three or four last pages, found enough to conclude that Jonson writ not correctly.

Let the long-hid seeds

Of treason, in thee, now shoot forth in deeds

Ranker than horror.

In reading some bombast speeches of Macbeth, which are not to be understood, he used to say that it was horror; and I am much afraid that this is so. . . .

But I am willing to close the book, partly out of veneration to the author, partly out of weariness to pursue an argument which is so fruitful in so small a compass. And what correctness, after this, can be expected from Shakespeare or from Fletcher, who wanted that learning and care which Jonson had? I will, therefore, spare my own trouble of inquiring into their faults. . . .

For Ben Jonson, the most judicious of poets, he always writ properly, and as the character required; and I will not contest farther with my friends, who call that wit: it being very certain, that even folly itself, well represented, is wit in a larger signification; and that there is fancy, as well as judgment, in it, though not so much or noble: because all poetry being imitation, that of folly is a lower exercise of fancy, though perhaps as diffi-

cult as the other; for it is a kind of looking downward in the poet, and representing that part of mankind which is below him.

In these low characters of vice and folly, lay the excellency of that inimitable writer; who, when at any time he aimed at wit in the stricter sense, that is, sharpness of conceit, was forced either to borrow from the ancients, as to my knowledge he did very much from Plautus; or, when he trusted himself alone, often fell into meanness of expression. Nay, he was not free from the lowest and most grovelling kind of wit, which we call clenches, of which *Every Man in his Humour* is infinitely full; and, which is worse, the wittiest persons in the drama speak them. His other comedies are not exempt from them. Will you give me leave to name some few? . . .

But, to conclude with what brevity I can, I will only add this, in defence of our present writers, that, if they reach not some excellencies of Ben Jonson (which no age, I am confident, ever shall), yet, at least, they are above that meanness of thought which I have taxed, and which is frequent in him. . . .

And this will be denied by none, but some few old fellows who value themselves on their acquaintance with the Black Friars; who, because they saw their plays, would pretend a right to judge ours. The memory of these grave gentlemen is their only plea for being wits. They can tell a story of Ben Jonson, and, perhaps, have had fancy enough to give a supper in the Apollo, that they might be called his sons. And, because they were drawn in to be laughed at in those times, they think themselves now sufficiently entitled to laugh at ours. . . .

Let us therefore admire the beauties and the heights of Shakespeare, without falling after him into a carelessness, and, as I may call it, a lethargy of thought, for whole scenes together. Let us imitate, as we are able, the quickness and easiness of Fletcher, without proposing him as a pattern to us, either in the redundancy of his matter, or the incorrectness of his language. Let us admire his wit and sharpness of conceit; but let us at the same time acknowledge, that it was seldom so fixed, and made proper to his character, as that the same things might not be spoken by any person in the play. Let us applaud his

scenes of love; but let us confess, that he understood not either greatness or perfect honour in the parts of any of his women. In fine, let us allow, that he had so much fancy, as when he pleased he could write wit; but that he wanted so much judgment, as seldom to have written humour, or described a pleasant folly. Let us ascribe to Jonson, the height and accuracy of judgment in the ordering of his plots, his choice of characters, and maintaining what he had chosen to the end: But let us not think him a perfect pattern of imitation, except it be in humour; for love, which is the foundation of all comedies in other languages, is scarcely mentioned in any of his plays: And for humour itself, the poets of this age will be more wary than to imitate the meanness of his persons. Gentlemen will now be entertained with the follies of each other; and, though they allow Cobb and Tib to speak properly, yet they are not much pleased with their tankard, or with their rags: And surely their conversation can be no jest to them on the theatre, when they would avoid it in the street.

[*Almanzor and Almahide, or the Conquest of Granada. The Second Part,*
entered in the Stationers' Registers in February, 1670-71, printed
in 1672.]

John Dryden, before 1672.

Prologue to Julius Caesar.

In Country Beauties as we often see,
Something that takes in their simplicity.
Yet while they charm, they know not they are fair,
And take without their spreading of the snare;
Such Artless beauty lies in *Shakespears* wit,
'Twas well in spight of him whate're he writ.
His excellencies came, and were not sought,
His words like casual Atoms made a thought:
Drew up themselves in rank and file, and writ,
He wondring how the devil it were such wit.
Thus like the drunken Tinker in his Play,
He grew a Prince, and never knew which way.
He did not know what Trope or Figure meant,
But to perswade is to be eloquent,

So in this *Cæsar* which this day you see,
Tully ne'r spoke as he makes *Anthony*.
 Those then that tax his Learning are too blame,
 He knew the thing, but did not know the Name:
 Great *Johnson* did that Ignorance adore,
 And though he envi'd much, admir'd him more.
 The faultless *Johnson* equally writ well,
Shakespear made faults; but then did more excel.
 One close at Guard like some old fencer lay,
 Tother more open, but he shew'd more play.
 In imitation *Johnsons* wit was shown,
 Heaven made his men, but *Shakespear* made his own.
 Wise *Johnson's* talent in observing lay,
 But others' follies still made up his play.
 He drew the like in each elaborate line,
 But *Shakespear* like a Master did design.
Johnson with skill dissected humane kind,
 And show'd their faults, that they their faults might find;
 But then as all Anatomists must do,
 He to the meanest of mankind did go.
 And took from Gibbets such as he would show.
 Both are so great that he must boldly dare,
 Who both of 'em does judge and both compare.
 If amongst Poets one more bold there be,
 The man that dare attempt in either way, is he.

[*Covent Garden Drolery*, 1672, p. 9.]

Title-page, 1672.

The Poems of Ben Johnson Junior. Being A Miscelanie of Seriousness, Wit, Mirth, and Myserie. In Vulpone, The Dream, Inter Bevoriale, Songs, &c. Composed by W. S. Gent. . . . London, Printed for Tho. Passenger at the three Bibles about the middle of London Bridge. 1672.

George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, 1672.

Bayes. . . . I despise your *Johnson* and *Beaumont*, that borrow'd all they writ from Nature; I am for fetching it purely out of my own fancy, I.

[*The Rehearsal*, 1672, Act II, Scene i.]

Robert Veel, 1672.

To Mr. T. D. on his Ingenious Songs and Poems.

How many *Best* of *Poets* have we known?
 And yet how far those *Best* have been out-done!
 When *Chaucer* dy'd, Men of that Age decreed
 A Dismal Fate to all that shou'd succeed:
 Yet when *Great Ben*, and *Mighty Shakespear* wrote,
 We were convinc'd those Elder Times did dote.

[*New Court-Songs and Poems*, 1672.]

Tavern Token, 1672.

Obverse: BEN. IOHNSONS. HEAD. IN; in the field, 1672, very bold. Reverse: SHOOE. LANE. 1672; in the field, full face bust of Johnson. It is of the penny size.

[This token from the Ben Jonson Tavern in Shoe Lane is described in *Notes and Queries*, 6th Series, July 24, 1880, p. 75.]

Sir C. S., 1672.

Poets and Thieves can scarce be rooted out;
 'Scape ne'er so hardly, they'll have th'other Bout.
 Burnt in the Hand, the Thieves fall to't again;
 And Poets hist, cry *They did so to Ben*. . . .

[Prologue to Thomas Shadwell's *Epsom-Wells*, acted 1672, printed 1673. The writer was probably Sir Charles Sedley.]

Anonymous, 1673.

If he [Dryden] tells us that *Johnson* writ by art, *Shakespeare* by nature; that *Beaumont* had judgment, *Fletcher* wit, that *Cowley* was copious, *Denham* lofty, *Waller* smooth, he cannot be thought malicious, since he admires them, but rather skilful that he knows how to value them.

[*A Description of the Academy of the Athenian: with a Discours held there in Vindication of Mr. Dryden's Conquest of Grenada; Against the Author of the Censure of Rota*, 1673, p. 32.]

William Arrowsmith, 1673.

Pis[auro]. Come Sir you are a judge, what opinion have you of the last new Play? . . .

Tut. There are many pretenders but you see how few succeed; and bating two or three of this nation as *Tasso*, *Ariosto* and *Guarini*, that write indifferently well, the rest must not be named for Poesy: we have some three or four, as *Fletcher*, *Iohnson*, *Shakespear*, *Davenant*, that have scribbled themselves into the bulk of follies and are admired too, but ne're knew the laws of heroick or dramattick poesy, nor faith to write true English neither.

[*The Reformation, a Comedy*, 1673, Act IV, Scene i, pp. 46-7.]

Edward Howard, 1673.

The witty Fletcher, and Elaborate Ben,
And Shakespeare had the first Dramatique Pen:
In most of their admired Scenes we prove,
Their Busines or their Passion turns to Love.

* * * *

Thus Johnson's Wit we still admire,
With Beaumont, Fletcher's lasting fire:
And mighty Shakespear's nimble vein,
Whose haste we only now complain.
His Muse first post was fain to go,
That first from him we Plays might know.

* * * *

Shakespear, *Beaumont*, *Fletcher*, and *Johnson*, must be nothing with them though such majestick strength of Wit and Judgment is due to their Dramatique pieces.

* * * *

Ben *Johnson* said of *Shakespear's* Works, that where he made one blot, he wish'd he had made a thousand.

[*Poems and Essays by a Gentleman of Quality*, 1673, pp. 13, 66, *Miscellanies*, pp. 24, 81.]

Anonymous, 1673.

Thus was he [Dryden] (forsooth) taken to Task, Postponed, and there Lash'd on both sides by the two, too unkind Universities, *Oxford* first taking him up, while his Mother *Cambridge* Chastised him severely . . . and next for abusing his Grandsire

Shakespeare, and Father *Ben*, and being very sawcy with others of his Elders.

[*Raillerie a La Mode Consider'd; or the Supercilious Detractor*, 1673, p. 25.]

Francis Kirkman, 1673.

The most part of these Pieces were written by such Penmen as were known to be the ablest Artists that ever this Nation produced, by Name, *Shake-spear*, *Fletcher*, *Johnson*, *Shirley*, and others; and these Collections are the very Soul of their writings, if the witty part thereof may be so termed: And the other small Pieces composed by several other Authors are such as have been of great fame in this last Age.

[*The Wits or Sport upon Sport*, 1673, Preface, sig. A2.]

John Phillips, 1673.

There sits *Ben Johnson* like a Tetrarch,
With *Chaucer*, *Carew*, *Shakespeare*, *Petrarch*,
Fletcher and *Beaumont*, and *Menander*,
Plautus and *Terence*. . . .

[*Maronides, or Virgil Travesty*, 1673, p. 108.]

Arthur Tichborne, 1673.

Tell me no more of Laureated *Ben*.,
Shakesphear, and *Fletcher*, once the *wiser men*.
Their Acts ('tis true) were Sublime! yet I see
They'r all Revisedly compos'd in Thee.

[Verses before Matthew Stevenson's *Poems*, 1673, sig. A4.]

John Dryden, 1673.

. . . I will be no more mistaken for my good meaning: I know I honour Ben Jonson more than my little critics, because, without vanity I may own, I understand him better. . . . I have not wanted friends, even among strangers, who have defended me more strongly, than my contemptible pedant could attack me. For the other, he is only like Fungoso in the play,

who follows the fashion at a distance, and adores the Fastidious Brisk of Oxford.

[The Dedication, to Sir Charles Sedley, prefixed to *The Assignation*, 1673.]

John Dryden, 1673.

Prologue to the University of Oxford.

What Greece, when learning flourished, only knew,
 Athenian judges, you this day renew.
 Here, too, are annual rites to Pallas done,
 And here poetic prizes lost or won.
 Methinks I see you, crowned with olives, sit,
 And strike a sacred horror from the pit.
 A day of doom is this of your decree,
 Where even the best are but by mercy free;
 A day, which none but Jonson durst have wished to see. . . .

* * * *

Epilogue to the University of Oxford.

Fletcher's despised, your Jonson's out of fashion,
 And wit the only drug in all the nation.
 In this low ebb our wares to you are shown,
 By you whose staple authors' worth is known,
 For wit's a manufacture of your own.
 When you, who only can, their scenes have praised,
 We'll back, and boldly say, their price is raised.
 [Spoken by Mr. Hart at the acting of *The Silent Woman*; *The Works of John Dryden*, ed. Scott and Saintsbury, 1885, x, 379-84.]

John Dryden, 1674.

Prologue to the University of Oxford, 1674.

With joy we bring what our dead authors writ,
 And beg from you the value of their wit:
 That Shakespeare's, Fletcher's, and great Jonson's claim,
 May be renewed from those who gave them fame.
 [In *The Works of John Dryden*, ed. Scott and Saintsbury, 1885, x, 324.]

John Wright, 1674.

Our Modern Dramatiques present us with greater Idæa's both of Vice and Vertue: Yet Ben: Johnson thought a considerable part of Seneca's *Thyestes* not improper for the English Stage in his time, when he took most of Sylla's Ghost from hence, and so well approved of this way of Introduction, that he served himself of it not only in his Tragedy of *Cateline*, but also in his *Deuill's an Ass*, a comedy, where he makes a Pug his *Home d'Intrigue*.

[*Thyestes a Tragedy*, 1674, Dedication.]

Thomas Rymer, 1674.

At this time with us many great Wits flourished, but *Ben Johnson*, I think, had all the Critical learning to himself; and till of late years *England* was as free from Criticks as it is from *Wolves*, that a harmless well-meaning Book might pass without any danger. But now this priuiledge, whatever extraordinary Talent it requires, is usurped by the most ignorant; and they who are least acquainted with the game are aptest to bark at every thing that comes in their way.

[Preface to the translation of Rapin's *Reflections on Aristotle's Treatise of Poesie*, 1674.]

Edmund Wheeler, about 1674.

To give such guests that welcome which is due,
Would pose a *Shakespeare*, and a *Johnson* too.

[*Carmen Laudatorium, or verses on the praise of Mr. Henry Boxe founder of Witney Schoole in Oxfordshire (by the scholars of Witney schoole)*. Sloane MS. 1458, p. 14.]

Samuel Speed, 1675.

On which the *Duke*, to shun a scorching doom,
Perambulated to *Ben Johnson's* Tomb [i.e. Westminster Abbey],
Where *Shakespeare*, *Spencer*, *Camden*, and the rest,
Once rising Suns, are now set in the West:
But still their lustres do so brightly shine,
That they invite our Worthies there to dine,
Where their moist Marbles seem for grief to weep,
That they, but Stone, should sacred Relicks keep:

And some have fancied that they've heard them sing,
Within this place is Aganippe's Spring.
 There our ingenious Train have thought it fit
 To change their Diet, and to dine on Wit.
 First with a free consent they all combine
 To pay their visits unto *Cataline*,
 By whom a Damsel stil'd *The Silent Woman*,
 Stands in her rich attire, the like by no Man
 Was ever yet beheld; and 'tis her due
 To stand near him, b'ing fair, and silent too:
 For if some Ladies stood but in her stead,
 Their Clappers would go nigh to wake the dead.
 Hard by this famous Dame, with well-grown Locks,
 Behold an ancient well-experienc'd *Fox*,
 Plac'd as a grave adviser, who with care
 Cries out, *O rare Ben Johnson lieth there.*
 Next day His Grace, and all his Guests so trim,
 Do *Shakespear* find, and then they feast on him.
 For two such Dishes at one single meal,
 Would like two Thieves into the Senses steal;
 And such a Surfeit cause, that by their pain,
 They'd judg'd unsafe to feed on Wit again.

[*The Legend of the Thrice-Honorable, Ancient, and Renowned Prince, His Grace Humphrey, Duke of S. Pauls Cathedral Walk*; in *Fragmenta Carceris*, 1675, Sig. F4 recto and verso. In the lines that follow Speed mentions Spenser, Chaucer, Drayton, Camden, and others.]

Edward Phillips, 1675.

Benjamin Johnson, the most learned, judicious and correct, generally so accounted, of our *English* Comedians, and the more to be admired for being so, for that neither the height of natural parts, for he was no *Shakespear*, nor the cost of Extraordinary Education; for he is reported but a Bricklayers Son, but his own proper Industry and Addiction to Books advanc't him to this perfection: In three of his Comedies, namely the *Fox*, *Alchymist* and *Silent Woman*, he may be compared, in the Judgment of Learned Men, for Decorum, Language, and well

Humouring of the Parts, as well with the chief of the Ancient Grec and Latin Comedians as the prime of Modern *Italians*, who have been judg'd the best of *Europe* for a happy Vein in Comedies, nor is his *Bartholmew-Fair* much short of them; as for his other Comedies *Cinthia's Revells*, *Poetaster*, and the rest, let the name of *Ben Johnson* protect them against whoever shall think fit to be severe in censure against them: The Truth is, his Tragedies *Sejanus* and *Catiline* seem to have in them more of an artificial and inflate than of a pathetical and naturally Tragic height: In the rest of his Poetry, for he is not wholly Dramatic, as his Underwoods, Epigrams, &c. he is sometimes bold and strenuous, sometimes Magisterial, sometimes Lepid and full enough of conceit, and sometimes a Man as other Men are.

* * * *

John Fletcher, one of the happy *Triumvirat* (the other two being *Johnson* and *Shakespear*) of the Chief Dramatic Poets of our Nation, in the last foregoing Age, among whom there might be said to be a symmetry of perfection, while each excelled in his peculiar way: *Ben. Johnson* in his elaborate pains and knowledge of Authors, *Shakespear* in his pure vein of wit, and natural Poetic height; *Fletcher* in a courtly Elegance, and gentle familiarity of style, and withal a wit and invention so overflowing, that the luxuriant branches thereof were frequently thought convenient to be lopt off by his almost inseperable companion *Francis Beaumont*.

* * * *

Richard Brome, a Servant to Ben. Johnson; a Servant suitable to such a Master, and who what with his faithful service and the sympathy of his Genius, was thought worthy his particular commendation in Verse; whatever Instructions he might have from his Master *Johnson*, he certainly by his own natural parts improved in a great height, and at last became not many parasanges inferior to him in fame by divers noted Comedies.

* * * *

Thomas Decker, a High-flier in wit, even against *Ben. Johnson* himself in his Comedy call'd *The Untrussing of the humorous Poet*; besides which he wrote many others.

[*Theatrum Poetarum*, 1675, pp. 19, 108, 157, 175.]

Thomas Shadwell, 1675.

. . . And I doubt not but the Candid Reader will forgive the Faults, when he considers that the great Design was to entertain the Town with variety of Musick, curious Dancing, splendid Scenes and Machines; and that I do not, nor ever did intend to value my self upon the writing of this Play. For I had rather be Author of one Scene of Comedy, like some of *Ben. Johnson's*, than of all the best Plays of this kind, that have been, or ever shall be written.

[Preface to *Psyche*, 1675.]

Sir Francis Fane, 1675.

Yet these are they, who durst expose the Age
Of the great *Wonder* of our English Stage.
Whom Nature seem'd to form for your delight,
And bid him speak, as she bid *Shakespeare* write.
Those Blades indeed are Cripples in their Art
Mimick his Foot, but not his speaking part.
Let them the *Traytor* or *Volpone* try,
Could they —————
Rage like *Cethegus*, or like *Cassius* die,
They ne'er had sent to *Paris* for such Fancies,
As Monster's heads, and Merry *Andrew's* Dances.

[Epilogue to *Love in the Dark*, 1675.]

Charles Sackville, Earl of Dorset, 1675.

Epilogue on the Revival of Every Man in his Humour.

Entreaty shall not serve, nor violence,
To make me speak in such a play's defence;
A play, where Wit and Humour do agree
To break all practis'd laws of Comedy.
The scene (what more absurd!) in England lies,
No gods descend, nor dancing devils rise;
No captive prince from unknown country brought,
No battle, nay, there's scarce a duel fought:
And something yet more sharply might be said,
But I consider the poor author's dead:

Let that be his excuse. Now for our own:
 Why, faith, in my opinion, we need none.
 The parts were fitted well; but some will say,
 "Pox on them, rogues, what made them choose this play?"
 I do not doubt but you will credit me,
 It was not choice but mere necessity.
 To all our writing friends in town we sent,
 But not a wit durst venture out in Lent:
 Have patience but till Easter-term, and then
 You shall have jig and hobby-horse again.

* * * *

For diverse weighty reasons 'twas thought fit
 Unruly Sense should still to Rhyme submit:
 This, the most wholesome law we ever made,
 So strictly in this epilogue obey'd,
 Sure no man here will ever dare to break—

[*Enter Ghost of Jonson, interrupting:*]

Hold, and give way! for I myself will speak.
 Can you encourage so much insolence,
 And add new faults still to the great offence,
 Your ancestors so rashly did commit
 Against the mighty powers of Art and Wit;
 When they condemn'd those noble works of mine,
Sejanus, and my best-lov'd *Catiline*?
 Repent, or on your guilty heads shall fall
 The curse of many a rhyming pastoral.
 The three bold Beauchamps shall revive again,
 And with the London 'prentice conquer Spain.
 All the dull follies of the former age
 Shall find applause on this corrupted stage;
 But if you pay the great arrears of praise
 So long since due to my much-injur'd plays,
 From all past crimes I first will set you free,
 And then inspire some one to write like me.

[*Poems upon Several Occasions*, 1675, p. 29.]

Anonymous, about 1676.

Ben Johnson, traveling from London to Oxford upon a Valentine's day, meets an Highwayman.

Ben Johnson. Flee hence, or by thy Coat of steele
I'll make thy heart my brazen bullet feele,
And send that thrice as theevish soule of thine
To Hell to be the Devell's valentine.

Reply by y^e Hman.

Robber. Art thou great Ben, or y^e revived ghost
Of famous Shakespeare, or some drunken host
That being tipsy wth thy muddy beer
Dost think thy rhyme shall dawnt my soule wth feare.

Know this, base slave, that I am one of those
Can take a purse as well in verse as proes,
And wⁿ thou art dead wright this upon thy herse
Here ly's a Poet y^t was robb'd in verse.

[Common-place book in the Diocesan Registry at Worcester, folio 73 b. The manuscript bears the name of John Pryce, Chancellor of the Diocese from 1696 to 1705, and the date 1676. The verses appear also in *Musarum Deliciae*, 1655; see the entry "Sir John Mennis and Dr. James Smith, 1655."]

James Duport, 1676.

*In Benjaminum Jonsonum, Poetam Laureatum, &
Dramaticorum sui Seculi facile Principem.*

Joustone, Angliacæ decus immortale Camænae,
Magne Pater Vatum, Aoniæ Coryphææ catervæ,
Benjamine, (tibi nec vanum nominis omen)
Cui tam *dextera* Pallas adest, tam *dexter* Apollo;
Laurigeros egit quoties tua Musa triumphos!
Laudibus en quantis, quanto evehit Anglia plausu
Jonsonum, pleni moderantem fræna theatri!
Per te Scena loqui didicit: tibi candida vena,
Et jocus innocuus; nec quem tua fabula mordet
Dente Theonino, sed pravis aspera tantum
Moribus, insanum multo sale defricat ævum.

Nec Fescennino ludit tua carmine Musa;
 Nec petulans aures amat incestare theatri,
 Aut fœdare oculos obscœnis improba nugis:
 Sunt tibi tam castæ Veneres, plenæque pudoris.
 Scenam nulla tuam perfrictâ fronte puella
 Intrat, nec quenquam teneræ capit illice vocis,
 Nec spectatorem patranti frangit oculo.
 Dramate tu recto, tu linguæ idiomate puro,
 Exornas soccósque leves, grandésque cothurnos.
 Si Lyricus, tu jam *Flaccus*; si Comicus, alter
Plautus es ingenio, tersivè *Terentius* oris
 Anglicus, aut, Græcos si fortè imitere, *Menander*,
 Cujus versu usus, ceu sacro Emblemate, *Paulus*:
 Sin Tragicus, magni jam præceptore *Neronis*
 Altiùs eloqueris, *Senecâ* & prædivite major,
 (Ingenii at tantùm dives tu divite venâ,
 Grandiùs ore tonas, verborum & fulmina vibras.
 Tu captatores, locupleti hamata, seníque,
 Munera mittentes, Vulpino decipis astu
 Callidus incantos, & fraudem fraude retexis:
 Atque hæredipetas corvos deludis hiantes,
 Vanâ spe lactans, cera nec scribis in ima.
 Per te nec leno aut meretrix impunè per urbem
 Grassatur, stolidæ & tendit sua retia pubi.
 Nec mœchus, nec fur, incastigatus oberrat,
 Illæsusve, tuæ prudenti verbere scenæ.
 Sic vitium omne vafer tuus ipse ut *Horatius* olim,
Tangis, & admissus circum præcordia ludis.
 Per te audax *Catilina*, nefas horrendus Alastor
 Dum struit infandum, cædésque & funera passim
 Molitur Romæ, facundi Consulis ore
 Ingeniíoque perit; patriæ & dum perfidus enses
 Intentat jugulo, franguntur colla *Cethegi*;
 Quicquid *Sylla* minax, ipsis è faucibus Orci,
 Et Fortunati demurmuret umbra tyranni:
 Nempe faces flammásque extinguit flumine lactis
Tullius, Angliaco meliùs sic ore locutus.

Culmine tu rapiens magnum deolvīs ab alto
Sejanum; ille potens populum, pavidúmque senatum
 Rexerat imperio nuper, dum solus habenas
 Tractaret Romæ, nutu & tremefecerat orbem,
Cæsare confisus; nunc verso cardine rerum
 Mole suâ miser ipse cadens, & pondere pressus,
 Concutit attonitum lapsu graviore theatrum,
 Ingentémque trahit turbâ plaudente ruinam.
 Sic nullum exemplo crimen tu linquis inultum,
 Sive & avarities, & amor vesanus habendi,
 Sive sit ambitio, & dominandi cæca libido.
 Crimina sic hominum versu tortore flagellas,
 Et vitia exponis toti ludibria plebi;
 Protinus illa tuo sordent explosa theatro,
 Dramáque virtutis schola fit, prælectio scena,
 Histrio philosophus, morum vel denique censor,
 Et ludi, *Jonsonæ*, tui sic seria ducunt.
 Ergo tua effigies, nostris spectanda plateis,
 (Quam meliùs toti ostendit tua Pagina mundo)
 Non hominis, sed viva Poesios extat imago;
Benjamini icon, Capitísque insigne Poetæ;
 Nomen & ingenii, *Jonsoni* nomen habetur.
 [*Musæ Subsecivæ*, 1676, pp. 8-9.]

Anonymous, 1676.

When our Players were come together in a chamber, most of
 the vagrant Town-Butterflies flock'd into their presence, amongst
 which some were unsatisfied at their cold reception. They all
 began to discourse of Plaies, Poetry and renowned Authors of
Romances: Never was more noise made in any Chamber, unless
 at a Quarrel. And above all the rest the Poet, with a ring of
 admirers about him of the chiefest Wits of the Town, was tearing
 his Throat with telling them he had seen *Shakespeare*, *B. Johnson*,
Fletcher, *Cornéille*; had drunk many a Quart with *Saint Amant*,
Davenant, *Shirley*, and *Beys*; and lost good Friends by the death
 of *Rotrou*, *Denham* and *Cowly*.

[*Scarron's Comical Romance: Or, a Facetious History of a Company of
 Strowling Stage-Players*, 1676, p. 17. In the French original no
 mention of the English writers is made.]

Thomas Shadwell, 1676.*Epistle Dedicatory.*

. . . But the same People, to my great Comfort, damn all Mr. *Johnson's* Plays, who was incomparably the best Dramatick Poet that ever was, or, I believe, ever will be; and I had rather be Author of one Scene in his best Comedies, than of any Play this Age has produc'd.

* * * *

Prologue.

For Wit, like *China*, should long buried lie,
 Before it ripens to good Comedy;
 A thing we ne'er have seen since *Johnson's* Days:
 And but a few of his were perfect Plays.
 Now Drudges of the Stage must oft appear,
 They must be bound to scribble twice a Year.

[*The Virtuoso*, 1676.]

William Cavendish, Duke of Newcastle, 1676.

A great Noyse within, then one enters presently, and says this:

Oh Gentlemen, there is such a Civill Warr amongst us within, the horriblest mistake that ever was, in the World. Wee have spoken a wronge Prologue, never such a Stage Error, not in all the raigne of Shakspeare, Jonson, or of Fletcher.

[Prologue to *The Humorous Lovers*, Harl. MS. 7367, p. 3.]

William Cavendish, Duke of Newcastle, 1677.

Codsh[ead]. Good Sir, try some English Poets, as *Shakespear*.

Doct[or]. You had as good give him preserv'd Apricocks, he has too much Wit for him, and then *Fletcher* and *Beaumont* have so much of the Spanish Perfume of Romances and Novels. . . .

The last Remedy, like Pigeons to the soles of the feet, must be to apply my dear Friend Mr. *Johnson's* Works, but they must be apply'd to his head.

Codsh. Oh, have a care, Doctor, he hates *Ben. Johnson*, he has an Antipathy to him.

Cramb[o]. Oh, I hate *Johnson*, oh oh, dull dull, oh oh, no Wit.

Doct. 'Tis you are dull . . . dull! he was the Honour of his Nation, and the Poet of Poets.

[*The Triumphant Widow*, 1677, pp. 60-61.]

Sir Carr Scrope, about 1677.

When *Shakespear*, *Johnson*, *Fletcher*, rul'd the Stage,
They took so bold a Freedom with the Age,
That there were scarce a Knave, or Fool, in Town
Of any Note, but had his Picture shown.

[*In Defence of Satyr, A Poem in Imitation of Horace, lib. I. sat. 4.* This work is mentioned by Anthony à Wood; and the Earl of Rochester, in *An Allusion to the Tenth Satyr of the First Book of Horace, Poems on several occasions*, 1685, p. 39, quotes the above opening lines.]

John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester, 1677-79.

A jeast in scorn points out and hits the thing
More home than the *Morosest* Satyrs sting.
Shake-spear and *Johnson* did herein excell,
And might in this be imitated well.

* * * *

But does not *Dryden* find ev'n *Johnson* dull?
Fletcher and *Beaumont* uncorrect, and full
Of lewd Lines, as he calls 'em? *Shake-spear's* stile
Stiff and affected; to his own the while
Allowing all the justness that his Pride
So arrogantly had to these deny'd?

[*Poems on Several Occasions*, 1680; from second ed. of 1685, as reprinted in J. E. Spingarn's *Critical Essays of the Seventeenth Century*, 1908, ii, 283-84.]

Thomas Rymer, 1678.

I provided me some of those *Master-pieces* of Wit, so renown'd every-where and so edifying to the Stage,—I mean the choicest and most applauded *English Tragedies* of this last age, as *Rollo*, *A King and no King*, the *Maids Tragedy* by *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*, *Othello* and *Julius Caesar* by *Shakespear*, and *Catiline* by *Worthy Ben*.

* * * *

Let me only anticipate a little in behalf of the *Catiline*, and now tell my thoughts, that though the contrivance and æconomy is faulty enough, yet we there find (besides what is borrow'd from others) more of Poetry and of good thought, more of Nature and of Tragedy, then peradventure can be scrap't together from all those other *Plays*.

Nor can I be displeas'd with honest *Ben*, when he rather chooses to borrow a *Melon* of his Neighbour than to treat us with a *Pumpion* of his own growth.

[*The Tragedies of the Last Age Consider'd and Examined by the Practice of the Ancients and by the Common Sense of all Ages*, 1678; in *Critical Essays of the Seventeenth Century*, ed. J. E. Spingarn, 1908, ii, 182, 206.]

Thomas Tenison, 1678.

The Latine translation of them [Bacon's *Essays*] was a work performed by divers hands; by those of Dr. Hacket (late Bishop of Lichfield), Mr. Benjamin Johnson (the learned and judicious Poet), and some others, whose names I once heard from Dr. Rawley, [Bacon's chaplain] but I cannot now recal them.

[*Baconiana*, 1678; cited in *Notes and Queries*, 10th Series, February 4, 1905, p. 94.]

John Oldham, 1678.

Ode Upon the Works of Ben Johnson.

Written in 1678.

I.

Great Thou! whom 'tis a Crime almost to dare to praise,
Whose firm establish'd, and unshaken Glories stand,
And proudly their own Fame command,
Above our pow'r to lessen or to raise,
And all, but the few Heirs of thy brave Genius, and thy Bays;
Hail mighty Founder of our Stage! For so I dare
Entitle thee, nor any modern Censures fear,
Nor care what thy unjust Detractors say;
They'll say perhaps, that others did Materials bring,
That others did the first Foundations lay.
And glorious 'twas (we grant) but to begin:

But thou alone could'st finish the design,
 All the fair Model, and the Workmanship was thine:
 Some bold Advent'urers might have been before,
 Who durst the unknown world explore;
 By them it was survey'd at distant view,
 And here and there a Cape, and Line they drew,
 Which only serv'd as hints, and marks to thee,
 Who wast reserv'd to make the full discovery:
 Art's Compass to thy painful search we owe,
 Whereby thou went'st so far, and we may after go,
 By that we may Wit's vast, and trackless Ocean try,
 Content no longer, as before,
 Dully to coast along the shore,
 But steer a course more unconfin'd, and free,
 Beyond the narrow bounds, that pent Antiquity.

II.

Never till thee the Theater possest
 A Prince with equal Pow'r, and Greatness blest,
 No Government, or Laws it had
 To strengthen and establish it,
 Till thy great hand the Scepter sway'd,
 But groan'd under a wretched Anarchy of Wit:
 Unform'd, and void was then its Poesie,
 Only some præ-existing Matter we
 Perhaps could see,
 That might foretel what was to be;
 A rude, and undigested Lump it lay,
 Like the old *Chaos*, e'er the birth of Light, and Day,
 Till thy brave Genius like a new Creator came,
 And undertook the mighty Frame;
 No shuffled Atoms did the well-built work compose
 It from no lucky hit of blund'ring Chance arose
 (As some of this great Fabrick idly dream)
 But wise, all-seeing Judgment did contrive,
 And knowing Art its Graces give:
 No sooner did thy Soul with active Force and Fire
 The dull and heavy Mass inspire,

But strait throughout it let us see
 Proportion, Order, Harmony,
 And every part did to the whole agree,
 And strait appear'd a beauteous new-made world of Poetry.

III.

Let dull, and ignorant Pretenders Art condemn
 (Those only Foes to Art, and Art to them)
 The meer Fanaticks, and Enthusiasts in Poetry
 (For Schismaticks in that, as in Religion be)
 Who make't all Revelation, Trance, and Dream.
 Let them despise her Laws, and think
 That Rules and Forms the Spirit stint:
 Thine was no mad, unruly Frenzy of the brain,
 Which justly might deserve the Chain,
 'Twas brisk, and mettled, but a manag'd Rage,
 Sprightly as vig'rous Youth, and cool as temp'rate Age:
 Free, like thy Will, it did all Force disdain,
 But suffer'd Reason's loose and easie rein,
 By that it suffer'd to be led,
 Which did not curb Poetick Liberty, but guide:
 Fancy, that wild and haggard Faculty,
 Untam'd in most, and let at random fly,
 Was wisely govern'd and reclaim'd by thee:
 Restraint, and Discipline was made endure,
 And by thy calm and milder Judgment brought to lure;
 Yet when 'twas at some nobler Quarry sent,
 With bold, and tow'ring wings it upward went,
 Not lessen'd at the greatest height,
 Not turn'd by the most giddy flights of dazling Wit.

IV.

Nature, and Art together met, and joyn'd,
 Made up the Character of thy great Mind.
 That like a bright and glorious Sphere,
 Appear'd with numerous Stars embellish'd o'er.
 And much of Light to thee, and much of Influence bore.
 This was the strong Intelligence, whose pow'r
 Turn'd it about, and did the unerring motions steer:

Concurring both like vital Seed and Heat,
 The noble Births they joyntly did beget,
 And hard 'twas to be thought,
 Which most of force to the great Generation brought:
 So mingling Elements compose our Bodies frame,
 Fire, Water, Earth, and Air,
 Alike their just Proportions share,
 Each undistinguish'd still remains the same,
 Yet can't we say that either's here or there,
 But all, we know not how, are scatter'd ev'ry where.

V.

Sober and grave was still the Garb thy Muse put on,
 No tawdry careless slattern Dress,
 Nor starch'd, and formal with Affectedness,
 Nor the cast Mode, and Fashion of the Court, and Town:
 But neat, agreeable, and janty 'twas,
 Well fitted, it sate close in every place,
 And all became with an uncommon Air, and Grace:
 Rich, costly and substantial was the stuff,
 Nor barely smooth, nor yet too coarsly rough:
 No refuse, ill-patch'd Shreds o' th' Schools,
 The motly wear of read, and learned Fools;
 No *French* Commodity which now so much does take,
 And our own better Manufacture spoil,
 Nor was it ought of forein Spoil;
 But Staple all, and all of *English* Growth and Make;
 What Flow'rs so'er of Art it had, were found
 No tinsel slight Embroideries,
 But all appear'd either the native Ground,
 Or twisted, wrought, and interwoven with the Piece.

VI.

Plain Humor, shewn with her whole various Face,
 Not mask'd with any antick Dress,
 Nor screw'd in forc'd ridiculous Grimace
 (The gaping Rabblies dull delight,
 And more the Actor's than the Poet's Wit)
 Such did she enter on thy Stage,
 And such was represented to the wond'ring Age:

Well wast thou skill'd, and read in human kind;
 In every wild fantastick Passion of his mind,
 Didst into all his hidden Inclinations dive
 What each from Nature does receive,
 Or Age, or Sex, or Quality, or Country give;
 What custom too, that mighty Sorceress,
 Whose pow'rful Witchcraft does transform
 Enchanted Man to several monstrous Images,
 Makes this an odd, and freakish Monky turn,
 And that a grave and solemn Ass appear,
 And all a thousand beastly shapes of Folly wear:
 Whate'er Caprice or Whimsie leads awry
 Perverted and seduc'd Mortality,
 Or does incline, and byass it
 From what's Discreet, and Wise, and Right, and Good, and Fit;
 All in thy faithful Glass were so express'd,
 As if they were Reflections of thy Breast,
 As if they had been stamp'd on thy own mind,
 And thou the universal vast Idea of Mankind.

VII.

Never didst thou with the same Dish repeated cloy,
 Tho every Dish, well cook'd by thee,
 Contain'd a plentiful Variety
 To all that could sound relishing Palats be,
 Each Regale with new Delicacies did invite,
 Courted the Tast, and rais'd the Appetite:
 Whate'er fresh dainty Fops in season were
 To garnish and set out thy Bill of Fare,
 (Those never found to fail throughout the year,
 For seldom that ill natur'd Planet rules,
 That plagues a Poet with a dearth of Fools)
 What thy strict Observation e'er survey'd,
 From the fine luscious Spark of high and courtly Breed,
 Down to the dull, insipid Cit,
 Made thy pleas'd Audience entertainment fit,
 Serv'd up with all the grateful Poignancies of Wit.

VIII.

Most Plays are writ like Almanacks of late,
And serve one only Year, one only State;
Another makes them useless, stale, and out of date;
But thine were wisely calculated fit
For each Meridian, every Clime of Wit.
For all succeeding Time, and after-age,
And all Mankind might thy vast Audience sit,
And the whole World be justly made thy Stage:
Still they shall taking be, and ever new,
Still keep in vogue in spite of all the damning Crew;
Till the last Scene of this great Theatre,
Clos'd, and shut down,
The numerous Actors all retire,
And the grand Play of human Life be done.

IX.

Beshrew those envious Tongues, who seek to blast thy Bays,
Who Spots in thy bright Fame would find, or raise,
And say it only shines with borrow'd Rays;
Rich in thy self, to whose unbounded store
Exhausted Nature could vouchsafe no more:
Thou could'st alone the Empire of the Stage maintain,
Could'st all its Grandeur, and its Port sustain,
Nor needest others Subsidies to pay,
Needest no Tax on forein, or thy native Country lay,
To bear the charges of thy purchas'd Fame,
But thy own Stock could raise the same,
Thy sole Revenue all the vast Expence defray:
Yet like some mighty Conqueror in Poetry,
Design'd by Fate of choice to be
Founder of its new universal Monarchy,
Boldly thou didst the learned World invade,
Whilst all around thy pow'rful Genius sway'd,
Soon vanquish'd *Rome*, and *Greece* were made submit,
Both were thy humble Tributaries made,
And thou return'dst in Triumph with her captive Wit.

X.

Unjust, and more ill-natur'd those,
Thy spiteful, and malicious Foes,
Who on thy happiest Talent fix a lye,
And call that Slowness, which was Care and Industry.
Let me (with Pride so to be guilty thought)
Share all thy wish'd Reproach, and share thy shame,
If Diligence be deem'd a fault,
If to be faultless must deserve their Blame:
Judge of thy self alone (for none there were
Could be so just, or could be so severe)
Thou thy own Works didst strictly try
By known and uncontested Rules of Poetry,
And gav'st thy Sentence still impartially:
With rigor thou arraign'st each guilty Line,
And spar'dst no criminal Sense, because 'twas thine:
Unbrib'd with Labour, Love, or Self-conceit,
(For never, or too seldom we,
Objects too near us, our own Blemishes can see)
Thou didst not small'st Delinquencies acquit,
But saw'st them to Correction all submit,
Saw'st execution done on all convicted Crimes of Wit.

XI.

Some curious Painter, taught by Art to dare
(For they with Poets in that Title share)
When he would undertake a glorious Frame
Of lasting Worth, and fadeless as his Fame;
Long he contrives, and weighs the bold Design,
Long holds his doubting hand e'er he begin,
And justly then proportions every stroke, and line,
And oft he brings it to review,
And oft he does deface, and dashes oft anew,
And mixes Oyls to make the flitting Colours dure,
To keep 'em from the tarnish of injurious Time secure;
Finish'd at length in all that Care, and Skill can do,
The matchless Piece is set to publick View,
And all surpriz'd about it wond'ring stand,

And tho no name be found below,
 Yet strait discern th'unimitable hand,
 And strait they cry 'tis *Titian*, or 'tis *Angelo*:
 So thy brave Soul that scorn'd all cheap and easie ways,
 And trod no common road to Praise,
 Would not with rash, and speedy Negligence proceed,
 (For whoe'er saw Perfection grow in haste?
 Or that soon done which must for ever last?)
 But gently did advance with wary heed,
 And shew'd that mastery is most in justness read:
 Naught ever issued from thy teeming Breast,
 But what had gone full time, could write exactly best,
 And stand the sharpest Censure, and defie the rigid'st Test.

XII.

'Twas thus th' Almighty Poet (if we dare
 Our weak, and meaner Acts with his compare)
 When he the World's fair Poem did of old design,
 That Work, which now must boast no longer date than thine;
 Tho 'twas in him alike to will and do,
 Tho the same Word that spoke, could make it too,
 Yet would he not such quick and hasty methods use,
 Nor did an instant (which it might) the great effect produce:
 But when th' All-wise himself in Council sate,
 Vouchsaf'd to think and be deliberate,
 When Heaven consider'd, and th' Eternal Wit and Sense,
 Seem'd to take time, and care, and pains,
 It shew'd that some uncommon Birth,
 That something worthy of a God was coming forth;
 Nought uncorrect there was, nought faulty there,
 No point amiss did in the large voluminous Piece appear,
 And when the glorious Author all survey'd,
 Survey'd whate'er his mighty Labours made,
 Well-pleas'd he was to find
 All answer'd the great Model, and Idea of his Mind:
 Pleas'd at himself He in high wonder stood,
 And much his Power, and much his Wisdom did applaud,
 To see how all was Perfect, all transcendent Good.

XIII.

Let meaner spirits stoop to low precarious Fame,
 Content on gross and course Applause to live,
 And what the dull, and senseless Rabble give,
 Thou didst it still with noble scorn contemn;
 Nor would'st that wretched Alms receive,
 The poor subsistence of some bankrupt, sordid name:
 Thine was no empty Vapor, rais'd beneath,
 And form'd of common Breath,
 The false, and foolish Fire, that's whisk'd about
 By popular Air, and glares a while, and then goes out;
 But 'twas a solid, whole, and perfect Globe of light,
 That shone all over, was all over bright,
 And dar'd all sullyng Clouds, and fear'd no darkning night;
 Like the gay Monarch of the Stars and Sky,
 Who wheresoe'er he does display
 His Sovereign Lustre, and Majestick Ray,
 Strait all the less, and petty Glories nigh
 Vanish and shrink away.
 O'erwhelm'd, and swallow'd by the greater blaze of Day;
 With such a strong, an awful and victorious Beam
 Appear'd, and ever shall appear, thy Fame,
 View'd, and ador'd by all th' undoubted Race of Wit,
 Who only can endure to look on it.
 The rest o'ercame with too much light,
 With too much brightness dazled, or extinguish'd quite:
 Restless, and uncontroul'd it now shall pass
 As wide a course about the World as he,
 And when his long-repeated Travels cease
 Begin a new and vaster Race,
 And still tread round the endless Circle of Eternity.

*[Poems and Translations, in The Works of Mr. John Oldham, 1703,
 pp. 327-43.]*

John Oldham, 1679.

The First Satyr he [the author] drew by *Sylla's Ghost* in the
 great *Johnson*, which may be perceived by some Strokes and

Touches therein, however short they come of the Original.

[Advertisement prefixed to his *Satyrs upon the Jesuits: Written in the Year 1679*. There are certain other passages in the *Satyrs* which show indebtedness to Jonson's *Catiline*; see W. D. Briggs, *The Influence of Jonson's Tragedy in the Seventeenth Century, Anglia*, xxxv, 296.]

John Martyn, Henry Herringman, and Richard Mariot, 1679.

The Book-sellers to the Reader.

If our care and endeavours to do our Authors right (in an incorrupt and genuine Edition of their Works) and thereby to gratifie and oblige the Reader, be but requited with a suitable entertainment, we shall be encourag'd to bring *Ben Johnson's* two Volumes into one, and publish them in this form; and also to reprint *Old Shakespear*.

[Prefixed to the Second Folio of Beaumont and Fletcher, 1679.]

John Dryden, 1679.

The difference between Shakespeare and Fletcher, in their plottings, seems to be this: that Shakespeare generally moves more terror, and Fletcher more compassion: for the first had a more masculine, a bolder, and more fiery genius; the second, a more soft and womanish. In the mechanic beauties of the plot, which are the observation of the three unities, time, place, and action, they are both deficient; but Shakespeare most. Ben Jonson reformed those errors in his comedies, yet one of Shakespeare's was regular before him; which is, *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. For what remains concerning the design, you are to be referred to our English critic. . . .

It is one of the excellences of Shakespeare, that the manners of his persons are generally apparent, and you see their bent and inclinations. Fletcher comes far short of him in this, as indeed he does almost in everything. There are but glimmerings of manners in most of his comedies, which run upon adventures; and in his tragedies, Rollo, Otto, the King and no King, Melantius, and many others of his best, are but pictures shown you in the twilight; you know not whether they resemble vice or virtue, and they are either good, bad, or indifferent, as the present

scene requires it. But of all poets, this commendation is to be given to Ben Jonson, that the manners, even of the most inconsiderable persons in his plays, are everywhere apparent.

To return once more to Shakespeare; no man ever drew so many characters, or generally distinguished them better from one another, excepting only Jonson. I will instance but in one, to show the copiousness of his invention; it is that of Caliban, or the monster, in *The Tempest*.

[Preface, *The Grounds of Criticism in Tragedy*, prefixed to *Troilus and Cressida*, or *Truth Found too Late*, 1679.]

Thomas Shadwell, 1679.

Nor are your [Sir Charles Sedley's] writings unequal to any man's of this age; not to speak of abundance of excellent copies of verses, you have in the *Mulberry Garden* shown true wit, humour, and satire of a comedy; and in *Antony and Cleopatra* the true spirit of a tragedy; the only one (except two of Jonson's and one of Shakespear's) wherein Romans are made to speak and do like Romans.

[The Dedication, to Sir Charles Sedley, prefixed to *A True Widow*, 1679.]

Samuel Butler, about 1680.

When he ["a small poet"] writes *Anagrams*, he uses to lay the Outsides of his Verses even (like a Bricklayer) by a Line of Rhime and Acrostic, and fill the Middle with Rubbish—In this he imitates *Ben Johnson*, but in nothing else. (P. 53.)

* * * *

Men of the quickest apprehensions, and aptest Geniuses to anything they undertake, do not always prove the greatest Masters in it. For there is more Patience and Flegme required in those that attaine to any Degree of Perfection, then is commonly found in the Temper of active, and ready wits, that soone tire and will not hold out; as the swiftest Race-horse will not perform a longe Journey so well as a sturdy dull Jade. Hence it is that Virgil who wanted much of that Natural easines of wit that Ovid had, did nevertheless with hard Labour and long

Study in the end, arrive at a higher perfection then the other with all his Dexterity of wit, but less Industry could attaine to: The same we may observe of Johnson, and Shakespeare. *For he that is able to thinke long and study well*, will be sure to finde out better things then another man can hit upon suddenly, though of more quick and ready Parts, *which is commonly but chance, and the other Art and Judgment.* (P. 398.)

* * * *

Ben: Johnson in saying (in one of his Prologues) All Gall and Coprace from his Inke he drayneth, only a little Salt remaineth &c., would in these more Censorious times be chargd with a kinde of Nonsense, for though Gall and Coprace be usd in Inke *Salt never was.* (P. 407.)

* * * *

He [Dryden] complaynd of B. Johnson for stealing 40 Sceanes out of Plautus. Set a Thief to finde out a Thief. (P. 428.)

[*Characters and Passages from Note-Books*, ed. A. R. Waller, 1908.]

John Oldham, 1680.

Perhaps, fond Fool, thou sooth'st thy self in dream,
With hopes of purchasing a lasting Name?
Thou think'st perhaps thy Trifles shall remain,
Like sacred *Cowley*, and immortal *Ben*?

[*A Satyr*; in *The Works of Mr. John Oldham*, 1703, p. 416.]

John Dryden, 1680.

All translation, I suppose, may be reduced to these three heads.

First, that of metaphrase, or turning an author word by word, and line by line, from one language into another. Thus, or near this manner, was Horace his *Art of Poetry* translated by Ben Jonson. . . .

We see Ben Jonson could not avoid obscurity in his literal translation of Horace, attempted in the same compass of lines: nay, Horace himself could scarce have done it to a Greek poet:—

Brevis esse laboro, obscurus fio:

either perspicuity or gracefulness will frequently be wanting.

[Preface to *Translation of Ovid's Epistles*, 1680.]

Nathaniel Lee, 1680.

Therefore I hope, as your Lordship's Great Uncle shone upon the mighty Ben with a full Favour, (tho' my best Merits are not the ten thousandth part of his smallest Labours) your Lordship's infinite Goodness will accept of my honest Intentions, which to your Lordship's Service shall be ever humbly offer'd.

[The Dedication, to the Earl of Pembroke, prefixed to *Caesar Borgia*, 1680.]

Nathaniel Lee, 1681.

. . . There are some Subjects that require but half the strength of a great Poet, but when *Greece* or Old *Rome* come in play, the Nature, Wit and Vigour of foremost *Shakespear*, the Judgment and Force of *Johnson*, with all his borrowed Mastery from the Antients, will scare suffice for so terrible a Grapple.

[Dedication, to the Earl of Dorset and Middlesex, prefixed to *Lucius Junius Brutus*, 1681.]

Anonymous, 1681.

I can't, without infinite ingratitude to the Memory of those excellent persons, omit the first Famous Masters in't, of our Nation, Venerable *Shakespear* and the great *Ben Johnson*.

[An Essay on Dramatick Poetry, appended to *Amaryllis to Tityrus. Being the First Heroick Harange of the excellent pen of Monsieur Scudery* . . . *Englished by a Person of Honour*, 1681, p. 66.]

John Dryden, 1681.

A famous modern poet used to sacrifice every year a Statius to Virgil's manes; and I have indignation enough to burn a D'Ambois annually, to the memory of Jonson.

[*The Spanish Friar*, 1681, Dedication.]

Andrew Marvell, 1681.

As one put drunk into the packet-boat,
Tom May was hurry'd hence, and did not know't;
But was amazèd on th' Elysian side,
And, with an eye uncertain gazing wide,
Could not determine in what place he was,

(For whence, in Steven's ally, trees or grass?)
Nor where the Pope's-Head, nor the Mitre lay,
Signs by which still he found and lost his way.
At last, while doubtfully he all compares,
He saw near hand, as he imagin'd. Ares.
Such did he seem for corpulence and port,
But 'twas a man much of another sort;
'Twas Ben, that in the dusky laurel shade,
Amongst the chorus of old poets, laid,
Sounding of ancient heroes, such as were
The subject's safety, and the rebel's fear:
And how a double-headed vulture eats
Brutus and Cassius, the people's cheats;
But, seeing May, he varied streight his song,
Gently to signifie that he was wrong.
Cups more then civil of Emilthian wine,
I sing (said he) and the Pharsalian sign,
Where the historian of the Commonwealth
In his own bowels sheath'd the conquering health.
By this May to himself and them was come,
He found he was translated, and by whom,
Yet then with foot as stumbling as his tongue,
Prest for his place among the learnèd throng;
But Ben, who knew not neither foe nor friend,
Sworn enemy to all that do pretend,
Rose more then ever he was seen, severe,
Shook his gray locks, and his own bayes did tear
At this intrusion; then, with laurel wand,
The awful sign of his supreme command;
As whose dread whisk Virgil himself does quake,
And Horace patiently its strokes does take;
As he crowds in, he whipt him ore the pate,
Like Pembroke at the masque, and then did rate.
[*Tom May's Death*, in *Miscellaneous Poems*, 1681, pp. 35-37.]

Anonymous, 1681.

Our *English* writers are all Transmigrate
 In Pamphlet panners and diurnal Scribes,
 Wanton Comedians, and foul Gypsy Tribes,
 Not like those brave Heroick sublime strains
 That wrote the Cesars and their noble Reigns,
 Nor like those learned Poets so divine
 That penn'd *Mackduff*, and famous *Cataline*.

[*The Character of Wits Squint-Ey'd Maid, Pasquil-Makers*, 1681, a broadside folio.]

John Oldham, 1681.

I doubt not but the Reader will think me guilty of an high presumption in adventuring upon a Translation of *The Art of Poetry*, after two such great Hands as have gone before me in the same attempts: I need not acquaint him, that I mean *Ben Johnson*, and the Earl of *Roscommon*, the one being of so establish'd an Authority, that whatever he did is held as Sacred, the other having lately performed it with such admirable success, as almost cuts off all hope in any after Pretenders, of ever coming up to what he has done.

[Preface to his Translation of *Horace His Art of Poetry*; in *The Works of Mr. John Oldham*, 1703, p. 131.]

John Oldham, 1681.

Words new and foreign may be best brought in,
 If borrow'd from a Language near akin:
 Why should the peevish Criticks now forbid
 To *Lee* and *Dryden*, what was not deny'd
 To *Shakespeare*, *Ben*, and *Fletcher*, heretofore,
 For which they Praise and Commendation bore?

* * * *

If I discern not the true Stile and Air,
 Nor how to give the proper Character
 To every kind of Work; how dare I claim,
 And challenge to my self a Poets Name?
 And why had I with awkward Modesty,

Rather than learn, always unskilful be?
Volpone and *Morose* will not admit
 Of *Catiline's* high strains, nor is it fit
 To make *Sejanus* on the Stage appear
 In the low Dress which Comick Persons wear.
 Whate'er the Subject be on which you write,
 Give each thing its due Place and Time aright.

[*Horace His Art of Poetry, Imitated in English; in The Works of Mr. John Oldham, 1703, p. 140.*]

Anonymous, 1682.

EARNEST.—*Prot. Cour[ant]* has pepper'd us away for what we said of him in our last. Hear his words: *We admire at his high-flown Nonsense in terming the expression High Elegies Nonsensical, confessing our Ignorance of his Sublime Notion therein, and as for the reason why we durst not adventure to make his Elegy, it is the same with that which is given by the famous Poets that flourished at the time of Ben. Johnson's death, viz. That they could not give him his just Praises, so that there was no other Inscription on his Grave-stone than O rare Ben. Johnson.*

JEST.—To expose this Fellow to ridicule, one would think, it might be enough to shew him, and I know no other way to get pardon of any body that may hear us, but by assuring them we'll never regard him again, except upon better occasion; He knows *High Elegies* to be Nonsensical (if he understands anything) though *Elogies* or *Eulogies*, which he ment, might not have been so; then he shams upon us, that the great Poets *could* not give *Johnson* his due praise, instead of *dare* not (or else he speaks not to the point;) which he proves by the instance of the *Epitaph* instead of the *Elegy* upon him, of *O rare*; which yet is most Poetically expressive of the highest desert, and does as fully answer his *utmost* merit as the *Utinam viveres* upon the Stone of the Noble Roman.

[*Heraclitus Ridens, May 16, 1682; quoted in Notes and Queries, 5th Series, August 25, 1877, p. 146.*]

Thomas D'Urfey, 1682.

If no one were to write *Dramaticks*, unless they could equall the Immortal *Johnson* and *Shakespeare*; or *Heroicks*, unless they stood Competitors with the Incomparable *Cowley* or *Dryden*; I fear the Town would lose the diversion both of *Plays* and *Poems*.

[*Butler's Ghost: or Hudibras. The Fourth Part*, 1682, Preface.]

Anonymous, 1682.

He's one whose Works, in time to come,
Will be as honour'd, and become
Deathless as *Ben's* or *Cowley's* are,
As *Beaumont*, *Fletcher*, or *Shakespeare*
One he himself is pleas'd t' admire.
Nor could these Laureats living, be
Better prefer'd, or lov'd than he.

[*Poeta de Tristibus: or the Poet's Complaint*, 1682, p. 21.]

John Dryden, 1682.

Great Fletcher never treads in buskins here,
Nor greater Jonson dares in socks appear; . . .
Nor let false friends seduce thy mind to fame,
By arrogating Jonson's hostile name.
Let father Flecknoe fire thy mind with praise,
And uncle Ogleby thy envy raise.
Thou art my blood, where Jonson has no part:
What share have we in nature, or in art?

[*Mac-Flecknoe: A Satire against Thomas Shadwell*, 1682; *The Works of John Dryden*, ed. Scott and Saintsbury, 1885, x, 448, 456.]

Thomas Shadwell, 1682.

. . . Had it been never so bad, I had valued the Honour of having so many, and such Friends, as eminently appeared for me, above that of excelling the most admirable *Johnson*, if it were possible to be done by me.

[To the Reader, prefixed to *The Lancashire Witches*, 1682.]

John Sheffield, Duke of Buckinghamshire, 1682.

How shamefull and what monstrous things are these!
 And then they rail at th' Age they cannot please,
 Conclude us only partial for the dead,
 And grudge the Sign of old *Ben. Johnson's* head;
 When the Intrinsick value of the Stage
 Can scarce be judg'd but by the following Age. . . .

[*Essay upon Poetry*, 1682; here cited from *Critical Essays of the Seventeenth Century*, ed. J. E. Spingarn, 1908, ii, p. 295.]

Edmund Waller, 1682.

These scribbling insects have what they deserve,
 Not plenty, nor the glory for to starve.
 That Spenser knew, that Tasso felt before;
 And death found surly Ben exceeding poor. . . .

[*To Mr. Creech, On his Translation of Lucretius*; in *The Poems of Edmund Waller*, ed. G. T. Drury, 1893, p. 218.]

Alexander Radcliffe, 1682.

. . . No Idle Scenes fit busie times as these,
 Instead of *Playes* we now converse with *Pleas*;
 And 't's thought the last do savour more of Wit,
 For those have Plots to spend, but these to get.
 (Give way, Great *Shakespeare*, and immortal *Ben*,
 To *Doe* and *Roe*, *John Den* and *Richard Fen*.)

[*The Sword's Farewell*; in *The Ramble: an Anti-Heroick Poem*, 1682, p. 118.]

Robert Gould, 1682-89?

To Madam G. with Mrs. Phillip's Poems.

. . . Great *Shakespeare*, *Fletcher*, *Denham*, *Waller*, *Ben*,
Cowley, and all th' Immortal, tuneful Men
 Thou'st made thy own, and none can better tell
 Where they are low, and where they most excel,
 Can reach their heights when thou art pleas'd to write,
 Soaring a pitch that dazles human sight!

* * * *

The Play-House, a Satyr.

. . . Where can you find a *Scene* deserves more praise,
 In *Shakespear*, *Johnson*, or in *Fletcher's Plays*?
 They were so modest they were always dull;
 For what is *Desdemona* but a Fool? . . .
 But, if in what's *sublime* you take delight,
 Lay *Shakespear*, *Ben*, and *Fletcher* in your sight:
 Where Human Actions are with Life express,
Vertue extoll'd, and *Vice* as much deprest.
 There the kind Lovers modestly complain,
 So passionate, you see their inmost pain,
 Pity and wish their Love not plac'd in vain.
 There *Wit* and *Art*, and *Nature* you may see
 In all their statliest Dress and Bravery:
 None e'r yet wrote, and e'r will write again,
 So lofty things in such a Heavenly strain!

[*Poems. Chiefly consisting of Satyrs and Satyirical Epistles*, 1689, pp. 65,
 173, 176.]

John Dryden, 1683.

. . . A great victory they will have who shall discover to the world this wonderful secret, that I have not observed the unities of place and time; but are they better kept in the farce of *The Libertine Destroyed*? It was our common business here to draw the parallel of the times, and not to make an exact tragedy. For this once we were resolved to err with honest *Shakespeare*; neither can *Catiline* or *Sejanus*, (written by the great master of our art,) stand excused, any more than we, from this exception.

[*The Vindication: or the Parallel of the French Holy League*, 1683;
The Dramatic Works of John Dryden, ed. Scott and Saintsbury,
 1882, vii, 162-63.]

John Dryden, 1684.

Your Ben and Fletcher, in their first young flight,
 Did no Volpone, no Arbaces write;
 But hopped about, and short excursions made
 From bough to bough, as if they were afraid,
 And each was guilty of some *Slighted Maid*.

Shakespeare's own muse her *Pericles* first bore;
 The Prince of Tyre was elder than the Moor:
 'Tis miracle to see a first good play;
 All hawthorns do not bloom on Christmas Day.
 A slender poet must have time to grow,
 And spread and burnish as his brothers do.

[*Prologue to Charles Davenant's Circe*; in *The Works of John Dryden*,
 ed. Scott and Saintsbury, 1885, x, 330.]

Matthew Prior, 1684.

A Satyr on the modern Translators.

Odi imitatores servum pecus, &c.

. . . Nay, I could hear him [Dryden] damn last Ages Wit,
 And rail at Excellence he ne're can hit;
 His Envy show'd at powerfull *Cowley* rage,
 And banish Sense with *Johnson* from the Stage:
 His Sacrilege should plunder *Shakespear's* Urn,
 With a dull Prologue make the Ghost return
 To bear a second Death, and greater pain,
 While the Fiend's words the Oracle prophane.

[From *Poems on Affairs of State: the First Part*, 1697, p. 207.]

Knightly Chetwood, 1684.

Such was the case when *Chaucer's* early toy!
 Founded the *Muses* Empire in our Soyl.
Spencer improv'd it with his painful hand
 But lost a Noble Muse in *Fairy-land*.
Shakspeare say'd all that *Nature* cou'd impart,
 And *Johnson* added *Industry* and *Art*.
Cowley, and *Denham* gain'd immortal praise;
 And some who *merit* as they wear, the Bays. . . .

[Commendatory Verses prefixed to *An Essay on Translated Verse*, by
 the Earl of Roscommon, 1684.]

William Winstanley, 1684.

Virgil (if we may reflect on Tradition,) after he had written
 thirty Verses in a morning, spent the rest of the day to convert

them into three good ones; like *Ben. Johnson*, who to one that told him of his Oyl and his Lamp, the pains he took before his Births, those happy abstracts of the humours and manners of men, gave this answer, *That his were Works, the other printed things for the Stage were but Playes.* Dons and Cleavelands Poems, how have they whipt and pedantized the other Locusts of Poetry? thus a true Diamond is to be esteemed above heaps of Bristol-Stones. (The Preface, sig. a verso.)

* * * *

I have conversed with some of the Wits, who credibly informed me, that *Ben Johnsons* Play of the *Fox* under the name of *Vulpone*, had some allusion to Mr. [Thomas] *Suttons* manner of treating of his kindred. (Pp. 318-19.)

* * * *

The LIVES of

| | |
|----------------------------|---------------------------------|
| Mr. <i>Sam. Daniel</i> ,} | {Mr. <i>Ben. Johnson</i> , |
| Mr. <i>Mic. Drayton</i> ,} | {Mr. <i>Will. Shakespeare</i> . |

We shall next present you with a Quaternion of Poets, such as were of the best rank, endued with parts of admirable perfection, and deservedly coming under the notion of *Worthies*. (P. 337.)

* * * *

Ben Johnson.

[For his account of Jonson, Winstanley copies from Thomas Fuller's *Worthies*, 1643-62, q.v., with the following additions based on Edward Phillips.]

In three of his Comedies, namely the *Fox*, *Alchymist*, and *Silent-Woman*, he may be compared in the Judgement of learned men, for Decorum, Language and well humouring the Parts, as well with the chief of the Ancient Greek and Latine Comedians, as the prime of Modern *Italians*, who have been judged the best of *Europe* for a happy Vein in Comedies; Nor is his *Bartholemew-Fair* much short of them. As for his other Comedies, *Cynthia's Revels*, *Poetaster*, and the rest, if they be not so Spritful and Vigorous as his first Pieces, all that are old will, and all that desire to be old, should excuse him therein, and therefore let

the name of *Ben. Johnson* shield them against who ever shall think fit to be severe in censure against them. Truth is his Tragedies, *Sejanus* and *Cateline* seem to have in them more of an artificial and inflate, than of a pathetic and naturally Tragick height; In the rest of his Poetry, (for he is not wholly Dramatic) as his *Underwoods*, *Epigrams*, &c. he is sometimes bold and strenuous, sometimes Magisterial, sometimes Lepid and full enough of conceit, and sometimes a man as other men are. . . .

Yet were not the Poets then so dull and dry, but that many expressed their affection to his Memory in Elegies and Epitaphs; amongst which, this following may not be esteemed the worst. . . . (Pp. 342-44.)

[*England's Worthies*, 1684. There are several other passing allusions to Jonson, of no great interest.]

Earl of Roscommon, 1684.

I have kept as close as I could, both to the Meaning, and the Words of the Author, and done nothing but what I believe he would forgive, if he were alive; and I have often ask'd my self that Question. I know this is a field, *Per quem Magnus Equos Arunci flexit Alumnus*. But with all the respect due to the Name of *Ben Johnson*, to which no Man pays more Veneration than I, it cannot be deny'd, that the constraint of Rhyme, and a literal Translation, (to which Horace in this Book declares himself an Enemy) has made him want a Comment in many Places.

[*Horace: of the Art of Poetry*, 1684, The Preface.]

Mr. Evelyn, before 1685.

The Immortality of Poesie.

Old Chaucer shall, for his facetious style
Be read, and prais'd by warlike *Britains*, while
The Sea enriches and defends their Isle.

While the whole Earth resounds *Eliza's* Fame
Who cur'd the French, and did the Spaniard tame,
The English will remember *Spencer's* Name.

Thee *Shakespear* Poets ever shall adore,
Whose wealthy Fancy left so vast a store,
They still refine thy rough but precious ore.

While Flatt'ers live and Parasites shall dine,
While Commonwealths afford a *Catiline*,
Laborious *Johnson* shall be thought divine.

[*Poems Collected by N. Tate*, 1685, p. 90.]

Anonymous, 1685.

Whilst in this Town there's a procuring Bawd,
Or a smooth flatt'ring whore, that plyes the trade,
A wily Servant, cruel Father known,
The Laurel shall the matchless *Johnson* Crown.
Shakèspear, tho rude, yet his immortal Wit
Shall never to the stroke of time submit,
And the loud thund'ring flights of lofty Lee,
Shall strike the Ears of all Posterity.

[*To detracting Censurers, that the Fame of Poets is Eternal*; in *Miscellany Poems and Translations*. By *Oxford Hands*, 1685, p. 156.]

Gilbert Burnet, 1685.

I will not provoke the present Masters of the Stage, by preferring the Authors of the last Age to them: For though they all acknowledge that they come far short of *Ben Johnson*, *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*, yet I believe they are better pleased to say this themselves, than to have it observed by others.

[The Preface to his Translation of Sir Thomas More's *Utopia*, 1685.]

Nahum Tate, 1685.

We own, nor to confess it are asham'd
That from tough *Ben's* Remains, this Piece was fram'd.
But if Embellishments of Vanity
And Vice, are here improv'd to a degree
Beyond the Characters that Master drew,
We must the Ladies thank for that, and you,
So far above that *Johnson's* Age e'er knew.

[Prologue to *Cuckolds-Haven*, 1685.]

Nahum Tate, 1686.

When o'r the World the mild *Augustus* reign'd,
 Wit's Empire too the *Roman* Poets gain'd:
 So when the first auspicious *James* possess
 Our *Brittish* World, and in Possessing blest;
 Our Poets wore the Lawrels of the Age,
 While *Shakespeare*, *Fletcher*, *Johnson* crown'd the Stage.
 And tho' our *Cæsar's* since have rais'd the State,
 Our Poetry sustains the *Roman* Fate.
 In less Essays successful we have been,
 But lost the Nobler Province of the Scene:
 Perverters, not Reformers of the Stage,
 Deprav'd to Farce, or more fantastick Rage.

How therefore shall we Celebrate thy Name,
 Whose Genius has so well retriev'd our Fame?
 Whose happy Muse such wonders can impart,
 And temper *Shakespear's* Flame with *Johnson's* Art. . . .

[*To the Author*, prefixed to Sir Francis Fane's *The Sacrifice*, 1686.]

Thomas Jevon, 1686.

Therefore if in greater and more evident Points the Lawyer
 can no more be without his Fee, than the Lord Chancellour his
 Mace, or a Poet without Errors, (my self alone exempted) why
 shou'd the Judgment of a Man that is partially byass'd against
 the *Banditti*, rule the Author's opinion in his own Hemisphere,
 and discuss at large the Virtues of *Jobson's* Wife, without the
 Management of *Hobbs* his *Leviathan*? Why shou'd *Shakespeare*,
Johnson, *Beaumont*, *Fletcher*, that are no way Adequate to the
 profound Intellects of my present Atonement, be rank'd above
 the Laborious, tho' dull States-man?

[The Preface to *The Devil of a Wife*, 1686.]

Thomas Brown, about 1686.

To Mr. Dryden on his Conversion.

Traytor to God, and rebel to thy pen,
 Priest-ridden poet, perjur'd son of *Ben*,

If ever thou prove honest, then the nation
May modestly believe Transubstantiation.

[*The Works of Mr. Thomas Brown*, 1730, i, 127.]

William Winstanley, 1687.

Mr. Benjamin Johnson.

This *renowned Poet*, whose Fame surmounts all the Elogies which the most learned Pen can bestow upon him, was born in the City of *Westminster*, his Mother living there in *Hartshorn-lane*, near *Charingcross*, where she married a *Bricklayer* for her second Husband. He was first bred in a private School in *St. Martin's-Church*, then in *Westminster-School*, under the learned Mr. *Cambden*, as he himself intimates in one of his Epigrams.

Cambden, most reverend head, to whom I owe
All that I am in Arts, all that I know.
How nothings that, to whom my Country owes,
The great *renown* and *name* wherewith she goes.

Under this *learned Schoolmaster* he attained to a good degree of learning, and was statutably admitted in *St. John's-Colledge* in *Cambridge*, (as many years after incorporated a honorary Member of *Christ-Church* in *Oxford*) here he staid but some small time, for want of maintainance; for if there be no Oyl in the Lamp, it will soon be extinguish'd: And now, as he had quite laid aside all thoughts of the University, he betook himself to the Trade of his Father-in-law; And let not any be offended herewith, since it is more commendable to work in a lawful Calling, then having one not to use it. He was one who helped in the building of the new Structure of *Lincolns-Inn*, where, having a Trowel in his hand, he had a Book in his pocket, that as his work went forward, so his study went not backward.

But such *rare Parts* as he had could be no more hid, than the Sun in a serene day, some Gentlemen pitying such rare Endowments should be buried under the rubbish of so mean a Calling, did by their bounty manumise him freely to follow his own ingenious inclinations. Indeed his Parts were not so ready to run of themselves, as able to answer the spur; so that it may be

truly said of him, that he had an elaborate wit wrought out by his own industry; yet were his Repartees for the most part very quick and smart, and which savour'd much of ingenuity, of which I shall give you two instances.

He having been drinking in an upper room, at the *Feathers-Tavern* in *Cheap-side*, as he was coming down stairs, his foot slipping, he caught a fall, and tumbling against a door, beat it open into a room where some gentlemen were drinking *Canary*; recovering his feet, he said, *Gentlemen, since I am so luckily fallen into your company, I will drink with you before I go.*

He used very much to frequent the *Half-Moon-Tavern* in *Aldersgate-street*, through which was a common *Thorough fare*; he coming late that way, one night, was denied passage, whereupon going through the *Sun-Tavern* a little after, he said,

Since that the *Moon* was so unkind to make me go about,
The *Sun* henceforth shall take my Coin, the *Moon* shall
go without.

His constant humour was to sit silent in learned Company, and suck in (besides Wine) their several Humours into his observation; what was *Ore* in others, he was able to refine unto himself.

He was one, and the chief of them, in ushering forth the Book of *Coriats Crudities*, writing not only a Character of the Author, an explanation of his Frontispiece, but also an Acrostick upon his Name, which for the sutableness of it, (tho' we have written something of others mock Verses) we shall here insert it. . . .

[Winstanley's account of Jonson is a curious patchwork of what earlier writers had published, mainly Thomas Fuller in his *Worthies*. Since this material has already been included under Thomas Fuller, 1643-62, it is here omitted.]

Yet do they [Jonson's plays] every one of them far excel any of the *English* ones that were writ before him; so that he may be truly said to be the first reformer of the *English Stage*, as he himself more truly than modestly writes in his commendatory Verses of his Servants *Richard Broom's* Comedy of the *Northern Lass*.

Which you have justly gained from the Stage,
 By observation of those Comick Laws,
 Which I, your Master, first did teach the Age. (Pp. 123-28.)

* * * *

Francis Beaumont and John Fletcher.

These two joyned together, made one of the happy *Triumvirate* (the other two being *Johnson* and *Shakespear*) of the chief Dramatick Poets of our Nation, in the last foregoing Age; among whom there might be said to be a symmetry of perfection, while each excelled in his peculiar way: *Ben Johnson* in his elaborate pains and knowledge of Authors, *Shakespear* in his pure vein of wit, and natural Poetick height; *Fletcher* in a Courtly Elegance and Gentile Familiarity of Style, and withal a Wit and Invention so overflowing, that the luxuriant Branches thereof were frequently thought convenient to be lopt off by Mr. *Beaumont*; which two joyned together, like *Castor* and *Pollux*, (most happy when in conjunction) raised the *English* to equal the *Athenian* and *Roman* Theaters; *Beaumont* bringing the Ballast of Judgment, *Fletcher* the Sail of Phantasie, but compounding a Poet to admiration. . . . (P. 128.)

* * * *

Thomas Decker.

Thomas Decker, a great pains-taker in the Dramatick strain, and as highly conceited of those pains he took; a high-flyer in wit, even against *Ben Johnson* himself, in his Comedy, call'd, *The untrussing of the humorous Poet*. (P. 137.)

* * * *

Thomas Randolph.

. . . He was by *Ben. Johnson* adopted for his Son, and that as is said upon this occasion.

Mr. *Randolph* having been at *London* so long as that he might truly have had a parley with his *Empty Purse*, was resolved to go see *Ben. Johnson* with his associates, which as he heard at a set-time kept a Club together at the *Devil-Tavern* near *Temple-Bar*; accordingly at the time appointed he went thither, but being unknown to them, and wanting Money, which to an

ingenious spirit is the most daunting thing in the World, he peep'd into the Room where they were, which being espied by *Ben. Johnson*, and seeing him in a Scholars thredbare habit, *John Bo-peep*, says he, come in, which accordingly he did, when immediately they began to rime upon the meanness of his Clothes, asking him, If he could make a Verse? and withal to call for his Quart of Sack; there being four of them, he immediately thus replied,

I *John Bo-peep*, to you four sheep,
 With each one his good fleece,
 If that you are willing to give me five shilling,
 'Tis fifteen pence a piece.

By *Jesus*, quoth *Ben. Johnson*, (his usual Oath) I believe this is my Son *Randolph*, which being made known to them, he was kindly entertained into their company, and *Ben. Johnson* ever after called him Son. (P. 143.)

* * * *

Richard Broome.

Richard Broome was a Servant to Mr. *Benjamin Johnson*, a Servant (saith one) suitable to such a Master; having an excellent Vain fitted for a Comique Strain, and both natural Parts and Learning answerable thereunto; though divers witty only in reproving, say, That this *Broome* had only what he swept from his Master: But the Comedies he Wrote, so well received and generally applauded, give the Lie to such Detractors; three of which, *viz. His Northern Lass, The Jovial Crew, and Sparagus Garden*, are little inferior if not equal to the writings of *Ben. Johnson* himself. (P. 149.)

[*Lives of the most Famous English Poets*, 1687. There are also several passing allusions to Jonson, of no special interest; cf. pp. 108, 132, 135.]

Anonymous, 1687.

Mr. *Noy* the Attorney General, making a Venison Feast in a Tavern where *Ben Johnson* and some of his Companions were Drinking, and he having a mind to some of the Venison, wrote these Verses, and sent them to Mr. *Noy*.

When all the World was drown'd,
 No Venison could be found;
 For then there was no Park:
 Lo here we sit,
 Without e're a bit,
Noy has it all in his Ark.

For the ingenuity of which, Mr. *Noy* sent him a good corner of a Pasty, and half a Dozen Bottles of Sack to wash it down.

At another time, *Ben Johnson* intending to go through the Half Moone Tavern in *Aldersgate Street*, was denied entrance, the Door being shut: upon which he made these Verses.

Since the *Half-Moon* is so unkind,
 to make me go about,
 The *Sun* my Money now shall take,
 the *Moon* shall go without.

And so he went to the *Sun Tavern* at *Long Lane* end, forsaking the *Half-Moon* for this affront.

[*England's Jests Refin'd and Improv'd, being a choice Collection of the Merriest Jests, Smartest Repartees, Wittiest Sayings, and most Notable Bulls*, 1687; ed. by J. Ashton, in *Humor, Wit, and Satire of the Seventeenth Century*, 1883, p. 318.]

Aphra Behn, 1687.

. . . Such Encouragement wou'd inspire the Poets with new Arts to please, and the Actors with Industry. 'Twas this that occasioned so many Admirable Plays heretofore, as *Shakespear's*, *Fletcher's* and *Iohnson's*, and 'twas this alone that made the Town able to keep so many Play-houses alive, who now cannot supply one.

[*The Emperor of the Moon*, 1687, the Dedication.]

Martin Clifford, 1687.

MR. DRYDEN,

There is one of your Virtues which I cannot forbear to animadvert upon, which is your excess of Modesty; When you tell us in your Postscript to *Granada*, That *Shakespear is below the Dullest Writer of Ours, or any precedent Age*. In which by your

favour, you Recede as much from your own Right, as you disparage *Almanzor*, because he is yours, in preferring *Ben. Johnson's Cethegus* before him; saying in your Preface, that his Rodomontadoes are neither so irrational as the others, nor so impossible to be put in execution. I'll give you so many instances to the contrary, as shall convince you, and bring you over to my side. . . .

[*Notes upon Mr. Dryden's Poems in Four Letters*, 1687, p. 10.]

Anonymous, 1688.

When in a Comick sweetness you appear,
Ben Johnson's humour seems revived there.
 When lofty Passions thunder from your Pen,
 Methinks I hear Great *Shakespear* once again.
 But what do's most your Poetry commend?
 You ev'n begin where those great *Wits* did end.

[By "Philaster, St. John's College"; prefixed to *Poeticall Recreations*, 1688, sig. A 6.]

Edward Howard, 1688.

Of which, he *Chaucer, Spencer*, much beheld,
 And where their Learned Poems most excell'd.
 Tho' words now obsolete express their Flame,
 Like Gemms that out of Fashion value Claim.
 Near these in Statue witty *Shakspeare* stood,
 Whose early Plays were soonest next to Good.
 And Like a vast Dramatick Founder show'd
 Bounties of Wit from his large Genius flow'd.
 Whose worth was by this Learned [Polyaster] duly weigh'd,
 As in Effigie there he stood display'd.
 But more stupendious to his Soul appear'd
 Proportions which great *Johnsons* Form declar'd,
 Whose deep Effigies he wish'd longer date
 Then Polish'd art in stone cou'd Celebrate.

[*Caroloiades, or The Rebellion of Forty-one*, 1689, p. 137.]

Thomas Brown, 1688.

I have Read somewhere in *Monsieur Rapins* Reflections *Sur la Poetique*, that a certain *Venetian* Nobleman, *Andrea Naugeria* by Name, was wont every Year to Sacrifice a *Martial* to the Manes of *Catullus*: In imitation of this frolic, a Celebrated Poet, in the Preface before the *Spanish Fryer*, is pleased to acquaint the World, That he has indignation enough to burn a *Bussy Damboys* annually to the memory of *Ben Johnson*. (The Preface, sig. A 2 recto.)

* * * *

Crites. But pray *Mr. Bays*, what did you say to *Shakespear*, *Johnson*, and the rest of them? Methinks your new-settled Monarchy should stand in a great deal of danger, as long as these Authors continued in any respect and authority among the People.

Bays. To prevent Sir, all storms that might have issued from that quarter, I presently set me up an *Index expurgatorius*, by the virtue of which I so castrated these grave Old-fashioned Gentlemen, so disguised their true features, by putting them in modern apparel, that upon the Stage, few, very few I gad, could distinguish their works from my own proper Legitimate productions. Then I fulminated *Johnsons* affected Style, his dull way of making Love, his Thefts and mean Characters: *Shakespears* Ignorance, long Periods, and Barbarous Language: *Fletchers* want of a Gentlemans Education; so often, you do observe me *Mr. Crites*, that scarce one in a hundred had the assurance to offer one good word in their behalf. . . . Finally, I owned my self to be *Apollo's* Vicar here upon Earth, and *Homer's* Successor in the ancient and unerring See of *Parnassus*. That the Decrees of *Mr. Bays* ought to be observed with the same deference as the decrees of *Apollo*. That all other Writers were to be judged by *Mr. Bays*, but *Mr. Bays* was only accountable for his mistakes to *Apollo* himself. (P. 15.)

[*The 'Reasons of Mr. Bays Changing his Religion. Considered in a Dialogue between Crites, Eugenius, and Mr. Bayes, 1688.'*]

Gerard Langbaine, 1688.

But before I quit this Paper, I desire my Readers leave to take a View of *Plagiaries* in *general*, and that we may observe the different proceedings between the *Ancients* and our *Modern* Writers. . . . But let us now observe how these Eminent Men [Virgil, Ovid, and Terence] manage what they borrow'd; and then compare them with those of our times. *First*, They propos'd to themselves those Authors whose Works they borrow'd from, for their Model. *Secondly*, They were cautious to borrow only what they found beautiful in them, and rejected the rest. . . . Thirdly, They plainly confess'd what they borrow'd, and modestly ascrib'd the credit of it to the Author whence 'twas originally taken. . . . *Lastly*, Whatsoever these ancient Poets (particularly *Virgil*) copied from *any* Author, they took care not only to alter it for their purpose; but to add to the beauty of it: and afterwards to insert it so *handsomly* into their Poems, (the body and Oeconomy of which was generally their own) that what they *borrow'd*, seem'd of the same Contexture with what was *originally* theirs. So that it might be truly said of *them*; *Apparet unde sumptum sit, aliud tamen quàm unde sit, apparet.*

If we *now* on the *other side* examine the proceedings of our late *English* Writers, we shall find them diametrically opposite in all things. *Shakspear* and *Johnson* indeed imitated these Illustrious Men I have cited; the *one* having borrow'd the Comedy of Errours from the *Menechmi* of *Plautus*; the *other* has made use not only of him, but of *Horace*, *Ovid*, *Juvenal*, *Salust*, and several others, according to his occasions: for which he is commended by Mr. *Dryden*, as *having thereby beautified our Language*: . . . But for the most part we are treated far otherwise; not with round *Roman* Wit, as in *Ben's time*, but with empty *French* Kickshaws, which yet our Poetical Host's serve up to us for Regales of their own Cookery.

[*Momus Triumphans*, 1688, the Preface.]

William Mountfort, 1688.

Some Care then must be taken, that may save
This *Dear*, my First-begotten, from the Grave:

Some Friends Advise, like Brother *Ben* declare,
By *God* 'tis good, deny't the Slave that dare.

[Prologue to *The Injur'd Lovers*, 1688.]

Thomas Shadwell, 1688.

If all this stuff has not quite spoiled your taste,
Pray let a Comedy once more be graced:
Which does not monsters represent, but men,
Conforming to the rules of Master Ben.
Our author, ever having him in view,
At humble distance would his steps pursue.
He to correct, and to inform, did write:
If poets aim at nought but to delight,
Fiddlers have to the bays an equal right.

[Prologue to *The Squire of Alsatia*, 1688.]

Thomas Shadwell, 1689.

Val[et]. I hope, you'll grant Mr. *Oldwit* is a fine, facetious, witty, old Gentleman, my Lady *Fantast's* Husband?

Wild[ish]. Almost as arrant an Ass, as thou art. He is a paltry old-fashion'd Wit, and Punner of the last Age; that pretends to have been one of *Ben Johnson's* Sons, and to have seen Plays at the Blackfryers.

* * * *

Oldw[it]. No, Nature has made you a Wit. Why do you take it ill? I think it the greatest Honour can be done to a Man. I my self, simple as I stand here, was a Wit in the last Age: I was created *Ben Johnson's* Son, in the *Apollo*. I knew *Fletcher*, my Friend *Fletcher*, and his Maid *Joan*: Well, I shall never forget him; I have supp'd with him, at his House on the *Bankside*. . . . I was a Critick at *Blackfryers*; but at *Cambridge*, none so great as I with *Jack Cleveland*: But *Tom Randolph* and I were Hand and Glove: *Tom* was a brave Fellow; the most Natural Poet!

[*Bury-Fair*, 1689, Act I, Scene i.]

John Wilson, 1690.

But for myself—for once ev'n let me pass,
 And tho' the face mayn't please ye, spare th' glass;
 Ye can't but say, I made the Devil an ass!

[Epilogue to *Belphegor*, licensed 1690, printed 1691. Wilson's indebtedness to Jonson's *The Devil is an Ass* is shown in Ernst Hollstein's *Verhältnis von Ben Jonson's "The Devil is an Ass" und John Wilson's "Belphegor, or the Marriage of the Devil" zu Machiavelli's Novelle vom Belfagor.*]

Thomas D'Urfey, 1690.

Where Verse has not the power to Influence,
 What method ever can reform the Sence?
 What would a *Cato*, or a *Virgil* be,
Johnson, or *Shakespeare*, to the Mobile?
 Or how would *Juvenal* appear at Court,
 That writing Truth had his Bones broken for't?

[*A New Essay In Defence of Verse*, 1690, p. 5.]

Thomas D'Urfey, 1690.

To this rare place where Wit is taught, [the playhouse]
 The Major now had *Collin* brought;
 The House was Peopled with all sorts,
 The Cities product and the Courts,
 An Ancient Comick Piece they knew,
 Intitld the Fair of *Bartholomew*,
Collin first thought as he came in,
 It had a Conventicle bin,
 And that mistaking of the day,
 The Major brought him there to pray;
 He saw each Box with Beauty crown'd,
 And Pictures deck the Structure round;
Ben, *Shakespear*, and the learned Rout,
 With Noses some, and some without.

[*Collin's Walk through London and Westminster*, 1690, p. 148.]

Anonymous, 1690.

When this is brought to pass. I am afraid
 That in a Play-house I shall dye a Maid;

That Miracles don't cease, and I shall see
 Some Players Martyrs for their Honesty.
J. II. ——— the greatest Bigot of the Nation,
 And see him burn for Transubstantiation.
 Or hope to see, from such a Mongrel breed,
 Wit that the Godlike *Shakespear* shall exceed;
 Or what has dropt from *Fletcher's* fluent Pen,
 Our this days Author, or the Learned *Ben*.

[Epilogue to Thomas Betterton's alteration of Beaumont and Fletcher's
Prophetess, 1690.]

Thomas Brown, 1690.

As the peevish old huncks in the *silent Woman* hir'd him a
 House as far from the rattling of Coaches as he cou'd meet with,
 so I have done the same in relation to a Church, and you might
 as soon wheedle *Ben Johnson's Morose* if he were alive again
 into the Wits Coffee-House, as perswade me now into any of
 your Churches.

[*The Late Converts Exposed: or the Reasons of Mr. Bays's Changing
 his Religion: Part the Second*, 1690, p. 5.]

John Dryden, 1690.

How's this? you cry: an actor write?—we know it;
 But Shakespeare was an actor, and a poet.
 Has not great Jonson's learning often failed?
 But Shakespeare's greater genius still prevailed.

[Prologue to Joseph Harris's *The Mistakes*, 1690.]

William Mountfort, 1691.

Indifferent Authors in most Ages have been encourag'd and
 preserv'd under the Clemency of the Nobility, in hopes that
 they might be better: But the severity of our Wits would have
 the first Plays which are now written, equal to the best of *Ben
 Johnson*, or *Shakespear*: And yet they do not shew that esteem
 for their Works which they pretend to, or else are not so good
 Judges as they would be thought: When we can see the Town
 throng to a *Farce*, and *Hamlet* not bring Charges: But notwith-

standing they will be Criticks, and will scarce give a man leave to mend.

[*Greenwich-Park*, 1691; the Dedication.]

William Mountfort, 1691.

But Virtue, tho' she suffer'd long, at last
 Was Crown'd with a reward for what was past;
 The honest thinking *Heathen* shew'd the way,
 And handed Down the Moral call'd a Play:
 Old *Ben.* and *Shakespear* copied what they writ,
 Then Downright Satyr was accounted wit;
 The *Fox* and *Alchymist* expos'd the Times,
 The Persons then was loaded with their Crimes;
 But for the space of Twenty years and more, }
 You've hiss'd this way of Writing out of door, }
 And kick and winch when we but touch the sore. }
 But as some Fashions long since useless grown,
 Are now Reviv'd and all the Mode o' th' Town.
 Why mayn't the Antient way of Writing please
 And in its turn meet with the same Success?

[Prologue to *King Edward the Third, with the Fall of Mortimer Earl of March*, 1691.]

William Tunstall, 1691.

*To my Ingenious Friend Mr. Heyrick, Author of
 the Submarine Voyage.*

Long I in darkness, by false Meteors led,
 Have blindly follow'd *Truth*, that from me fled:
 Long have pursu'd the harsh and rugged Road,
 Where *Shakespear* and Great *Ben* before me trod:

Yet now, Dear Friend, in vain I find,
 I did th' *Infatuating Fire* pursue;

It onely did amuse my Mind,
 And Me thro Mists and Labyrinths drew:
 Dully thro thick and thin I wander'd on,
 O're *Denham's*, *Suckling's*, *Waller's* Poems ran:
 And vainly thought myself well Blest,

When I a while in *Cleaveland's* Shade could rest;

And at his Fountain quench my Thirst:

[Prefixed to Thomas Heyrick's *Miscellany Poems*, 1691.]

Anonymous, 1691.

Ques[tion] 3. Which is the best Poem that ever was made and who in your Opinion, deserves the Title of the best Poet that ever was?

Ans[wer]. . . . But since we can't go through all the World, let's look home a little. *Grandsire Chaucer*, in spite of the Age, was a Man of as much wit, sence and honesty as any that have writ after him. Father *Ben* was excellent at *Humour*, *Shakespeare* deserves the Name of *sweetest*, which *Milton* gave him.—*Spencer* was a noble poet, his *Fairy-Queen* an excellent piece of Morality, Policy, History. *Davenant* had a great genius. Too much can't be said of Mr. *Coley*. *Milton's Paradise lost*, and some other poems of his will never be *equall'd*. *Waller* is the most *correct* Poet we have.

* * * *

Quest[ion] 3. Do the Modern English Dramatique Writers excell most, or those of the last age?

Ans[wer]. Those who first brought our Stage any thing near the Ancients, as *Shakespeare*, *Johnson*, and some few more, had not only most of 'em a great *Genius* of their own to shape and mould what they found, but a vast stock of *Matter* to set up with, and therefore no wonder they were such great Traders.

[*The Athenian Mercury*, Vol. ii, No. 14, Saturday, July 11, 1691, Vol. v, No. 1, Tuesday, December 1, 1691. According to an advertisement, "All Persons whatever may be resolved *gratis* in any Question that their own satisfaction or Curiosity shall prompt 'em to, if they send their Questions to" . . .]

Anonymous, 1691.

To Mr. T. D. Sir Critick Catcall sends Greeting.

. . . The Indisposition of the Laureat is like to spill as much Blood as Ink among you; for from the Modern Playwriters, to the high toppers of the Profession, I expect to find you all at Daggers drawing; should he be so civil to you to leave us in

haste (*I hope he will not*) to make a visit to his Brothers *Terence*, and *Ben Johnson* in the *Elizian* Fields. (Sig. A verso.)

* * * *

To tell you the truth, as Mr. *Dryden* sacrifices a *Bussy d'Ambois* to the memory of *Ben Johnson*, I sacrifice one of these [poor books] yearly to the memory of *Shakespear*, *Butler*, and *Oldham*. (P. 4.)

[*Wit for Money: or Poet Stutter: A Dialogue between Smith, Johnson, and Poet Stutter, 1691.*]

Gerard Langbaine, 1691.

I am only sorry that my Power is not equal to the zeal I have for the memory of those Illustrious Authors, the Classicks, as well as those later Writers of our own Nation, Mr. *Shakespear*, *Fletcher*, *Johnson*, *Cowley*, &c. that I might be capable of doing them better Service, in vindicating *Their* Fame, and in exposing our Modern *Plagiaries*, by detecting *Part* of their Thefts. (Preface, sig. a4.)

* * * *

The Author [Robert Baron] seems to have propos'd for his pattern the famous *Catiline*, writ by *Ben Johnson*: and has in several places not only hit the model of his Scenes: but even imitated the Language tolerably, for a young writer. Whoever pleases to compare the *Ghost* of *Emirhamze-mirza*, with that of *Scilla*, may easily see his Imitation, but that being too long to transcribe, I shall set down the first words of *Catiline*, in that admirable Play; and afterwards those of *Abbas*. (P. 21.)

* * * *

This Author [Richard Brome] . . . tho' of mean Extraction (being Servant to the fam'd *Ben Johnson*) Writ himself into much credit. . . . As to his worth in Comick Writing, it is not only asserted by the Testimony of several Poets of that Age, in their commendatory Verses before many of his Plays, as *Shirley*, *Decker*, *Ford*, *Chamberlain*, Sr. *Aston Cockain*, *Alexander Brome*, and others: but even *Ben Johnson* himself (who was not over-lavish of Praise) bestowed the following Copy on his *Northern Lass*,

which will weigh against all the Calumnies of his Enemies. . . . In imitation of his Master Mr. *Johnson*, he studied Men and Humor, more than Books; and his Genius affecting Comedy, his Province was more Observation than Study. (P. 33.)

* * * *

Sr. *John Suckling*, that gay Wit, who delighted to Railly the best Poets, and spar'd not *Ben Johnson* himself. (P. 44.)

* * * *

To speak of his [William Carthwright's] Poetry, there needs no other Character of it in general, then that the ablest Judge of Poetry at that time, I mean *Ben Johnson*, said with some Passion, *My Son Carthwright writes all like a Man*. (P. 53.)

* * * *

I can give him [George Chapman] no greater Commendation, than that he was so intimate with the famous *Johnson*, as to engage in a Triumvirate with Him, and *Marston* in a Play called *Eastward-Hoe*: a Favour which the haughty *Ben* could seldome be perswaded to. . . . of all which his Tragedy of *Bussy d'Amboise* has the Preference. I know not how Mr. *Dryden* came to be so possest with Indignation against this Play, as to resolve to burn One annually to the Memory of *Ben Johnson*: but I know very well that there are some who allow it a just Commendation. (P. 57.)

* * * *

Thomas Decker.

A Poet that liv'd in the Reign of King *James* the First, and was Contemporary with that admirable *Laureat*, Mr. *Benjamin Johnson*. He was more famous for the contention he had with him for the Bays, than for any great Reputation he had gain'd by his own Writings. . . . Of those [plays] which he writ alone, I know none of much Esteem, except *The Untrussing the Humorous Poet*, and that chiefly on account of the Subject of it, which was the Witty *Ben Johnson*. (P. 121.)

* * * *

This Play [*Satiromastix*] was writ on the occasion of *Ben Johnson's Poetaster*, where under the Title of *Chrispinus*, *Ben*

lash'd our Author, which he endeavour'd to retaliate by Untrussing *Ben* under the Title of *Horace Junior*. This Play is far inferior to that of Mr. *Johnson*, as indeed his abilities in Poetry were no ways comparable to his: but this may be said in our Author's behalf, that 'twas not only lawful, but excusable for him to defend himself. (P. 123.)

But had he [Dryden] only extended his Conquests over the *French Poets*, I had not medled in this Affair . . . but when I found him flusht with his Victory over the great *Scudery* . . . and not content with Conquests abroad, like another *Julius Caesar*, turning his Arms upon his own Country; and as if the proscription of his Contemporaries Reputation, were not sufficient to satiate his implacable thirst after Fame, endeavouring to demolish the Statues and Monuments of his Ancestors, the Works of those his Illustrious Predecessors, *Shakespear*, *Fletcher*, and *Johnson*: I was resolv'd to endeavour the rescue and preservation of those excellent Trophies of Wit, by raising the *Posse-comitatus* upon this Poetick *Almanzor*, to put a stop to his Spoils upon his own Country-men. (P. 133.)

* * * *

As to the great *Ben Johnson* he [Dryden] deals not much better with him, though he would be thought to admire him; and if he praise him in one Page, he wipes it out in another: thus tho' he calls him "*The most Judicious of Poets, and Inimitable Writer*, yet, he says, his Excellency lay in the low Characters of Vice, and Folly. When at any time (says he) *Ben* aim'd at Wit in the stricter sence, that is sharpness of Conceit, he was forc'd to borrow from the Ancients, (as to my Knowledge he did very much from *Plautus*;) or when he trusted himself alone, often fell into meanness of expression. Nay he was not free from the lowest and most groveling Kind of Wit, which we call *Clenches*; of which *Every Man in his Humour* is infinitely full, and which is worse, the wittiest Persons in the Drama speak them."

These are his own Words, and his Judgment of these three Great Men in particular, now take his Opinion of them all in

general, which is as follows: "But Malice and Partiality set apart, let any Man, who understands English, read diligently the Works of *Shakespeare* and *Fletcher*; and I dare undertake that he will find in every Page, either some *Solecisme* in Speech, or some notorious flaw in Sence." In the next Page, speaking of their Sence and Language, he says, "I dare almost challenge any Man to shew me a Page together which is correct in both. As for *Ben Johnson* I am loath to name him, because he is a most judicious Author, yet he often falls into these Errors." Speaking of their Wit, he gives it this Character, "I have always acknowledg'd the Wit of our Predecessors, with all the Veneration that becomes me; but I am sure, their Wit was not that of Gentlemen; there was ever somewhat that was Ill-bred and Clownish in it: and which confest the Conversation of the Authors." Speaking of the advantage which accrues to our Writing, from Conversation, he says, "In the Age wherein those Poets liv'd, there was less of Gallantry than in ours; neither did they keep the best Company of theirs. Their Fortune has been much like that of *Epicurus*, in the Retirement of his Gardens: to live almost unknown, and to be Celebrated after their Decease. I cannot find that any of them were Conversant in Courts, except *Ben Johnson*: and his *Genius* lay not so much that way, as to make an Improvement by it." He gives this Character of their Audiences; "They knew no better, and therefore were satisfied with what they brought. Those who call theirs *The Golden Age of Poetry*, have only this Reason for it, that they were then content with Acorns, before they knew the use of Bread; or that *Ἄλις δρνός* was become a Proverb."

These are Errors which Mr. *Dryden* has found out in the most Correct Dramatick Poets of the last Age, and says in defence of our present Writers, that if they reach not some Excellencies of *Ben Johnson*, yet at least they are above that Meanness of Thought which he has tax'd, and which is so frequent in him. (Pp. 136-38.)

* * * *

To come lastly to *Ben Johnson*, who (as Mr. *Dryden* affirms has borrow'd more from the Ancients than any: I crave leave

to say in his behalf, that our late *Laureat* has far outdone him in Thefts, proportionable to his Writings: and therefore he is guilty of the highest Arrogance, to accuse another of a Crime, for which he is most of all men liable to be arraign'd.

Quis tulerit Gracchos de seditione querentes?

I must further alledge that Mr. *Johnson* in borrowing from the Ancients, has only follow'd the Pattern of the great Men of former Ages, *Homer*, *Virgil*, *Ovid*, *Horace*, *Plautus*, *Terence*, *Seneca*, &c. all which have imitated the Example of the industrious Bee, which sucks Honey from all sorts of Flowers, and lays it up in a general Repository. 'Twould be *actum agere* to repeat what is known to all Learned Men; that there was an *Illiad* written before that of *Homer*, which *Aristotle* mentions; and from which . . . *Homer* is supposed to have borrow'd his Design. . . . I could enumerate more Instances, but these are sufficient Precedents to excuse Mr. *Johnson*.

Permit me to say farther in his behalf, That if in imitation of these illustrious Examples, and Models of Antiquity, he has borrow'd from them, as they from each other; yet that he attempted, and as some think, happily succeeded in his Endeavours of Surpassing them: insomuch that a certain Person of Quality makes a Question, "Whether any of the Wit of the Latine Poets be more Terse and Eloquent in their Tongue, than this Great and Learned Poet appears in ours."

Whether Mr. *Dryden*, who has likewise succeeded to admiration in this way, or Mr. *Johnson* have most improv'd, and best advanc'd what they have borrow'd from the Ancients, I shall leave to the decision of the abler Criticks: only this I must say, in behalf of the later, that he has no ways endeavour'd to conceal what he has borrow'd, as the former has generally done. Nay, in his Play called *Sejanus* he has printed in the Margent throughout, the places from whence he borrow'd: the same he has practic'd in several of his Masques, (as the Reader may find in his Works;) a Pattern, which Mr. *Dryden* would have done well to have copied, and had thereby sav'd me the trouble of the following Annotations.

There is this difference between the Proceedings of these Poets, that Mr. *Johnson* has by Mr. *Dryden's* Confession *Design'd his Plots himself*; whereas I know not any One Play, whose Plot may be said to be the Product of Mr. *Dryden's* own Brain. When Mr. *Johnson* borrow'd, 'twas from the Treasury of the Ancients, which is so far from any diminution of his Worth, that I think it is to his Honor; at least-wise I am sure he is justified by his Son *Carthwright*, in the following Lines:

What tho' thy searching Muse did rake the dust . . .

Give me leave to say a word, or two, in Defence of Mr. *Johnson's* way of Wit, which Mr. *Dryden* calls *Clenches*.

There have been few great Poets which have not propos'd some Eminent Author for their Pattern. . . . Mr. *Johnson* propos'd *Plautus* for his Model, and not only borrow'd from him, but imitated his way of Wit in English. There are none who have read him, but are acquainted with his way of playing with Words. . . . Nor might this be the sole Reason for Mr. *Johnson's* Imitation, for possibly 'twas his Compliance with the Age that induc'd him to this way of writing, it being then as Mr. *Dryden* observes the Mode of Wit, the Vice of the Age, and not *Ben Johnson's*: and besides Mr. *Dryden's* taxing Sir *Philip Sidney* for playing with his Words, I may add that I find it practis'd by several Dramatick Poets, who were Mr. *Johnson's* Cotemporaries. . . .

As to his Reflections on this Triumvirate in general: I might easily prove, that his Improprieties in Grammar, are equal to theirs: and that He himself has been guilty of Solecisms in Speech, and Flaws in Sence, as well as *Shakespear*, *Fletcher*, and *Johnson*. (Pp. 145-50.)

* * * *

I am now arriv'd at a brace of Authors, [*Beaumont & Fletcher*] who like the *Dioscuri*, *Castor* and *Pollux*, succeeded in Conjunction more happily than any Poets of their own, or this Age, to the reserve of the Venerable *Shakespear*, and the Learned and Judicious *Johnson*. . . . To speak first of Mr. *Beaumont*, he was Master of a good Wit, and a better Judgment; he so admirably

well understood the Art of the Stage, that even *Johnson* himself thought it no disparagement to submit his Writings to his Correction. What a great Veneration *Ben* had for him, is evident by those Verses he writ to him when living. (P. 203.)

* * * *

Our Author [Peter Haustead] seems to me to be much of the Humor of *Ben Johnson*, (whose greatest weakness was that he could not bear Censure;) and has so great a Value for *Ben's* Writings, that his Scene between *Love-all*, *Mungrel*, and *Hammer-shin*, Act 3. Sc. 7 is copy'd from that (in *Johnson's* Play called *The Silent Woman*,) between *True-Wit*, *Daw*, and *La-fool*, Act. 4. Sc. 5. (P. 245.)

* * * *

Benjamin Johnson.

I have already drawn some strokes of this Great Man's Character, in my Defence of him against the Attempts of Mr. *Dryden*; and therefore shall less need to make a curious and exact Description of all his Excellencies; which otherwise are very Great, Noble, and Various; and have been remark'd in parcells by several Hands, but exceed my small Capacity to collect them into one full View. I shall therefore rather let them lye dispers'd, as *Scaliger* did *Virgil's* Praises, thro' his whole Book of Poetry; contenting my self at present with giving the Reader an Account of the private Occurrences of his life.

To begin then with his Nativity: He was born in the City of *Westminster*; and tho' he sprang from mean Parents, yet his Admirable Parts have made him more Famous than those of a more Conspicuous Extraction. Nor do I think it any Diminution to him, that he was Son-in-law to a *Bricklayer*, and work'd at that Trade; since if we take a Survey of the Records of Antiquity, we shall find the *Greatest* Poets of the meanest *Birth*; and most lyable to the Inconveniencies of Life. . . .

He was Bred first at a Private-School, in St. *Martin's* Church, then plac'd at *Westminster*, under the Famous Mr. *Cambden*, (to whom in Gratitude he dedicated his Fourteenth Epigram) afterwards he was sent to *Saint John's* Colledge in *Cambridge*; from thence he remov'd to *Oxford*, and was enter'd of *Christ-Church*

Colledge; where in the Year 1619, (as Mr. *Wood* says) he took his Master of Arts Degree: tho' Dr. *Fuller* says, "He continu'd there but few Weeks, for want of Maintenance, being fain to return to the Trade of his Father-in-law," where he assisted in the New Building of *Lincolns Inn*, with a Trowel in his Hand, and a Book in his Pocket. But this *English Maro*, was not long before he found a *Mæcenæ*s and a *Varus*, to manumit him from an Employment so painful, and furnisht him with means to enjoy his *Muse at liberty*, in private. 'Twas then that he writ his Excellent Plays, and grew into Reputation with the most Eminent of our Nobility and Gentry. 'Twas then, that *Carthwright*, *Randolph*, and others of both Universities, sought his Adoption; and gloried more in his Friendship, and the Title of his *Sons*, than in their own Well-deserv'd Characters. Neither did he less love, or was less belov'd by the Famous Poets of his Time, *Shakspear*, *Beaumont*, and *Fletcher*: witness his Copy which he writ on *Shakspear*, after his Death, and his Verses to *Fletcher* when living.

He was a Man of a very free Temper, and withal blunt, and somewhat haughty to those, that were either Rivals in *Fame*, or Enemies to his Writings: (witness his *Poetaster*, wherein he falls upon *Decker*, and his answer to Dr. *Gill*, who writ against his *Magnetick Lady*,) otherwise of a good Sociable Humour, when amongst his Sons and Friends in the *Apollo*: from whose Laws the Reader may possibly better judge of his Temper; a Copy of which I have transcrib'd for the Learn'd Readers perusal. . . .

As to his Poetry, I dare not pretend to give a Judgment on it, it deserving somewhat above what my faint Praise can reach, or describe: therefore those who would be better satisfy'd must have recourse to his Character drawn by Dr. *Fuller*, and Mr. *Anthony Wood* in Prose, and by Mr. *Carthwright*, and the late Mr. *Oldham* in Verse; to the foregoing, I might add Mr. *Dryden's Dramatick Essay*, which had it been writ after his Postscript to *Granada*, might have aton'd for that unbecoming Character, and had serv'd for a *Palinode*; but since he has not that I know of thought fit to retract it, give me leave to insert an old Copy of Verses,

which seems to wipe off the Accusations of Mr. *Johnson's* Enemies. [Here Langbaine quotes the Latin verses by Charles Fitzgeoffrey, 1601.]. . .

I might here appositely enough bring in a pleasant Story or two of *Ben. Johnson's*, as Instances of his Debonaire Humor and Readiness at Repartee, did I not fear to be condemn'd by Mr. *Dryden*, and reckon'd by him and his admirers, in the number of those grave Gentlemen, whose Memory (he says) is the only Plea for their being Wits: for this reason I shall forbear, and hasten to give an Account of his Works.

He has writ above fifty several Pieces, which we may rank under the Species of Dramatick Poetry; of which we shall give an Account in Order, beginning with one of his best Comedies, *viz.*

Alchymist, a Comedy . . .

Bartholomew Fair, . . . This play has frequently appear'd on the Stage since the Restoration, with great applause.

Catiline his Conspiracy. . . This play is still in Vogue on the Stage, and always presented with success. . . .

Every Man in his Humour. . . This Play has been reviv'd since the Civil Wars, and was receiv'd with general Applause. There is a new Epilogue writ for this Play, the latter part of which is spoken by Ben Johnson's Ghost. [See the entry under "Charles Sackville, Earl of Dorset, 1675."]

Every Man out of his Humour . . . This Play was reviv'd at the Theatre-Royal, in the Year 1675, at which time a new Prologue, and Epilogue were spoken by Jo. Heyns, which were written by Mr. Duffet. See his *Poems* 8°. pag. 72. &c. This is accounted an excellent Old Comedy. . . .

Magnetick Lady. . . This Play is generally esteem'd an Excellent Play: tho' in those days it found some Enemies. . . .

Poetaster. . . I have already spoken of this Play in the Account of *Decker's Satyromastix*; and I must further add, I heartily wish for our Author's Reputation, that he had not been the Aggressor in this Quarrel; but being altogether ignorant of the Provocations given him, I must suspend my Judgment, and

leave it to better Judges to determine the Controversy. . . .

Sejanus's Fall. . . . This Play is generally commended by all Lovers of Poetry.

Silent Woman. . . . This Play is Accounted by all, One of the best Comedies we have extant; and those who would know more, may be amply satisfied by the perusal of the judicious Examen of this Play made by Mr. *Dryden*. . . .

Vulpone, or The Fox. . . . It is still in vogue at the Theatre in Dorset Garden. . . .

New-Inn. . . . The just Indignation the Author took at the Vulgar Censure of his Play begat this following *Ode* to himself:

Come, leave the loathed Stage . . .

This Ode sufficiently shews what a high Opinion our Author has of his own Performances; and like *Aristotle* in *Philosophy*, and *Peter Lombard*, (The Master of the Sentences) in *School-Divinity*; our *Ben.* lookt upon himself as the only Master of *Poetry*; and thought it the Duty of the Age, rather to submit to, than dispute, much less oppose his Judgment. 'Twas great pity, that he that was so great a Master in *Poetry*, should not retain that old Axiom in *Morality*, *Nosce Teipsum*: . . . He had then prevented that sharp Reply made by the Ingenious Mr. *Feltham*, to this Magisterial Ode: and which could not chuse but vex a Person of our Author's Haughty Temper: but he was a Man, and subject to Infirmities, as well as others; tho' abating for his too much abounding in his own Sence, (an Epidemical Distemper belonging to the Fraternity of *Parnassus*) he had not his Equal in his Time for Poetry. . . .

This Haughty Humour of Mr. *Johnson* was blam'd and carpt at by others, as well as Mr. *Feltham*: amongst the rest, Sir *John Suckling*, that Neat Facetious Wit, arraign'd him at the Session of Poets; and had a fling at this Play in particular: tho' we may say, compar'd to the former, He did only *circum præcordia ludere*; laugh at, and raily his unreasonable Self-opinion; as you may see in the following Lines: the first Stanza of which tho' already mention'd in the Account of *Heywood*, I crave my Readers leave to repeat, that he may read our Author's Character entire:

The first that broke silence was good Old Ben, . . .

He died *An. D.* 1637, being aged 63, and was buried in *St. Peter's Church in Westminster*, on the West-side near the Belfry; having only a plain Stone over his Grave, with this Inscription;

O RARE BEN. JOHNSON.

'Tis manifest, that a better Monument was design'd him, by some Friends; but the Civil Wars breaking out, hindred their good Intentions: tho' it shall not prevent me from transcribing an Elegy written by a Studious Friend and Admirer of *Ben. Johnson*; which I wish were set upon his Grave.

Hic Johnsonus noster Lyricorum, Dramaticorumque Coryphæus, qui Pallade auspice laurum à Græcia ipsaque Roma rapuit, & fausto Omine in Britanniam transtulit nostram, nunc invidia major, fato, nec tamen æmulis cessit. *An. Dom.* 1637. *Id. Nov.* (Pp. 280-306.)

* * * *

Certainly therefore, if he [Thomas Killegrew] scrupled to rob Mr. *Carew*, he would much more Mr. *Johnson*, whose Fame as much exceeded the others, as his Writings and Compositions are better known: However it be, I am sure he is not the only Poet that has imp'd his Wings with Mr. *Johnson's* Feathers. (P. 314.)

* * * *

He [Marlowe] writ besides a Poem, call'd *Hero and Leander*; *Whose mighty Lines* (says one) Mr. Benjamin Johnson, a *Man sensible enough of his own Abilities*, was often heard to say, *that they were Examples fitter for Admiration, than Paralel.* (P. 345.)

* * * *

Never any Man's Stile was more Bombast, so that undoubtedly he [Thomas Meriton] deserv'd to have been under *Ben. Johnson's* Hands; and had he liv'd in that Age, had without question underwent the trouble of a Vomit, as well as *Crispinus* in *Poetaster*, till he had (to borrow One of his lofty Expressions) disgorg'd the obdure Faculty of his Sence. (P. 367.)

* * * *

He [Thomas Middleton] was Contemporary with those Famous Poets *Johnson*, *Fletcher*, *Massinger* and *Rowley*, in whose Friend-

ship he had a large Share; and tho' he came short of the two former in parts, yet like the *Ixy* by the Assistance of the *Oak*, (being joyn'd with them in several Plays) he clim'd up to some considerable height of Reputation. He joyn'd with *Fletcher* and *Johnson*, in a Play called *The Widow*, . . . and certainly most Men will allow, That he that was thought fit to be receiv'd into a *Triumvirate*, by two such Great Men, was no common Poet. (P. 370.)

* * * *

No Person since the Time of *Augustus* better understood Dramatick Poetry, nor more generously encourag'd Poets; so that we may truly call him [William, Duke of Newcastle] our *English Mecenas*. He had a more particular kindness for that Great Master of Dramatick Poesy, the Excellent *Johnson*, and 'twas from him that he attain'd to a perfect Knowledge of what was to be accounted True Humour in Comedy. (P. 386.)

* * * *

He [Thomas Randolph] was accounted one of the most pregnant Wits of his Time; and was not only admir'd by the Wits of *Cambridge*, but likewise belov'd and valu'd by the Poets, and Men of the Town in that Age. His Gay Humour, and Readiness at Repartee, begat *Ben. Johnson's* Love to that Degree, that he Adopted him his Son: on which Account Mr. *Randolph* writ a Gratulatory Poem to him, which is printed, these Lines being part of the Copy:

—When my *Muse* upon obedient knees
Asks not a Father's Blessing, let her leese
The Fame of this Adoption; 'tis a Curse
I wish her 'cause I cannot think a worse.

How true a Filial Love he pay'd to his Reputation, may appear from his Answer to that Ode, which *Ben.* writ in Defence of his *New-Inn*, and which Mr. *Feltham* reply'd upon so sharply. Having given you the two former, in my Account of Mr. *Johnson*; give me leave likewise to transcribe this in Honour of Mr. *Randolph*, whose Memory I reverence, for his Respect to that Great Man. (Pp. 411-12.)

* * * *

Permit me therefore to conclude all with the following Lines, writ by One of St. *John's*, in Memory of our Author.

*Immortal Ben is dead, and as that Ball
On Ida toss'd, so is his Crown, by all
The Infantry of Wt. Vain Priests! That Chair
Is only fit for his true Son and Heir.
Reach here thy Laurel : Randolph, 'tis thy praise:
Thy naked Skull shall well become the Bays.
See, Daphne courts thy Ghost: and spite of Fate,
Thy Poems shall be Poet Laureate. (P. 417.)*

* * * *

As to his [William Rowly's] Poetry, and his intimate Acquaintance with the prime Poets of that Age, I can speak at large. He was not only beloved by those Great Men, *Shakespear*, *Fletcher*, and *Johnson*; but likewise writ with the former, *The Birth of Merlin*. Besides what he joyned in writing with Poets of the second Magnitude, as *Heywood*, *Middleton*, *Day* and *Webster*. (P. 428.)

* * * *

That Mr. *Shadwell* has propos'd *B. Johnson* for his Model, I am very certain of ; and those who will read the Preface to the *Humorists*, may be sufficiently satisfied what a value he has for that Great Man. (P. 444.)

* * * *

And it is no small credit to our Author [Tho. Shadwell], that the *Sieur De Saint Evremont*, speaking of our *English Comedies* in his *Essays*, has ranked this Play [*Epsom Wells*] with *Ben Johnson's Bartholmew Fair*, as two of our most diverting Comedies. (P. 446.)

* * * *

'Tis true Mr. *Dryden* has censured him [Shakespeare] very severely, in his Postscript to *Granada*; but in cool Blood, and when the *Enthusiastick* Fit was past, he has acknowledged him Equal at least, if not Superiour, to Mr. *Johnson* in *Poesie*. I shall not here repeat what has been before urged in his behalf, in that Common Defence of the Poets of that Time, against

Mr. *Dryden's* Account of *Ben Johnson*; but shall take the Liberty to speak my Opinion, as my predecessors have done, of his Works; which is this, That I esteem his Plays beyond any that have ever been published in our Language: and tho' I extreamly admire *Johnson*, and *Fletcher*; yet I must aver, that when in competition with *Shakespear*, I must apply to them what *Justus Lipsius* writ in his Letter to *Andræas Schottus*, concerning *Terence* and *Plautus*, when compar'd; *Terentium amo, admiror, sed Plautum magis.* (P. 454.)

* * * *

I shall conclude this Account, with Four Lines writ in our Author's Commendation, by One Mr. *Hall*; who in the Title of his *Panegyrick* stiles him, The Surviving Honour and Ornament of the *English* Scene: and in the End, concludes thus:

Yet this I dare assert, when Men have nam'd

Johnson (the Nations Laureat,) the fam'd

Beaumont, and Fletcher, he, that cannot see

Shirley, the fourth, must forfeit his best Eye. (P. 485.)

[*An Account of the English Dramatick Poets*, Oxford, 1691. The work contains many other allusions to Jonson; cf. pp. 41, 42, 67, 137, 218, 309, 310, 342, 349, 350, 389, 391, 392, 448, 518.]

Anthony à Wood, 1691-92.

BENJAMIN JOHNSON, a poet as soon as he was born, afterwards the father of our poetry, and most admirably well vers'd in classical authors, and therefore belov'd of Cambden, Selden, Hoskins, Martin, &c. made his first entry on the stage of this vain world within the city of Westminster, (being the son of a grave minister) educated in the college school there, while Cambden was master, which was the reason why Ben did afterwards acknowledge, that all that he had in arts, and all that he knew, he ow'd to him. Thence his silly mother, who had married to her second husband a bricklayer, took him home, and made him, as 'tis said, work at her husband's trade. At length being pitied by some generous gentlemen, Cambden got him a better employment, which was to attend or accompany a son of sir Walt. Raleigh in his adventures, whereby gaining experience,

made his company acceptable among many. After their return they parted, I think not in cold blood, and thereupon Ben went to Cambridge, and was, as 'tis said, statutably elected into St. John's coll. but what continuance he made there I find not: Sure 'tis, that his geny being mostly poetical, he did afterwards recede to a nursery or obscure play-house called the Green Curtain, about Shoreditch or Clerkenwell, but his first action and writing there were both ill. At length improving his fancy much by keeping scholastical company, he betook himself again to write plays, which he did so admirably well, that he was esteemed paramount in the dramatic part of poetry, and to teach the stage an exact conformity to the laws of comedians. Whereupon sir Jo. Suckling bringing him into the *Session of Poets*, Ben broke silence, spoke to the poets, and

Bid them remember how he had purg'd the stage
Of errors that had lasted many an age.

His own proper industry and addiction to books, especially to ancient poets and classical authors, made him a person of curious learning and judgment, and of singular excellence in the art of poetry. Which, with his accurate judgment and performance, known only to those few, who are truly able to judge of his works, have gain'd from the most eminent scholars of his time (particularly from the learned Selden) an increasing admiration. Dr. Rich. Corbet, of Ch. Ch. and other poets of this university, did, in reverence to his parts, invite him to Oxon, where continuing for some time in Ch. Ch. in writing and composing plays, he was, as a member thereof, actually created M. of A. in 1619, and therefore upon that account I put him among the Oxford writers, for at Cambridge his stay was but short, and whether he took a degree in that university, I cannot yet learn of any. His works are these . . .

His Motives—Printed 1622, oct. He also had a hand in a com. called, *The Widow*. Lond. 1652, qu. [Bodl. 4to. S. 3. Art. B S.] Jo. Fletcher and Th. Middleton were his assistants. Also in *Eastward Hoe*, Com. [1605, 4°.] assisted by Geo. Chapman, &c. and did with Dr. Hacket (afterwards B. of Lichfield) translate

into Latin *The Lord Bacon's Essays or Counsels Civil and Moral*. At length B. Johnson, after he had arrived to the sixty-third year of his age, marched off from the stage of this vain world on the 16th of August in sixteen hundred thirty and seven, and was buried three days after in S. Peter's Church within the city of Westminster, commonly called the Abbey church, not among the poets, but at the west end near to the belfrey, under the escutcheon of Rob. de Ros, or Roos, with this engraven on a common pavement stone lying over his grave, at eighteen pence charge, given by Jack Young of Great Milton in Oxfordshire, (afterwards a knight by the favour of. K. Ch. II.) O Rare Ben Johnson. There was a considerable sum of money gathered from among the wits and virtuosi of his time for the erection of a monument and a Statua for him, but before they could be done, the rebellion broke forth and hindred the design; whereupon the money was refunded. I have been informed by a worthy prelate several years since deceased, that this poet Ben had a pension of an 100 £. per an. from the king, a pension also from the city of London, and the like from several of the nobility, and from some of the gentry, particularly from Sutton, founder of the hospital that now bears his name, which were commonly well paid either out of pure love to him, or out of fear of his railing in verse or prose, or both. When he was in his last sickness, the said prelate, who was then M. of A. did, among other of his acquaintance, often visit him, and as often heard him repent of his prophaning the scripture in his plays, and that with horror, &c. Many years after his death did appear to the world another poet of both his names, who writes himself in his *Poems* published 1672, "Ben Johnson junior," but what relation there was between him and the former I know not. (Vol. ii, pp. 611-15.)

* * * *

Over his [Thomas Overbury's] grave tho' no memory by writing was ever put, yet Ben. Johnson's epigram written to him will eternize it, and other verses by the wits of his time. (Vol. ii, p. 136.)

* * * *

July 19. [1620]. BENJAMIN JOHNSON the father of the English poets and poetry, and the most learned and judicious of the comedians, was then actually created master of arts in a full house of convocation. (Vol. ii, p. 392.)

* * * *

ROBERT WARING, . . . To the said [the third] edition [of *Effigies Amoris*] is joined our author's *Carmen Lapidorium*, written to the memory of Ben. Johnson, which Griffith finding miserably mangled in *Jonsonus Virbius, or Verses on the Death of Ben. Johnson*, he, with his own hand, restored it to its former perfection and lustre, by freeing it from the errors of the press. (Vol. iii, p. 454.)

[*Athenæ Oxoniensis*, ed. Philip Bliss, 1813-20. There are many passing allusions to Jonson of slighter interest; see i, 566, 764; ii, 208, 250, 269, 272, 365, 369, 401, 402, 435, 502, 545, 655, 658; iii, 47, 377, 456; iv, 222, 622.]

Title-page, 1692.

The Works of Ben Jonson, Which were formerly Printed in Two Volumes, are now Reprinted in One. To which is added a Comedy, called the New Inn. With Additions never before Published. Thomas Hogdkin, for H. Herringman, E. Brewster, T. Bassett, R. Chiswell, M. Wotton, G. Conyers. MDCXCII.

[This edition has an engraved portrait of Jonson, by Elder, with the verses below written by Abraham Holland for the 1616 Folio portrait.]

Richard Lapthorne, 1692.

Letter to Richard Coffin, October 15, 1692.

. . . I had a short view of Sir R. Cotton's Library. . . . Over the books are the Roman Emperors, I mean, their heads, in brass statues, which serve for standards in the Catalogue, to direct to find any particular book, viz., under such an Emperor's head, such an number. . . . I had not time to look into the books; some relicts I took notice of, besides the books; viz., I saw there Sir H. Spelman's and Buchanons pictures, well don;

also, Ben Johnson's and Sir R. Cotton's, and in the staires was Wicliffs.

[Reproduced in the *Fifth Report of the Royal Commission on Historical Manuscripts*, 1876, p. 379. In the *Report of the Historical Manuscripts Commission on the Manuscripts of his Grace the Duke of Portland*, K. G., vi, 17, is recorded a letter from James Sykes to the Earl of Oxford: 1726, October 19. Lincolns Inn Fields.—Is ordered by his father's executors to apply for fifteen guineas, due for a picture of Chaucer. Has also pictures of Ben Jonson, Shakespeare and Milton, which he desires to give his Lordship the refusal of.]

Anonymous, 1692–93.

Epilogue.

Spoken by one in deep Mourning.

Enough of Mirth; the *Sportive Scene* is done,
And a new doleful *Theme* is coming on:
These Sable Robes, at *Plays* so seldom worn,
Do silently express the Loss we mourn:
SHADWELL, the great Support o' th' *Comick Stage*,
Born to expose the Follies of the Age,
To whip prevailing Vices, and unite
Mirth with *Instruction*, *Profit* with *Delight*;
For large *Idea's*, and a flowing *Pen*,
First of our *Times*, and second but to *Ben*. . . .

[Printed at the end of Shadwell's play, *The Volunteers*; Shadwell died in 1692.]

John Dryden, 1693.

It is not with an ultimate intention to pay reverence to the names of Shakespeare, Fletcher, and Ben Jonson, that they commend their writings, but to throw dirt on the writers of this age. . . . Peace be to the venerable shades of Shakespeare and Ben Jonson! none of the living will presume to have any competition with them; as they were our predecessors, so they were our masters. We trail our plays under them; but as at the funerals of a Turkish emperor, our ensigns are furled or dragged upon the ground, in honour to the dead, so we may lawfully advance our own afterwards, to show that we succeed; if less in

dignity, yet on the same foot and title, which we think too we can maintain against the insolence of our own janizaries.

* * * *

What then would he [Homer] appear in the harmonious version of one of the best writers, living in a much better age than was the last? I mean for versification, and the art of numbers; for in the drama we have not arrived to the pitch of Shakespeare and Ben Jonson.

[*The Third Miscellany*, 1693, Dedication: *The Works of John Dryden*, ed. Scott and Saintsbury, 1885, xii, 57, 68.]

John Dryden, 1693.

I was myself in the rudiments of my poetry, without name or reputation in the world, having rather the ambition of a writer, than the skill; when I was drawing the outlines of an art, without any living master to instruct me in it; an art which had been better praised than studied here in England, wherein Shakespeare, who created the stage among us, had rather written happily, than knowingly and justly, and Jonson, who, by studying Horace, had been acquainted with the rules, yet seemed to envy to posterity that knowledge, and, like the inventor of some useful art, to make a monopoly of his learning. . . .

The subject of this book confines me to Satire; and in that, an author of your own quality, (whose ashes I will not disturb,) has given you all the Commendation which his self-sufficiency could afford to any man: "The best good man, with the worst-natured muse." In that character, methinks, I am reading Jonson's verses to the memory of Shakespeare; an insolent, sparing, and invidious panegyric: where good nature, the most godlike commendation of a man, is only attributed to your person, and denied to your writings.

[*Essay on Satire: Addressed to the Right Honourable Charles, Earl of Dorset, &c.*, prefixed to *The Satires of Decimus Junius Juvenalis*, 1693.]

Anonymous, 1693.

Quest[ion] 4. *What Books of Poetry wou'd you Advise one that's Young, and extreemly delights in it, to read, both Divine and other?*

Answ[er] . . . *Spencer's Fairy Queen*, &c., *Tasso's Godfrey of Bulloign*, *Shakespear*, *Beaumont and Fletcher*, *Ben. Johnson*, *Randal*, *Cleaveland*, *Dr. Donne*, *Gondibert*, *WALLER*, all *DRYDEN*, *Tate*, *Oldham*, *Flatman*, *The Plain Dealer*—and when you have done of these, We'll promise to provide you more.

[*The Athenian Mercury*, Vol. xii, No. 1, October 24, 1693.]

Thomas Rymer, 1693.

. . . For Tragedy, amongst others, *Thomas Lord of Buckhurst*, whose *Gorboduck* is a fable, doubtless, better turn'd for Tragedy, than any on this side the *Alps* in his time; and might have been a better direction to *Shakespear* and *Ben. Johnson* than any guide they have had the luck to follow. (P. 84.)

* * * *

From this time Dramatick Poetry began to thrive with us, and flourish wonderfully. The French confess they had nothing in this kind considerable till 1635, that the Academy Royal was founded. Long before which time we had from *Shakespear*, *Fletcher*, and *Ben. Johnson* whole Volumes; at this day in possession of the Stage, and acted with greater applause than ever. (P. 85.)

[*A Short View of Tragedy*, 1693. The volume is full of allusions to Jonson, and contains a long discussion of *Catiline*.]

William Wotton, 1694.

. . . It may be certainly affirmed, That the *Grammar of English* is so far our own, that Skill in the Learned Languages is not necessary to comprehend it. *Ben. Johnson* was the first Man, that I know of, that did any Thing considerable in it: but he seems to have been too much possessed with the Analogy of *Latin* and *Greek*, to write a perfect Grammar of a Language whose Construction is so vastly different; tho' he falls into a contrary Fault, when he treats of the *English Syntax*, where he generally appeals to *Chaucer* and *Gower*, who lived before our Tongue had met with any of that Polishing which, within these last cc Years, has made it appear almost entirely New.

[*Reflections upon Ancient and Modern Learning*, 1694; in the second edition, 1697, pp. 59–60.]

Sir Thomas Pope Blount, 1694.

Benjamin Johnson.

This Renowned Poet, was born in the City of *Westminster*, his Mother living in *Harts-Horn-Lane*, near *Charing-Cross*, where she Married a *Bricklayer* for her Second Husband. But tho' he sprang from mean Parents, yet his admirable Parts have made him more famous, than those of a more conspicuous Extraction. Nor do I think it any diminution to him, That he was Son-in-Law to a *Bricklayer*, and work'd at that Trade; since if we take a survey of the Records of Antiquity, we shall find the *greatest Poets* of the *meanest Birth*, and most liable to the Inconveniencies of Life. Witness *Homer*, . . . *Euripides*, . . . *Plautus*, . . . *Nævius*, . . . *Terence*, . . . *Virgil*, . . . : And yet these thought the obscurity of their Extraction no diminution to their Worth; Nor will any Man of Sense reflect on a *Varus*, to free him from so slavish an Employment, and furnish him with Means to enjoy his *Muse at liberty*, in private. 'Twas then that he writ his Excellent Plays, and grew into Reputation with the most Eminent of our *Nobility*, and *Gentry*. 'Twas then, that *Carthwright*, *Randolph*, and others of both *Universities*, sought his *Adoption*; and gloried more in his Friendship, and the Title of his *Sons*, than in their own well-deserv'd Characters. Neither did he less love, or was less belov'd by the Famous *Poets* of his Time, *Shakespear*, *Beaumont*, and *Fletcher*.

He was general'y esteem'd a Man of a very free Temper, and withal Blunt, and somewhat haughty to those, that were either Rivals in Fame, or Enemies to his Writings, (witness his *Poetaster*, wherein he falls upon *Decker*, and his answer to Dr. *Gill*, who writ against his *Magnetick Lady*,) otherwise of a good sociable Humour, when amongst his *Sons* and *Friends* in the *Apollo*.

[*De Re Poetica: or Remarks upon Poetry with Characters and Censures of the most Considerable Poets whether Ancient or Modern, Extracted out of the Best and Choicest Criticks*, 1694, pp. 104-12. As the title indicates, the volume is largely made up of extracts; on Jonson, Blount quotes from Dryden, the Earl of Rochester, Burnet, Rymer, Winstanley, Denham, Anthony à Wood, Shadwell, Gill, Suckling, Langbaine, and others.]

James Wright, 1694.

But I beseech you Gentlemen, how comes this unmodish Opinion in you, against the Plays in Fashion? I'll tell you, continued *Lisander*, methinks they have neether the Wit, Conduct, Honour, nor Design of those writ by *Johnson*, *Shakespear*, and *Fletcher*.

* * * *

Whereupon *Julio*, in a long Discourse, produced out of Ben. *Johnson*, *Shakespear*, *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*, *Messenger*, *Shirley*, and Sir *William Davenant*, before the Wars, and some Comedies of Mr. *Drydens*, since the Restauration, many Characters of Gentlemen, of a quite different Strain from those in the Modern Plays.

[*Country Conversations*, 1694, pp. 3, 16.]

T. B., 1695.

Time has devour'd the Younger Sons of Wit,
Who liv'd when *Chaucer*, *Spencer*, *Johnson* writ:
Those lofty Trees are of their Leaves bereft,
And to a reverend Nakedness are left. . . .

[Commendatory Verses, prefixed to the 1695 edition of Drayton's *England's Heroical Epistles*.]

William Congreve, 1695.

Sometimes *Personal Defects are misrepresented for Humours*.

I mean, sometimes Characters are barbarously exposed on the Stage, ridiculing Natural Deformities, Casual Defects in the Senses, and Infirmities of Age. . . . But much need not be said upon this Head to any body, especially to you, who, in one of your Letters to me concerning Mr. *Johnson's Fox*, have justly excepted against this Immoral part of *Ridicule* in *Corbaccio's* Character; and there I must agree with you to blame him whom otherwise I cannot enough admire for his great Mastery of true Humour in Comedy. . . .

The Character of *Morose* in the *Silent Woman* I take to be a Character of Humour. And I choose to instance this Character to you from many others of the same Author, because I know it

has been Condemn'd by many as Unnatural and Farce: And you have your self hinted some dislike of it for the same Reason, in a Letter to me concerning some of *Johnson's* Plays.

Let us suppose *Morose* to be a Man Naturally Splenetick and Melancholly; is there any thing more offensive to one of such a Disposition than Noise and Clamour? Let any Man that has the Spleen . . . be Judge. . . Well, but *Morose*, you will say, is so Extravagant, he cannot bear any Discourse or Conversation above a Whisper. Why, It is his excess of this Humour that makes him become Ridiculous, and qualifies his Character for Comedy. If the Poet had given him but a Moderate proportion of that Humour, 'tis odds but half the Audience would have sided with the Character and have Condemn'd the Author for Exposing a Humour which was neither Remarkable nor Ridiculous. Besides, the distance of the Stage requires the Figure represented to be something larger than the Life; and sure a Picture may have Features larger in Proportion, and yet be very like the Original. . . .

The Character of Sir *John Daw* in the same Play is a Character of Affectation. He every where discovers an Affectation of Learning, when he is not only Conscious to himself, but the Audience also plainly perceives that he is Ignorant. . . .

The Character of *Cob* in *Every Man in his Humour* and most of the under Characters in *Bartholomew-Fair* discover only a Singularity of Manners, appropriated to the several Educations and Professions of the Persons represented. They are not Humours but Habits contracted by Custom.

[*Mr. Congreve to Mr. Dennis, Concerning Humour in Comedy*, July 10, 1695; from *Letters upon several Occasions*, 1696, pp. 80-96.]

Thomas Brown, about 1697.

Homer and *Virgil* were but Tools,
Fit only for the Use of Fools. . . .
Even *Casaubon* for Satire famous,
Was but a jingling *Ignoramus*.

And all the rest, to *Ben*, and so forth,
A Crew of useless things of no Worth:

[*A Recantation of his Satire on the French King*; in *The Works of Mr. Thomas Brown*, 1739, iv, 215.]

William Blundell, before 1698.

See his 'Discoveries,' where he speaks of the envy towards an able writer who shall be better understood in another age. He sheweth his abilities to be such, as if he hath given a character of himself. Ben Jonson's head is put up for a sign in London and sundry places.

[*A Cavalier's Note Book*, ed. T. E. Gibson, 1880, p. 224.]

Jeremy Collier, 1698.

As for *Shakespear*, he is too guilty [of immodesty] to make an Evidence: But I think he gains not much by his Misbehaviour; He has commonly *Plautus's Fate*, where there is most Smut, there is least Sense.

Ben. Johnson is much more reserv'd in his Plays, and declares plainly for Modesty in his *Discoveries*.

[*A Short View of the Immorality and Profaneness of the English Stage*, 1698, p. 50. Collier frequently alludes to Jonson, and takes occasion to discuss his plays, often at some length; see pp. 51, 57, 77, 78, 126, 151-54, 157, 159, 187. Jonson figures in a similar way in the various answers to Collier's attack. These are, for the most part, omitted from the present volume.]

Samuel Cobb, about 1699.

The coin must sure for current sterling pass,
Stamped with old *Chaucer's* venerable face.
But *Jonson* found it of a gross allay,
Melted it down, and flung the scum away.
He dug pure silver from a *Roman* mine,
And prest his sacred image on the coin.
We all rejoiced to see the pillaged ore;
Our tongue enriched, which was so poor before.
Fear not, learned poet, our impartial blame,
Such thefts as these add lustre to thy name.

All yield, consenting to sustain the yoke,
 And learn the language which the victor spoke,
 So *Macedon's* imperial hero threw
 His wings abroad, and conquered as he flew.
 Great *Jonson's* deeds stand parallel with his,
 Are noble thefts, successful piracies. . . .

[*Poetae Britannici*, written, presumably, just before 1700, printed in *Poems on Several Occasions*, by Samuel Cobb, 1700, under the title *Of Poetry: 1. Its Antiquity. 2. Its Progress. 3. Its Improvement.*]

J. Drake, 1699.

I shall begin with *Shakespear*, whom notwithstanding the severity of Mr. *Rhimer*, and the hard usage of Mr. *Collier*, I must still think the *Proto-Dramatist* of *England*, tho he fell short of the Art of *Johnson*, and the Conversation of *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*.

[*The Antient and Modern Stages survey'd. Or, Mr. Collier's View of the Immorality and Profaness of the English Stage Set in a True Light*, 1699, p. 201.]

James Wright, 1699.

Lovew. The more's the pity: But what said the Fortune-Teller in *Ben. Johnson's* *Mask of Gypsies*, to the then *Lord Privy Seal*,

Honest and Old!

In those the Good Part of a Fortune is told.

Trum. *Ben. Johnson?* How dare you name *Ben. Johnson* in these times? When we have such a crowd of Poets of a quite different Genius; the least of which thinks himself as well able to correct *Ben. Johnson*, as he could a Country School Mistress that taught to Spell.

Lovew. We have indeed, Poets of a different Genius; so are the Plays: But in my Opinion, they are all of 'em (some few excepted) as much inferior to those of former Times, as the Actors now in being (generally speaking) are. . . . When the Question has been askt, Why these Players do not receive the *Silent Woman*, and some other of *Johnson's* Plays, (once of highest esteem) they have answer'd, truly, Because there are

none now Living who can rightly Humour those Parts, for all who related to the *Black-friers* (where they were Acted in perfection) are now Dead, and almost forgotten. . . .

Lovew. . . . But pray Sir, what Master Parts can you remember the Old *Black-friers* Men to Act, in *Johnson*, *Shakespeare*, and *Fletcher's* Plays.

Trum. What I can at present recollect I'll tell you; *Shakespeare*, (who as I have heard, was a much better Poet, than Player) *Burbage*, *Hemmings*, and others of the Older sort, were Dead before I knew the Town; but in my time, before the Wars, *Lowin* used to Act, with mighty Applause, *Falstaffe*, *Morose*, *Vulpone*, and *Mammon* in the *Alchymist*; *Melancius* in the *Maid's Tragedy*, and at the same time *Amyntor* was Play'd by *Stephen Hammerton*, . . . *Tayler* Acted *Hamlet* incomparably well, *Jago*, *Truewit* in the *Silent Woman*, and *Face* in the *Alchymist*; *Swans-ton* used to Play *Othello*; *Pollard*, and *Robinson* were Comedians, so was *Shank* who used to Act Sir *Roger*, in the *Scornful Lady*. These were of the *Black-friers*.

[*Historia Histrionica: A Dialogue of Plays and Players*, 1699, pp. 1-3.]

Thomas Brown, 1699.

If antiquity carries any weight with it, the fair [*Bartholomew-Fair*] has enough to say for itself on that head. Fourscore years ago, and better, it afforded matter enough for one of our best comedians to compose a play upon it. But *Smithfield* is another sort of a place now to what it was in the times of honest *Ben*; who, were he to rise out of his grave, wou'd hardly believe it to be the same nupercal spot of ground where justice *Over-do* made so busy a figure, where the crop-ear'd parson demolish'd a gingerbread-stall; where *Nightingale*, of harmonious memory, sung ballads, and fat *Ursula* sold pig and bottled-ale.

* * * *

One would almost swear, that *Smithfield* had removed into *Drury-lane* and *Lincolns-Inn-Fields*, since they set so small a value on good sense, and so great a one on trifles that have no relation to the play. . . . Shortly, I suppose, we shall be enter-

tain'd here with all sorts of fights and shows, as, jumping thro' a hoop; . . . dancing upon the high ropes, leaping over eight men's heads, wrestling, boxing, cudgelling, fighting at back-sword, quarter-staff, bear-baiting, and all the other noble exercises that divert the good folks at *Hockley*; . . .

What a wretched pass is this wicked age come to, when *Ben. Johnson* and *Shakespear* won't relish without these *Bagatelles* to recommend them, and nothing but farce and grimace will go down?

[*A Letter to George Moult, Esq.*, August 30, 1699, and *A Letter to George Moult, Esq. upon the breaking up of Bartholomew Fair*, September 12, 1699; in *The Works of Mr. Thomas Brown, Serious and Comical, in Prose and Verse*, 1730, i, 190, 193.]

Title-page, before 1700.

Bacchus turn'd Doctor, written by Ben Johnson.

[Hazlitt, *Hand-Book*, describes this as "a sheet, in double columns, with the music. The type is engraved, and there is a large engraving at the head of the broadside. *Bagford Call*." Whether this title-page makes use of the name of the dramatist or not is not clear.]

Anonymous, before 1700.

To the Memory of John Dryden, Esq.

Methinks I see the Reverend Shades prepare
With Songs of Joy, to waft thee through the Air. . . .
Where *Chaucer*, *Johnson*, *Shakespear*, and the rest,
Kindly embrace their venerable Guest.

[*Luctus Britannici*, 1700, p. 36.]

Thomas Brown, before 1700.

The scull of *Goliah* was brought in for a punch-bowl fill'd with such incomparable *Heliconian* juice, that six drops of it would make a man a better poet than either *Shakespear* or *Ben. Johnson*.

[*Letters from the Dead to the Living: Bully Dawson to Bully Watson*; printed in *The Works of Mr. Thomas Brown*, 1730, ii, 190.]

ERRATA ET ADDENDA

P. 3. The following passage in a letter from Tobie Mathew to Dudley Carleton, September 20, 1588, (now preserved in the State Papers, Domestic Series, CCLXVIII, 67), seems to allude to *Every Man in his Humor*: "There were with him divers Almans, where of, one, lost out of his purse, at a play 3 hundred Crownes. A new play called, Every mans humour." The "new play of humours in very great request," referred to in a letter from John Chamberlain to Carleton, June 11, 1597, cannot, as Mrs. Stopes (*Southampton*, p. 106) thinks, refer to *Every Man in his Humor*.

P. 59, line 9. For "Sir John Cleveland" read "John Cleveland."

P. 94 (cf. pp. 264, 440). The portrait, with the lines by A. H., though reproduced in W. Bang's facsimile reprint of the 1616 Folio (from which this entry was made), and often inserted in copies of the 1616 Folio, was obviously not engraved until after the death of Jonson in 1637. In 1640 it appears in both the Second Folio and *Execration Against Vulcan*. Some copies of the plate have at the bottom: "Are to be sould in Popes head alley at the white horse by Geo. Humble"; others have the statement concerning the sale of the portrait erased, though a few of the letters are still decipherable.

P. 298, line 29. For "Herringham" read "Herringman."

P. 299, line 5. For "*The Wild-Goose Chase*" read "Second Folio."

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